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Robert C. H. Brock.

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AVERY.S

THE LIFE

OF THE

CHEVALIER BAYARD;

"The Good Knight,"
"Sans puer et sans reproche."

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS.

And now, I dare to say, Sir Lancelot, there as thou lyest, thou were never matched of none earthly knights' hands. And thou were the curteist knight that ever bare shield. And thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou were the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sword. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among prece (press) of knights. And thou were the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever ate in hall among ladies. And thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.—*Morte Arthur.*

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1854.

TO

JOHN IZARD MIDDLETON, ESQ.,

OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

I do not suppose, my dear Middleton, that any thing contained in these pages will be new to you, but I persuade myself that you will find pleasure in being reminded of a history which, I am very sure, must appeal to your sympathies in as great degree as to those of any other living man. You will not be displeased, at least, that, in pursuing the career of so perfect a character as that of the Chevalier, distinguished *par excellence* as without reproach, I should, at the same time, have naturally thought of yours.

Very faithfully,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The works followed and consulted in the preparation of this memoir are these:

I. "Les gestesense mble la vie du preulx Chevalier Bayard, avec sa généalogie; comparaisons aulx anciens preulx chevaliers; gentilx, Israelitiques et Chretiens. En semble oraisons; lamentations, du dit Chevalier Bayard, contenant plusiers victoryes des Roys de France, Charles VIII., Loys XII., et Françoys premier de ce nom. By Symphorien Champier, Lyons, 1525." For the use of this rare and quaint old volume, I am indebted to the unique and admirable library of Mr. A. A. Smets, of Savannah, Geo.

II. La très-joyeuse and plaisante histoire, composée par le Loyal Serviteur, des faits, gestes et prouesses du Bon Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche.... In the English translation by Coleridge's daughter.

III. Histoire de Pierre Terrail, dit le Chevalier Bayard, sans peur et sans reproche. Par Jean Cohen. Paris, 1822.

The preceding works form the basis of mine. But I have consulted many others, which relate to contemporaneous events, as well as to those in the life of Bayard. Among these are Philip des Comines, Monstrelet, St. Palaye's Ancient Chivalry, Robert Macquereau, Gaspard de Saulx-Tavannes, Roscoe's Leo X., Bacon's Francis I., Quintana's Gonzalvo de Cordova, Hume's England, Roberts' Henry VIII., Sismondi's and other Histories of France.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER X.

CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAPTER XIII.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAPTER XX.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHAPTER XXII.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHAPTER XXV.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHAPTER XXX.

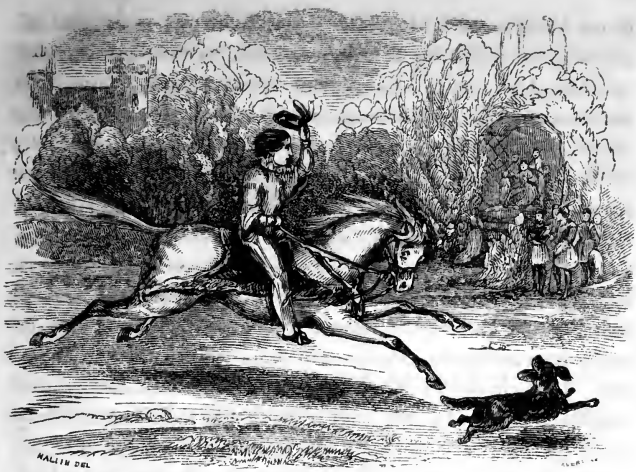
CHAPTER XXXI.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.



LIFE OF BAYARD.

CHAPTER I.

It was at a time when chivalry was at its lowest condition in Christian Europe; when the fine affectations of the order, erring always on the side of generosity and virtue—its strained courtesies, its overwrought delicacies, its extravagant and reckless valor—every thing, in short, of that grace and magnanimity which had constituted its essential spirit and made of it a peculiar institution—had given way to less imposing and less worthy characteristics; when, ceasing to be the distinguishing boast of courtliness and noble blood, it had yielded on every hand, in Spain, in France, England, Italy and Germany, to a growth of the grossest passions, a disregard of the point of honor and of

those pledges of faith which it had been the great end of chivalry to maintain, at every hazard, as the first tests of courtesy and manhood,—it was even at such a time that the now decaying institution was destined to furnish to the world the happiest illustration, in a single great example, of its ancient pride and character, and of those virtues which had made it fruitful of good to humanity, in spite of many curious anomalies. The name of the Chevalier Bay ard has grown into proverbial identification, in modern times, with all that is pure and noble in manhood, and all that is great and excellent in the soldier. It is not that he ranks among brave men as one wholly without fear in battle. This character would scarcely afford him, in a period wholly given up to war, and remarkable for its sanguinary conflicts, any very peculiar distinction. That he had the virtue of a rare courage, in its utmost perfection, is undeniable; but the equally distinguishing and more beautiful qualities of his heart, accord him an eminence among his contemporaries which none has ever presumed to question. He was not only the Chevalier *sans peur*, but *sans reproche* also; so equally good and brave that his character furnish es the most admirable model to the generous ambition of the young that we find in all the pages of history. His valor he shared, in a great measure, with his associates; but his truth and fidelity were singularly his own. His period was one distinguished for its small possession of faith and virtue. It was a time exemplary for its treacheries, particularly among the great. To deceive and to betray, were practices too common among nobles and princes, to make these offences against virtue any longer odious in the sight of men; and the perfidy which was taught to Italy, not less by her seeming necessities than by the subtle studies of her statesmen, had become wide-spread lessons for the misdirection of the whole civilized world. Breathing this very atmosphere for a considerable period of his life, the nature of Bayard imbibed none of its unwholesome influences.

He still kept the whiteness of his soul free from spot, in spite of the contagion in which he lived. His fidelity and truth soon grew to be as remarkable as his valor, and his talents for war were no less conspicuous than these. Yet these talents never urged him to any of that undue self-esteem which makes the highly endowed person recoil from the command of others. His possessions were tempered by a wonderful modesty, which taught him the propriety of submission to his superiors. Obedience, indeed, as the first duty of the soldier, was a lesson which he had happily learned when alone it can be properly acquired—in the days of his youth. This lesson gave stability to the native virtues of his character, and forms one of the distinguishing traits in his high reputation. Never was hero more unselfish. His generosity and disinterestedness, struggling steadily against his successful valor, left him always poor while in the constant acquisition of money. He gave as rapidly as he gained, and, in conferring favors upon his friends and followers, he frequently denied himself the means for encountering his own necessities. True to his word, his enemies, equally with his friends, yielded every where the most ready faith to all his assurances. He was scarcely less liberal to the one than the other. His captive, whom he always treated with kindness and courtesy, went forth frequently without ransom, while his acquisitions were made the means for serving his companions, and for exhibitions of chivalrous pageants, which drew together all young and ambitious cavaliers, emulous of gallant trophies to be distributed by the hands of beauty. And, in all these relations, nothing could exceed the sweetness and nobleness of manner for which Bayard was remarkable. His successes, his high fame, never made him regardless of the claims of others. He never haughtily presumed upon his superiority nor abused its advantages, but, deferring gently to the inferior, he made his way to all hearts, and, with the virtues of a Scipio blended the graces of an Alcibiades. Admirable in

council, his opinions won their way to the understandings of his hearers by their native justness, urged without presumption, and enforced by that modest deference with which he first listened to the thoughts of others. Always solicitous of gallant undertakings, he betrayed no disquiet if their results enured to the renown of rivals. His moral sense was singularly sound and reflective. He often said, "The best lordship is the communion with virtuous persons; the greatest evil to a lord is in the counsels of ignorant and vicious men, as there is nothing more dangerous than audacity when unsustained by wisdom." A gentleman once asked him, "What goods a noble man should leave to his children?" "Those," he answered, "which fear neither rain nor storm, nor human injustice, nor all the power of man—wisdom and virtue." His maxims were illustrated by his life. His respect and admiration for the sex prompted him to the frequent tournament. The lady whose colors he wore might safely repose as well upon his loyalty as his valor and skill. Modesty and innocence never looked to him in vain. It will be our province, in the course of this history, to give one curious example of his generosity in this respect. His sympathies were always given to the good; his succor gladly sustained the weak; his bounty helped the indigent. He alleviated, where he could, the miseries of war, over which he mourned with earnest commiseration. To complete the beauties of his character, his piety was deep and unaffected. He enjoyed, without any of the enfeebling superstitions of his age, a profound sense of his obligations to the Deity, and an abiding confidence in the saving mercies of Jesus Christ. His morning began, and his evening closed, with prayer. He prepared himself for battle by becoming devotions, recommending his soul to God, and invoking the pardon of his sins. His life, indeed, furnishes an admirable example to the soldier, of a career in which the most heroic valor may be blended with the most gentle virtues, with mildness of

temper, sweetness of demeanor, generosity without display, and the most humble submission to human and Divine authority. True to his God, his country, and his duty, he found it no ways arduous to share in the vicissitudes of war and the incongruous associations of the camp, without yielding to the brutalities of the one, or partaking of the excesses of the other. As a partisan warrior, he was, perhaps, one of the greatest captains that France has ever produced—eager and watchful, observant every where, always secure against surprise himself, and always prompt to seize upon the error of his enemy. Considered in every point of view, we are constrained to affirm the spontaneous judgment of his contemporaries, who knew him proverbially as the "Good Knight," and in the comprehensive surname of the *Chevalier, sans peur et sans reproche*, have left to us the model of a perfect character, with which none among themselves could presume to compare. It is for us now, from the too meagre chronicles, to procure the proofs upon which this noble reputation rests.

The House of Terrail, to which Bayard owes his origin, was one of the most ancient in the province of Dauphiny. It was well placed at the extremity of the beautiful valley of Grésivaudan, which Louis XI. used to call the *Garden of Dauphiny*, and his *fourth wonder*. The lords of Terrail had been distinguished from the earliest periods by their valor and intrepidity. His grandsire of the fifth remove, Aubert, was mortally wounded at the battle of Varces; Robert, the son of Aubert, was killed in the service of the Dauphin; Humbert the First, in an action with the Savoyards; Philip, the grandfather of Bayard in the third remove, perished at the feet of King John, at the fatal battle of Poictiers; Pierre, his great-grandfather, was killed at Agincourt; the brother of this Pierre perished in the fight of Vermeuil, in 1224, where no less than three hundred of the Dauphinese gentry—called by way of honorable distinction, "The Scarlet of France"—lost their lives. His

grandfather, who was called Pierre also, maintained the military distinction of the family, and acquiring great credit in the wars with the English, gained the surname of L'Epée Terrail—the sword of the House of Terrail. He was honored with the respect and friendship of Charles VII., whom he served with tried fidelity. He contributed more than any other individual to the defeat of Louis of Chalons, Prince of Orange, at the battle of Auton; and when the Dauphin, afterward Louis XI., presumed to claim his independence, and to assert the rights of a sovereign in Dauphiny, our Lord of Terrail, having no fear of the future, adhered faithfully to the monarch, and was fortunate, by this manly fidelity, not to forfeit the respect and confidence of the young prince, whom it was not always safe to offend. This brave chieftain shared the fate of his ancestors, and died on the field of battle at Montlhéry. Aymond, his son, and the father of him whose biography we write, followed the example of his house, and in good season took the profession of the soldier. At the mature term of sixty-five we find him in the battle of Guinegate, disabled from all future conflicts by four wounds, by which he lost the use of his arms.

Hélene des Allemans, the mother of Bayard, is described as exceedingly small of person, but of great heart and intrepid spirit. In one respect she differed largely from her husband, who is represented as of great stature and vigorous frame. Our hero shared the characteristics of both. Honorably descended, and with an unbroken series of good examples before him, of courage, conduct, and fidelity, his own nature seemed destined, even at an early period, to embody and to perfect all the virtues of his race. If it is greatly honorable to found an illustrious family, it is no less meritorious to maintain its character, and finish nobly its career. This destiny was reserved for Bayard. He was born, the second of four sons, in 1476, in the castle the name of which he bears. His father, at the mature age of

eighty, and when Bayard was only thirteen, finding his end approaching, called his children to his bedside, and examined them as to their choice of vocation. While two of the brothers declared for the church, and one of them for the homestead, Bayard boldly avowed his passion for the camp. He was a lively lad, of playful disposition, gay as a lark, and with an open, laughing countenance. But the face and manner of the boy served only to conceal, not to impair, the wisdom of a far maturer period. His answer was expressed with sufficient gravity. "I should like to remain with you, my father, to the end of your days; but your own discourses, daily, in my hearing, of the noble men by whom our house has been distinguished in times past, leads me to desire, with your permission, that I may also embrace the profession of arms. This is the pursuit which I most affect, and I hope, with the grace of God, to do you no dishonor."

The tears of the old man followed this speech. It probably met all his expectations, and may have been the anticipated fruit of his own training. "God grant that it may be so, my son. Already in face and figure thou lookest like thy grandsire, who was one of the best knights in Christendom. I will put thee in the way of obtaining thy desire."

We need not linger for the answers of the remaining brothers. They did not share in the military tastes of Bayard. These, in him, were quite too decidedly expressed to be mistaken. It is true he had shown nothing of that fierce, unrestrainable temper, which is supposed to mark the character of those who incline to arms at an early period. Though eager, his moods were mild—though firm, his bearing was always gentle. He was the slave to no reckless passions, and his will, except in this one respect, was prompt in submission to that of his superiors. It was fortunate that the views of his father seem to have kept pace with his own; or, with so strong a desire for arms, he might, for the first time in his life, have shown himself insub-

ordinate. In the direction his infant mind had taken, he was fully resolved. He obeyed an instinct. It was not that he chose war as his vocation—the vocation had chosen him. His natural endowments required him to go and be a soldier, and the stories which he daily heard of the achievements of his ancestors but strengthened his desire for the performance of his duties. His father did not hesitate. He sent for the Bishop of Grenoble, the uncle of the boy, and gathered the gentry of the neighborhood around him. The affair was one of solemn import. It was no less than the dedication of his son to the country, and the matter needed deliberation. The aged man sat like a patriarch, with his friends and children grouped around him. Dinner was served to the guests, and Bayard officiated as a waiter. This custom, which would in our day equally offend the father and the son, was, in that, one of the essential features in the training of the young man ambitious of distinction. It was no bad way, we may add, for securing the object of desire. It taught obedience to authority, veneration for age and superiority, and a patient submission to the will of others. These are the great and necessary lessons by which the otherwise imperious nature is rendered methodical and endued with the requisite strength for the due endurance of the unavoidable evils of life.

When dinner was over, the patriarch declared the business which had led to the assembling of his guests. "You are all," said he, "my relatives and friends. Give me your counsel as to the disposition of my children. Pierre, my second, has given me inexpressible delight, in declaring his preference for arms. In whose house shall I place him —to what noble prince or lord shall I confide him, in order that he should acquire a proper deportment, and prepare himself for this profession?"

Various was the counsel. One was for sending him to the King of France; another, to the House of Bourbon.

But the Bishop of Grenoble recommended the Duke of Savoy, who had always been a friend of the family, and who was then in the neighborhood, at Chambery. It was thought that the duke would not hesitate to adopt him as one of his pages. The advice was taken, and the tailor was kept busy with velvet and silks all night to make our young page ready in the morning. There were no long delays in that period; and the moment breakfast was over, the next day, the horse was brought, and all the company went forth into the court of the castle, to see what sort of figure Bayard would make in appearing before the duke. The horse was one which he had never crossed before;—but the boy was fearless. He leapt boldly upon the steed, which, accustomed to a weightier burden, and suddenly pricked by the spurs of his new rider, dashed away with an impatience of spirit which alarmed the family for the safety of the youth. But it was with the spirit of an Alex ander that our Bucephalus of Dauphiny had to contend. While the company were looking to hear the boy cry out in apprehension, he bestrode the animal, not only without fear, but with such a triumphant courage as to change their doubts into delight and admiration. He struck the rowel into the flanks of the beast, set him off in rage, and brought him back in docility and foam, as effectually mastered as if he had been his rider for twenty years.

The old father was happy beyond expression. "What! you are not afraid?" he said to his son, when he had returned from his gallop. "I hope," said the boy, "before six years be gone, to make him, or another, bestir himself in a more dangerous place. Here I am among friends. I shall then probably find myself among the enemies of my master." At parting, the father gave him his blessing, and, in few words, exhorted him to be faithful to the prince he served, never to forget that his natural sovereign was the King of France, and never to bear arms against him or against his country. His pride kept down all other feel-

ings. But there was no restraint of this sort upon his mother, who did not seek to conceal her tears. Not that she had any misgivings, or felt any dislike to the profession he had chosen. She was proud of the boy, and not unwilling that he should engage in a career, of which his youthful promise showed such grateful auguries, and which had already been so honorable to his ancestors. But, in spite of these feelings and connections, the mother declared herself warmly in the tenderness with which her parting charge was given him. "Pierre, my son," she said, "you are going into the service of a noble prince: now, as much as a mother can command her child, look, there are three things which I commend to you. First, you love and serve God in all things without offending him; night and morning recommend yourself to him. He gave us all that we have, and without him we can do nothing. He will aid you. Second.—Be you mild and courteous to all, casting away pride. Be humble and obliging. Be not a liar nor a slanderer. Be temperate in eating and drinking. Avoid envy—it is a mean excess. Be neither talebearer nor flatterer—such people never excel. Be loyal in word and deed. Keep your promise. Succor the widow and orphan, and look for your reward to God. The third is, be bountiful to the poor and needy. To give for the honor of God makes no man poor—your alms will profit your body and soul. Go now, my son, this is all with which I have to charge you. Your father and I shall not live long, but God grant that while we do live we may hear nothing but good of you."

The answer of Bayard was appropriate, but brief. The farewell was soon over, and, with a change of linen, and a little purse containing six crowns in gold, which his mother at the close of her advice bestowed upon him, our hero departed, in the company of his uncle, "thinking himself," in the language of one of his early biographers, "in Paradise, while on the back of his good steed."

CHAPTER II.

The course of the Bishop of Grenoble lay for Chambery, a town within his diocese. Here, also, for the time, the Duke of Savoy resided. The bishop did not at first present his charge to the duke, but waiting for the next day, which was Sunday, called upon him on his way to church, at which he was to officiate. The service over, the bishop dined with the duke, whose eyes were insensibly drawn to the graceful carriage and modest bearing of Bayard, who waited upon his uncle during the feast, as he had done the day before at home. "My Lord of Grenoble," said the prince, "who is this young child who gives you to drink?" "He is one, my lord, whom I have brought to enter your service as a man of arms, if you please. He is not now in the condition in which I am desirous to give him to you. After dinner, if it be your pleasure, you shall see him." The behavior of the boy had already found favor in the eyes of the duke. "Truly," he exclaimed, "he must be a strange person who should refuse such a present." Dismissed to his own repast, Bayard ate little. He was too eager for the promised presentation; and, getting his horse saddled, and himself in readiness, he soon made his appearance in the court of the palace. The duke, from his gallery, beheld the entrance of the boy, his horse bounding and curvetting beneath the spur of his rider, who kept his seat with a bearing as firm and confident as if he had been a man of thirty, who had seen battles all his life. The duke was delighted with his acquisition. "Verily," he exclaimed, "this boy is to become a man. I accept him willingly.

Your present, my Lord of Grenoble, is a good and handsome one."

Bayard was placed in charge of one of the most faithful of the duke's equeries. He was now to be trained to serve and to perform. We have all some general idea of the sort of training which was considered necessary to prepare the page to become the man-at-arms. In the modern period of which we write, the scheme of training had become far less rigorous than it was when chivalry was in fashion. Still, as it contemplated the duties of the soldier, it was moderately severe and rigid. The education was calculated to make the pupil manly and robust, to practice him in the use of his weapons, and to exercise him in horsemanship. To wait and to obey, required a term of years, and this was the apprenticeship. Though the duties were humble, and the superior exacting, there was nothing degrading in the situation. It was regarded rather as highly becoming and honorable, being held absolutely essential to future usefulness and distinction. It was the ordeal through which only was the novitiate to rise. The page performed the duties of a domestic. He attended his master in his walks and wanderings, bore his messages, followed him in the chase, and poured out for him the drink at table. He was taught by the conversation of his superiors, and this constant attendance afforded as constant opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge and just opinion. In this school he was taught good manners and imbued with elevated and refined tastes. Lessons, in particular, were regularly given in matters of religion—the love of God was specially insisted on, and, with scarcely less earnestness, the love of women, and a pure respect and devotion for the sex. The youth was required to choose from the young damsels of the court one to whom he could refer his sentiments and thoughts. She was the immediate image, symbolical of the pure and delicate, which, in the moment of action and difficulty, became at once obvious to

his mind and eye. These associations taught decorum and gentleness of manners, which were among the essential requisites of perfect knighthood. Leisure for sports of various kinds was accorded to the pages, and the games in which he exercised were made to operate in his moral and physical instruction. These were usually of a manly character, calculated to provoke emulation, and to impart vigor and elasticity. The objects of the school being understood, it will not be difficult to conceive the various processes employed, by which such objects were to be attained. To the young and ardent spirit, eager for glory, and burning to ascend the heights of distinction, the ordeal was at once inoppressive and exacting. To Bayard, already in great part trained by the lessons of his father, and the contemplation of the histories of all his ancestors, the duties of his new life were comparatively easy. He soon won the heart of the equerry who had been assigned him, and the hearts of all others who beheld his docility, the meekness of his temper, the purity and truthfulness of his soul. The youth, his companions—the servants, his attendants—the knights, his superiors—all, in short, with whom he came in connection, grew subject to the rare fascination with which he contrived to spell the affections. Never did pupil do more honor to his master. He remained with the Duke of Savoy but six months, doing ample justice to his service. In this period he learned to excel all his associates, without offending their pride or provoking their enmity. In leaping, running, wrestling, hurling the bar and horsemanship, he won the prize from all competitors, noble and simple. When the old chronicler tells us that "he was *serviceable* to the lords and ladies, even to a marvel," we perceive, in some measure, the secret of his success; since, to become gratefully useful to those around us, is to exhibit the surest sign of affection, and to practice the happiest benevolence. Winning the esteem of lords and ladies by his grace and docility, and the attachment of his inferiors by his affable

sweetness of demeanor, he soon succeeded in making another conquest—that of a sweetheart. The personal appearance of our page, at this period, is described by his biographer as not unworthy of his bearing and his character. His person was erect and tall, and his carriage was easy and full of grace. His features were sweet and benignant, his eyes black and full of fire, his nose aquiline, his skin fair and smooth, and of fine complexion, and his hair, which he wore short, of a rich chesnut-color. In all respects he was the person to persuade and please the eyes of a lady.

Among the damsels who were attached to the court of the Duchess of Savoy, bearing a like relation to that dame with that of the page to the duke, there was one nearly the same age with Bayard. She was of noble family, but without fortune. But she had all besides which could win the regards of a warm and affectionate nature. She was amiable and lovely, and possessed of numerous accomplishments. She was among the first to become conscious of the noble qualities of our page. He, too, very soon discovered the impression which he had made upon her. To be loved at all, by one equally beautiful and virtuous, is enough to affect favorably the heart of a boy; and from the moment that he made his discovery, the thoughts of young Bayard ran upon nothing so much as the maiden. His usual exercises, his most favorite sports, were neglected, and he soon contrived a meeting in secret with his little lady. The school in which they were mutually taught had rendered easy the expression of his attachment; but it was a school in which the passions were not enlivened at the expense of the principles. Bayard had been too well tutored by his parents to harbor any but the purest sentiments, and, precocious as he was in these, he had received no impelling suggestions of evil from any other source. Without a thought but that of simple devotion, the boy threw himself at the feet of the girl and poured forth the most

tender assurances of love. She answered him with tears, and with an avowal of her own affections. But she was more prudent than her lover, and asked mournfully to what his boy-passion would conduct. "I am young," said Bayard, "but I am animated with a passion for glory as well as for yourself. I will make myself famous, and when I have acquired distinction by my exploits, I will return and make you my wife." The noble little damsel was generous in her sentiments. "Alas!" she said, "we must not entertain such projects. I am without fortune, and you may reasonably pretend to the greatest. In accepting your affections, I destroy your hopes. That I love you, I can not disguise; but let us subdue the sentiment, for our mutual sakes, to a sincere and tender friendship. This sentiment will bring us no reproaches." The ardent boy would have caught her in his arms; but the circumspect little maiden reproved the rashness in her prettiest manner. "Do not forget, dear Terrail, what is due to a young creature who is the *protégée* of the duchess." The words instantly restrained the impulse of the enamored youth. The instinct of duty and propriety at once brought him to his senses—"I will violate no hospitality—I will not forget what is due to the noble benefactors whom we serve, nor be wanting in respect to the being that I love; but I will not for this renounce my hope. I will speak to the duchess, declare my love, and implore her sanction of a flame as warm as it is pure."

But fate interposed to thwart the gallant purpose of our page. That very evening, the Duke of Savoy gave orders to prepare the next day to depart for Lyons, where he was to join the king. Bayard was required to accompany him. But a single opportunity was afforded him for speaking with the duchess, and his heart failed him at the proper moment. The chance was never given him again. The next day saw him on the road to Lyons, where Charles VIII., a feeble but ambitious monarch, was making merry

with his courtiers. Each day was distinguished by tilt and tourney; and, deficient in many of the higher qualities of the sovereign, it is but just to accord to this prince the merit of being a good companion, affable among his noblesse, and indulgent to his people. His ambition led him to attempt objects which his feeble will and intellect never suffered him to attain. He had the vanity to emulate the career of Charlemagne, and to attempt the conquest of foreign countries, when the peaceful tourney should have satisfied him in his own.

Hearing of the approach of the Duke of Savoy, Charles, with whom he was a favorite, dispatched the Count de Ligny, with an escort of gentlemen, to meet and conduct him to his presence. The eyes of the count were very soon drawn to the peculiar elegance of our page's horsemanship. "Your page rides a steed of mettle, and knows how to manage him deftly." "It is but half a year that I have had him," was the answer of the duke, "and he had then just left school; yet never have I seen a lad of his age who carried himself more manfully either on foot or horseback. He comes of a bold and spirited race, and he will take after them." Then, speaking to Bayard, he commanded him to give his horse the spur. Our page desired nothing better, and proceeded to exhibit such feats of horsemanship as compelled the admiration of the company. "On my faith," said the Count de Ligny, "this young gentleman will become a noble gallant, if he lives. You will do well, my lord, to present both horse and rider to the king." "On my soul," said the duke, "since you advise, it shall be done. I love the youth, but could not confide him to a better school than that of the Court of France."

The day following, the king entertained the duke at dinner, together with the lords of Ligny and Avennes. During the repast, the discourse turned upon dogs and horses, love and war, the chase and deeds of arms. The occasion reminded the Count de Ligny of the performance of Bayard.

"Sire," said he, "I swear to you on my fay that my lord of Savoy hath a mind to give you a page who rides a steed as well as ever I saw youth in my life. He is not more than fourteen years old, yet he manages his horse like a man of thirty. If you will be pleased to go and hear vespers at Esnay, you shall have some pleasure in beholding him." The king, who was too devout a Christian to swear any but a pretty little oath, exclaimed, "By the faith of my body, I am willing. But, cousin," to the Duke of Savoy, "whence got you this proper page whom our cousin of Ligny speaks of?" He was answered, and the duke was no ways slow to insist upon the remarkable merits of the boy. Bayard was not present at this conversation, but it soon reached his ears, for his comrades loved him too well to withhold any news which might gratify his ambition. It would have delighted him less to have gained the whole city of Lyons. He at once hurried to the head groom of the stable, Pison de Chenas, and said to him, "Friend groom, they tell me that the king wills to see my horse after dinner, and me thereon. Now, I pray you to put him in proper order, and I will give you my short dagger, with all my heart." "Nay, keep your truncheon," said the groom, with whom he was a favorite as with all the rest. "Do you go and get yourself in trim, and your horse will be in readiness. God give you this fortune, my friend, that the King of France may take you into favor, so that you may arrive at a high preferment. Some time or other, when you are a great lord, I may find my account in it." "On my faith, master," said the youth, "I shall never forget your kindness and good lessons ever since I have been in the household of my lord, and if God ever do bring me to preferment, you shall be made sensible of my remembrance." A few hours brought him a summons to attend the king, to whom the duke had presented him, and who wished to see his performance in the meadow of Esnay. The messenger was that same equerry to whom the duke

had given the page in charge when he first entered the service of the former. He, too, had grown affectionately fond of his pupil, and he conveyed his message in tones of real disquietude. "It is not that I grieve at your advancement, my friend, but that we are to part with you." Bayard replied to him with a grateful heart, thanked him for all his past instructions, and pledged himself neither to be ungrateful for, nor unworthy of them.

There was no time for delay. The king had gone by water on the Saone, with the duke and their respective suites. The first object that drew his attention as he reached the land was our page on horseback, in charge of the equerry. He, like all the rest, was struck by the perfect grace and the consummate address of this youthful squire, and as Bayard subdued his steed to a pause, the delighted king cried out to him across the plain, to give the animal the spur, and renew his exercise. There needed no second summons. The young cavalier yielded the bridle to the straining neck of the horse as he sent him headlong forward under the sharp urgency of the spur, took the circuit of the plain, made him take several leaps, and darting at full gallop toward the king, stopped him short with a curvet, at a proper distance from the royal person.

Charles was delighted beyond measure, and exclaimed to the Duke of Savoy, "Cousin, it is impossible to do better." Turning to Bayard, he said, "Again the spur—spur him again;" and the surrounding pages, echoing the king's words, cried, "Spur, spur—*piquez, piquez*," so frequently, that the surname of *Piquet* was for some time after fastened upon our hero. His second performances were equal to the first. "All is true," said the king to the duke, "that my cousin of Ligny told me. I will not wait till you give me your page and horse—I beg them at your hands." "The master himself is yours," answered the duke, "and the rest may well be so. God give the boy grace to do you some great service." "It is impossible," replied the

king, "tnat he should not become a man of worth. Cousin of Ligny, I put the page under your care." The count was grateful for a commission which promised to do him honor. He placed the boy among his pages, and, during the three years in which he held this position, he succeeded in gaining for himself the affections of the new household as certainly as he had won those of the duke's. The count himself became sincerely attached to him, and his confidence in his future greatness was increased and confirmed by the daily development of his various qualities of gentle and noble heart, and generous, ingenuous nature. When he was but seventeen, he was raised to the station of man-at-arms, and took his place in the company under the immediate command of the Count de Ligny. This promotion did not imply a place simply in the army. In the case of Bayard, it was the rank of a gentleman of the household, about the immediate person of his captain—a post equivalent to that of the aide-de-camp of modern times, with this addition, that the man-at-arms, in turn, held his immediate retainers, the number being regulated by royal ordinance, and varying according to circumstances, under the several decrees of the king. For this the knight paid as for a license, the amount of fine or assessment going to the public revenue. The force thus allotted to a lance, or man-at-arms, was of a mixed character, so as to represent most of the several elements of an army. He himself bore lance and sword, or battle-ax, and, in the time of Bayard, was followed by three archers, a page and an esquire. One hundred lancers thus implied six hundred men, and fifteen companies of a hundred lancers each, made a select body of nine thousand troops. To be a man-at-arms was a much-desired privilege at this period, as it was seldom given but to favor It was sought with eagerness by the gentry, and numerous volunteers, from the class of wealthy plebeians, augmented the ranks as volunteers, with the hope that, by gallant performances, they might be admitted to supply the vacant

places. The corps constituted an aristocracy, proud of its distinction and jealous of its reputation. This feeling contributed to its high renown. During the reign of Charles VIII. and his immediate successor, it was considered in some sort invincible. It will be seen how much our youthful hero contributed, by his personal prowess, to this grateful reputation.

CHAPTER III.

Charles was absent from Lyons some three years, making the tour of his realm. Meanwhile, our page prospered, as we have seen—gradually passing into a premature manhood, and acquiring the trusts which belong only to that character. When the king returned to Lyons, there was naturally a resumption of all the courtly pleasures and pastimes which made him a favorite with his people in spite of his many royal deficiencies. Among the events which occurred to increase the animation of the Lyonese, after the return of the court, was the appearance among them of a celebrated Burgundian cavalier, named Claude de Vaudray. He was a knight of extraordinary address in arms, who loved nothing better than to display his ability. He demanded of the king a tournament, by which to occupy his young noblesse, and keep them from idleness and rust. The king, whose piety did not interfere either with his

pleasures or his ambition, and who loved the sports of chivalry as becoming images of war, readily gave ear to the application. The tourney, as arranged by Claude de Vaudray, who was well skilled in all such matters, was to consist of several courses of knights on horseback, and combats between foot and horse, with the lance and battle-ax. Those who desired to prove their courage and skill had nothing to do but to enter the arena where the gentleman of Burgundy had hung up his shield, awaiting the challengers; to touch it with the hand or lance, and send in his name to the master of the tourney.

Our man-at-arms passed before the shields with momently-increasing interest. He stood before that, in particular, which belonged to Claude de Vaudray, with eyes of longing and despondency. His meditations were sufficiently discouraging. To touch the shield was easy enough, but the conditions of chivalry were such as to put entirely out of the question the claims of a gallant who could not appear in certain style and with a certain equipage. Bravery was a term in that day of a twofold signification. The knight must not only *be*, but he must look brave; and the pomp and splendor of the exhibition made no small part of the attraction among the spectators. Our man-at-arms, with a small stipend nicely calculated for his absolute necessities, was without the means to furnish himself with the appointments proper to the combat. Armor, and fine clothes, and horses, were essential before he could presume to take his station with the ambitious company which Claude de Vaudray had gathered around him. His melancholy drew the notice of one of his companions, named Pierre de Bocquieres, lord of Bellabre—a gentleman, like himself, of the suite of the Count de Ligny, a very brave fellow, and one whom Bayard had inspired with a very warm attachment which continued through his life. "What troubles you, comrade? You seem thunder-struck," said Bellabre. "I feel so," was the reply; "and this is the

reason. Here, now, I am no longer a page. Our good lord hath made me a gentleman, but I have not the means to appear as one. I long to touch the shield of Messire Claude de Vaudray; but when I have done so, where am I to find the armor, and where the horses?"

Bellabre was something older than Bayard, and knew much more of the world. He was a bold fellow, with possibly a sly humor of his own, which did not always hesitate to seek indulgence at the expense of his neighbor. He answered his sorrowful comrade with a smile, "Why should these doubts distress you? Have you not a fat priest for a kinsman? Is not your great uncle the rich Abbot of Esnay? We will go to him; and I vow to God, if he won't furnish us the means, we will lay hands on crosier and mitre." This was a very irreverent boldness on the part of Bellabre; but the anxiety of Bayard to encounter the challenge prevented him from the indulgence of many unnecessary scruples. His companion made so light of the difficulty that he at once proceeded to smite the shield. We may imagine him to have done so with something of the spirit and force of Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, when he thrust the bright shaft of his lance, for the combat *à l'outrance*, against that of Brian de Bois Guilbert. The sensation was quite as great among the spectators. "How, my friend Piquet"—for the surname of the king still clung to him—"How!" exclaimed the master-at-arms, "will you, with a beard not of three years' growth—will you presume to fight with Messire Claude de Vaudray, one of the fiercest knights that you may hear of." Admirable as they thought the youth in his bearing and ability, there were none who did not regard this boldness as so much boyish presumption. But Bayard answered with laudable modesty—"It is not from pride and arrogance, my friend, but that I desire to have a knowledge of arms, wherever I can, from those who can best bestow it. I would learn by little and little, and it may be that God may give me grace

to do something which shall please the ladies." The answer provoked the laughter of the king-at-arms, and delighted all who heard it. The noise of the proceeding soon ran through the court. Piquet had touched the shield of the Burgundian challenger. The Count de Ligny carried the tidings to the king, who rejoiced greatly, exclaiming, "By the faith of my body, cousin of Ligny, your breeding of this boy will bring you honor, as my heart tells me." The count, though pleased, was not without his anxieties. "We shall see what will come of it," he replied: "Piquet is yet very young to stand the blows of Messire Claude de Vaudray. But I would rather than ten thousand crowns that it should be so."

To touch the shield boldly did not by any means overcome the worst difficulty in the way of our champion. To procure the means for the adventure from the miserly grasp of his fat uncle was a toil from which Bayard shrunk, naturally, with doubt and apprehension. He knew the niggardly disposition of his kinsman, and how little he was sensible to the deeds of chivalry. To have obtained the means from the Bishop of Grenoble, had he been at hand, would have been an easy matter; — but this Abbot of Esnay! Our man-at-arms turned to his comrade, Bellabre, who was by no means disposed to desert him at his need. They went together to the abbot whom they found walking in his garden at Esnay, with one of his monks, and at his devotions. The news had already reached the reverend father of the audacity of his nephew in touching the shield of Claude de Vaudray. He anticipated, accordingly, the mission upon which he came, and his reception, though warm enough, was any thing but cordial. "What!" said he, "you, a boy but seventeen years old—but three days ago a page—who made you so bold to touch the shield of Messire Claude de Vaudray? You grow too presumptuous, and should be made to feel the rod again." The youth modestly replied: "I assure you, my lord, it is not pride

which has made me do this, but solely the desire to become worthy of my ancestors and yours. I beseech you, then, as the only near relative whom I have at Lyons, that you will furnish me with the means for this occasion." "On my faith," said the reverend father, "you get no money from me; the wealth of the church is for the service of God, and not to be wasted in jousts and tourneys."

The bishop looked inflexible, and Bayard blank; but Bellabre here took up the parole, and significantly reminded the reverend father that, but for the prowess of knighthood there had been no Abbey of Esnay to endow—that it was the military reputation, indeed, of his own ancestors which had obtained for him his abbacy. "A sense of past benefits alone," said the speaker, "to say nothing of what may follow hereafter, should make you incline to the application of your nephew. He has already won honor for his name, is in high favor with the king and my lord of Ligny, and will you, for a matter of two hundred crowns, endanger his future prospects, which may be worth to you ten thousand." A hint adroitly administered, that his niggardliness toward his nephew, with whom every body else was pleased, would be very apt to provoke the disgust of the king and all the courtiers, concluded the discussion, which had taken place in the garden. Sore, but consenting, the penurious abbot led the way to the dwelling, and opening a window, he drew from it a little purse, which he put into the hands of Bellabre. "Here," said he, with a biting sarcasm, "are an hundred crowns, which I put into your charge, that you may buy two horses for this valiant man-at-arms, seeing that he is himself quite too young to handle money. I shall write to Laurencin to furnish him with the necessary habiliments." The good abbot never fancied that these habiliments would cost more than a hundred francs; but as the order was unlimited, Bellabre assumed the privilege of judging for his young friend what should be the proper extent of the expenditure. Possessed

of the purse and order, they took their leave with many expressions of gratitude, to which the abbot seems to have listened with indifference. Once out of his sight, Bellabre conveyed to his companion a portion of that peculiar moral philosophy which, in those days, did no discredit to the soldier. "You must know, comrade, that when God bestows good fortune upon men, as he has done this day upon you, they should do wrong not to profit by his bounty: the bread is holy which we rob from the priesthood. Here, now, is the order to Laurencin—let us use it quickly, ere the abbot reconsiders. When he remembers that he hath set no limits to his bounty in this order, he will amend it. Let us use it quickly to procure all your accoutrements, not simply for the tourney, but for the year to come. You will get nothing farther from his hands."

Bayard laughed at the philosophy of his friend, the propriety of which he had no reason to doubt. The age, in which religion was quite too frequently employed as the cloak for crime and idleness, did not visit, with much severity, offences of this sort against a luxurious priesthood. The advice of Bellabre was adopted. Laurencin was waited upon the moment that they reached Lyons; the order was promptly honored by the merchant, to whom Bellabre told a story highly creditable to the abbot; whom he represented as greatly delighted with the rising fame of his nephew, to whom he had given a good breakfast, three hundred crowns, and the ample order, of which Laurencin was possessed already. The tradesman placed his shop at the service of the two. He paraded his stuffs of gold and silver, his rich velvets, embroidered satins, and gorgeous silks, commodities in which that age was even more luxurious than ours. The young knight was not suffered to stint himself, by the shrewd companion at his side. He took what was necessary to his wants, and what was grateful to his eye, and the tailors were soon put in requisition to convert his goods into becoming garments.

Our abbot was not slow to discover the excellence of the jest. Boasting at dinner of his forced generosity, he told what he had done. The sexton of the abbey applauded the act, expressing a doubt, however, whether he had done altogether wisely in not limiting the order to Laurencin. "I fear," said he, "that your nephew will take more than you intend, and, instead of a hundred crowns, you may have to pay for two thousand." The abbot was instantly alarmed, and despatching his steward to Laurencin, was confounded to learn that the amount of Bayard's purchases was eight hundred francs instead of one hundred. "Eight hundred francs! St. Mary!" exclaimed the reverend father, as he received this intelligence. "Make haste to his lodgings," he cried to his steward, "and say to him that if he does not instantly restore to Laurencin what he hath taken, he shall never be the better by another franc of mine."

But our friends had anticipated this mission, and the servants were instructed that none of the people of the Lord of Esnay were to find their way to the presence of their master. The pages amused themselves, accordingly, at the expense of the messenger. When the steward asked for him in his own lodgings, he was reported to be at those of the Count de Ligny. There, he is told that Bayard has gone forth beyond the Rhone to try his horses; and thus, until he was weary, the steward was kept passing to and fro between the angry abbot, his master, and the household of the offending nephew. Very solemn then was the oath of the former that the boy should repent of his wickedness. The crime of defrauding the church of its revenues might well, by an abbot, be held as an unpardonable one. He did not pardon the offence, and not another copper of his money found its way to the purse of the offender.

Bayard shared his livres equally with Bellabre. Their friendship hitherto had been such that they partook without scruple of each other's goods. Two horses were bought between them for the tourney, the day assigned for which

was rapidly approaching. An interval of three days was busily employed in preparations—in going through the hands of the tailor, in choosing and fitting armor, and decorating, in the customary style of the times, the persons of horse and rider. The tourney took place on Monday, the 20th July, 1494. The public and private preparations were such as to draw together numerous spectators. The lists were duly set in order. Place was assigned to the king and courtiers, the noblesse, and the citizens, and the ladies of Lyons made no inferior part of the imposing spectacle. The knight, Claude de Vaudray, the challenger, was the first person to make his appearance in the field. He was encountered, in order, as the names of the champions had been enrolled, by many gallant gentlemen of the court and of the royal army. There were the Seneschal Galiot—who proved himself an expert cavalier,—the young Bonnival, Sandricourt, Chastillon, Bourdillon, all intimates of the king, and many others, all doing their best, and all more or less creditably. To stimulate the spirit of the combatants, one of the rules of the tourney was, that each champion, after he had run his course, should be conducted round the lists, that he might receive the plaudits of the spectators. Such a proceeding would naturally prompt the ambition of the cavalier to the utmost exertion of his powers.

The time at length came for Bayard to make his appearance in the lists. He was at this time not yet eighteen years of age, had not attained his full growth, was tall and spare of form, and of delicate complexion. His boyish aspect and person, in spite of his manly bearing, awakened the sympathy, rather than the expectations, of the spectators. It was known that he had to do with one of the most experienced and vigorous of living knights. But Bayard was of rare agility, and possessed, what was not apparent to the eye, a degree of sinewy strength and well-developed muscle, which were not common to his years. He commenced rudely, we are told, abashed most probably by the

novelty of the situation, and somewhat tremulous from the excited desires of his own heart. But he soon recovered all his grace and courage, and the issue furnished a sufficient sanction for his audacity. "How it happened," remarks the quaint old chronicler from which we translate, "I can not tell; whether it was that God willed that he should have the glory, or that Messire Claude de Vaudray was pleased to forbear somewhat in consideration of his youth; but there was no man in the whole course of the tourney, whether on horse or foot, who performed his devoir better than he, or indeed quite so well!" And this was the opinion of all the spectators—an opinion which the fair ladies of Lyons did not hesitate to avow with the frankness of hearts delighting in deeds of gallantry. When it came to Bayard's turn to make the round of the lists, they awarded him, in their Lyonese tongue, the highest honors of the day—"*Vey vos cesteu malotru! il a mieux fay que tous los autros.*" "See you this awkward lad—he hath done better than all the others!" Nor was this opinion confined to the Lyonese ladies; the courtiers were quite as much pleased with his performance. The king said at supper, "Piquet hath made a fine beginning; in my belief he will go on to a good end;—cousin"—to the Lord of Ligny—"I never made you a better present in my life, than when I gave you that boy." To which the count answered, "Sire, it will be more to your profit than mine if he becomes a man of merit. It is your commendation that hath made him undertake so nobly." He added, "There is one, however, who takes no pleasure in his performances—his uncle, the Abbot of Esnay. He alone looks reprovingly at the course which brings such pleasure to us;" and the count proceeded to tell the story of the unlimited order, the eight hundred crowns for which our two friends had assessed the reverend father, and of his unavailing dunning through the medium of the steward;—a story which provoked king and courtiers to a very hearty fit of laughter.

CHAPTER IV.

This successful initial passage-at-arms led to the promotion of our hero. Some short time after the event, he was called into the presence of the Count de Ligny, who said to him, "Piquet, my friend, you have begun your career happily. We shall have more war, and I will put you into my company, with an allowance of three hundred crowns a-year, and three horses. You will still hold your place in my household, but will now go to the garrison and see your comrades. You will find them as gallant a set of fellows as there are in Christendom. They will give you sufficient exercise in arms, as they constantly hold joust and tourney, to win honor and the favor of the ladies. You will be better thus, exercising with them, until we are actually required to take the field."

No intimation could have been more agreeable to our young knight than this. His blood bounded for the exercises of which his recent taste had been so pleasant and honorable. He acknowledged with gratitude the bounty and kindness of his superior, and declared his perfect satisfaction with the disposition which was made of him. His eagerness was such that he avowed his desire to depart without delay, and the count was willing that he should do so, but first announced to him that he should take leave of the king. Charles had just risen from dinner as they came into his presence. "Sire," said the count, "here is your Piquet. He is about to join his comrades in Picardy, and comes to take leave of you." The graceful ease, and manly but respectful manner with which Bayard made his obeisance, was particularly pleasing to the king; and he

said to the young soldier, with a smile, "Piquet, my friend, may God keep you as you have begun, and you will be a noble gentleman You go to a country where the ladies are very charming; you must be sure to exert yourself and win their favor. Adieu, my friend, adieu."

Taking leave of the princes and noblesse, he was honored with their embraces. All of them expressed regret at losing him from court: he himself felt but little; his heart yearned for the more stirring military career to which he was destined, and he was impatient to be gone. It does not appear at this time that he remembered the sweet damsel of the Duchess of Savoy, to whom he had so vainly paid his vows. He had probably begun to perceive the wisdom of her counsel. A new world had opened upon him, and a more enlarged ambition. New excitements of a more imperious nature had seized upon his imagination, and in the more various aspects of society, to which he had recently become familiar, the force of his boy-passion might well be subdued. That it was not eradicated, however, we have reason to know from the progress of this history. But we must reserve these matters for the period when they shall more properly appear. Enough, that he still retained in his bosom the impression of an attachment which he yet concealed from sight beneath the cuirass. It was through the ranks of war that he was to cleave his way to love, or avoid its dangers. But there is no doubt that he loved his profession, and detested a life of sloth. His eye, trained from infancy to contemplate the eagle career of his ancestors, had made this career a part of each desire in his soul. It was his duty to become a warrior, a knight brave and gentle, conquering all foes by deeds of arms, all hearts by deeds of loveliness and grace.

It was not his "adieus" alone that Charles bestowed upon his youthful soldier. Just before his departure, a purse of three hundred crowns was brought him from the monarch, with one of the finest horses from his stables. To those

about him he bestowed freely of the money, while, in the courser, he beheld a token not less of what was expected at his hands, than of the favor of his master. His parting with the Count de Ligny was serious and impressive. This nobleman had learned to love the boy, as if he were his own son. He brought him to his lodgings and gave him a world of counsel, affectionately urged and expressed. "It is a false notion, Piquet," he remarked, "that the life of the soldier confers upon us the right to forget God and religion. There is nothing in our profession which is incompatible with a becoming devotion. God expects not from us, indeed, the same continued meditation and frequent prayer, the rigorous penances and long abstinences which are practiced by the professed religious in the life of the cloister; but there is nothing in our duties to prevent our love of God, our obedience to his will, and fear of his anger. These, with the exercise of charity, are virtues in all human conditions. Keep these always active in your soul, for without these even that sentiment of honor which you have received from your ancestors would be of little lasting value or account. It is only proper when coupled with the fear and love of God. I pray you to respect the priesthood—their profession not less than their persons. Yield not to any evil example of your comrades, when they would make a mock of these honorable men. Priests are like other men, Piquet; they have their weaknesses, and may have their vices, but they endure many provocations, and these should make us indulgent to their faults. See them in the cottage of the poor, at the bed of the dying, and close by the side of the criminal who is marching to his doom. The merit which the brave soldier acquires in the day of battle is not very unlike to that which the man of God obtains every day of his life. His life, indeed, is one long combat and victory, and this, too, without any of that glory and applause which mortal honor brings to compensate those who toil bravely in her behalf. Think of these

things, my son, and they will secure you equally the favor of God and man. But the hour wears, and you have need of sleep, as you will depart early in the morning. As you will leave before I rise, you must take my farewell to-night. Go, my son, and may God conduct you always."

The lessons of chivalry, from teachers such as the Lord of Ligny, were not unworthy of the pretensions of the order, in its most noble and honorable periods. Tears filled the eyes of Bayard as he listened, and he answered with the affectionate respect of one whose gratitude was equally warm and without constraint. He retired to his own lodgings escorted by his young companions, by all of whom he was honored and beloved. They did not part from him without many embraces. Having reached his chamber, he found the tailors of the Count de Ligny awaiting him with two complete suits of clothes, the gift of that nobleman. "Give my thanks to my lord," said the youth, "for this and the many favors he hath conferred upon me, none of which have I deserved." Twenty crowns rewarded the bearer of the gift, and ten crowns were left for the groom who brought his courser. The night was half spent before he laid himself down to rest, and he slept but little. He was about to enter the great world, to begin a life of independent action, a boy no longer, and among new comrades. He rose with the dawn, and sent off his baggage and horses. Of these he had six of a large size, suitable for use in actual war, and five or six more, of smaller size, for ordinary purposes. His friend Bellabre accompanied him as far as Brêle, where they dined, and parted. Their separation was not a sad one, as it was understood that the former, as soon as he received certain horses which were on their way from Spain, would follow fast upon his footsteps.

Our hero traveled by short stages, for the better treatment of his horses, several of which were led. Arrived within a few leagues of the town of Aire, he sent forward one of his people to look for lodgings. His reputation had

gone before him, and when it was known to his future companions that he was approaching, more than six-and-twenty of their number came forth to meet him and form his escort. These were all sons of noblemen, or of noble family. They were curious to see the youth who had dared cross lances with Claude de Vaudray, and of whose equal skill, courage and modesty they had already heard so much. Their welcome was joyous, and the approach to Aire was that of a triumph. The ladies, too, had heard of our hero, and the windows were thronged as the gay cavalcade rode through the streets. Escorted to his lodgings by his comrades, some of them remained with him to supper. He found them a merry set, fond of pleasure, but without the means to indulge their passion to much extent. They questioned him freely as to his resources, and were delighted to find that he had more money than themselves. His passage-at-arms in the tourney occupied their conversation to such a degree, and their applauses were so lavish, as somewhat to disquiet and abash our modest hero. They could not beguile him into a forgetfulness of his humility, and, without any transports, he replied—"There is nothing yet to praise me for, my friends; but, please the Lord, with your good help, I may do something hereafter to do me credit among persons of merit."

Among his new companions was one named Tardieu, a lively fellow, full of humor, and fond of gayety. "Comrade," said he to Bayard, "I must tell you that the ladies of this town are the handsomest in all Picardy, and by the way, your hostess, whom you have not seen, is one of the prettiest among them. She is now absent, gone to the wedding of a niece. You will see her to-morrow, and see that what I tell you is the truth. Now, as you can not have come to keep garrison without a well-filled purse, you must do something with it to please the ladies. You must maintain your reputation by worthy actions. It is a long time since we have had a tourney here. You must give

one, to take place in the next eight days. What say you? Come, do not deny me the first favor that I ask."

The proposition no ways displeased our man-at-arms. It must be remembered that there was nothing in the suggestion of Tardieu that did not comport with the customs of the time and country. The tourney was the proper exercise for the young warrior in seasons of repose, by which he kept up a knowledge of the arts which he had acquired, and prepared himself for future exigency. Bayard replied to Tardieu precisely as he wished. "Had you asked for a greater matter, I could not have refused you. This proposition is quite as pleasing to me as to you. Send me the trumpet to-morrow, and, with the captain's leave, we will give the necessary notice." This captain was one who had acquired the highest reputation in the armies of France. He was one of the most famous of his time. His name was Louis D'Ars, from Dauphiny also, the kinsman and neighbor of Bayard. Tardieu, who knew him well, replied—"Doubt not that we shall have leave in this business from our captain, as we contemplate nothing evil. He is now absent, but will return in four days. If there be blame, let it rest on me." Bayard yielded his scruples without reluctance. He remembered the injunctions of the king and Count de Ligny to be sure and please the ladies, and the lessons of chivalry taught no better process than by deeds of arms in the tournament. When Tardieu appeared the next morning, bringing the trumpeter, our young knight was ready for him. He had scarcely slept that night. Wearied as he had been by the travel of the day, and kept up by his comrades to a late hour, the pleasing excitement occasioned by the suggestion of Tardieu, had totally baffled the approach of slumber. His visitor scarcely paused to give him the good-day, when he reminded him of his promise, and introduced the trumpeter. "No excuse," said he; "here's your man, and now for the ordinance." To his surprise, the proclamation was ready

to his hand. Bayard, who was well versed in the laws and practices of chivalry, had employed his sleepless hours in devising the courses and preparing the publication of the tourney. The paper was already written out in a fair hand, and ready for exhibition. His heart was in the scheme, though, but for Tardieu, he would scarcely have conceived it at so early a day. He would have waited until his acquaintance with the ladies and gentlemen of Picardy had somewhat ripened into familiarity.

His comrade perused the document with unconcealed delight. It ran thus:

"Pierre de Bayard, young gentleman and novice in arms, a native of Dauphiny, and one of the king's men-at-arms, in charge of, and under conduct of the high and puissant lord, Count de Ligny, hath caused a tourney to be cried and published within and without the town of Aire, to take place on the twentieth day of July; to consist of three strokes of the lance, without lists, and twelve of the sword, with edged weapons, in armor of war, on horseback; and the whole in good earnest. To him who does best his devoir, shall be given a golden bracelet, of the weight of thirty grains, enamelled with his own device. The day following is appointed for a combat on foot, at the point of the lance, and within lists as high as a man's waist. The lance being shivered, the fight to be followed up with strokes of the battle-ax, at the discretion of the judges, and of those who keep the field. To him who does best in this combat shall be awarded a diamond of forty crowns value."

The terms of the combat, "*à fer esmoulu*," shows that no child's play was intended. Our hero styles himself, modestly, a novice in arms; he was soon to prove himself a professor. Tardieu was delighted as he read. "By ——, comrade," he exclaimed, "not Launcelot, nor Tristrem, nor Gawaine, could have done better." We have not said that the early education of Bayard was rather better than was common to his order in that day; and, before he left school

he had learned to write a graceful hand, and to express himself with simplicity and clearness. "Go," cried the eager Tardieu, to the trumpeter—"go, cry this tourney through the town, and from garrison to garrison, for the space of three days, that all the lovers of good deeds may have knowledge thereof." And this said, and the trumpeter dismissed, he turned to the young knight, and renewed his congratulations. The prizes, though seemingly small, were in that day considerable; and they were to be paid out of Bayard's purse. We are to understand that the purse of a man-at-arms, in time of peace, was never likely to be burdensome; and the liberality which our hero displayed in the ready acquiescence which he gave to the somewhat expensive suggestion of Tardieu, proved to all parties that he was not more brave than unselfish. It was one of the noble virtues in the character of Bayard, that he valued money only in regard to the power which it gave him of being useful to his friends and followers.

A single fact will show the somewhat bold character of this challenge. There were at this time in garrison in Picardy some eight hundred men-at-arms, many of whom were long practised and experienced soldiers. There were the companies of Marshal des Cordes, Philippe de Crevecœur, one of the Scotch, and one of the celebrated Lord de la Palisse. There was certainly a wide range of adversaries for the challenger, and it might reasonably be expected that, of so many warriors, and so many who were distinguished, there would be no lack of combatants; and there was not. Bayard's own captain, Louis d'Ars, returned, in the mean while, and gladly gave his sanction to the tournament. Bayard promptly waited upon him, and tendered his respects. He was received with many affectionate caresses. The brave men of that day were always glad to enroll among their followers every person who promised to do honor to their commands. To complete the happiness of our young knight, his friend Bellabre arrived in season for

the fête. It had been scarcely satisfactory without him. The days pending the tourney were passed in becoming preparation. The young soldiers practised daily with steed and weapon; and their military exercises were relieved by frequent parties, given to the ladies, in which love and gallantry suggested the materials of conversation, and the dance was closed with the banquet. In these courtly pastimes, our young knight was the observed of all observers. The ladies, who were not those of the town only, but of the surrounding country also, were never weary in his praise. His grace of bearing, the modesty of his discourse, and his frank and generous spirit, won for him applauses which they bestowed upon no other of his comrades; and their praises were redoubled when it was found that none of the favors which he received had filled his heart with pride. In the enjoyment of the smiles of the ladies, he neither forgot himself nor them. It is thus that merit, when combined with modesty, bewitches all the world. The envious themselves will forget the superiority which they are never required to acknowledge.

The day appointed for the tourney came at last, and our little world of Aire was in great and pleasant commotion. There was no faltering among the combatants, all of whom were promptly mustered into opposing ranks. Every preparation had been made, that the spectacle should be a brilliant one. The knights were in their gayest caparison; and the ladies who looked on, whose favors they wore, and whose smiles and cheers encouraged them, were never more solicitous in the display of their choicest fashions. The judges of the field were Captain Louis d'Ars and the Lord of St. Quentin. The trumpets sounded, and forty-six combatants appeared in armor, and on horseback. They were divided into two equal bodies. The second peal of the trumpets announced the beginning of the tourney. At this signal, Bayard was the first to present himself. He was opposed by Aymon de Salvaign, lord of Bois-

sieu, whose surname was *Tartarin*, as that of Bayard was Piquet. This gentleman was of an illustrious house, of Dauphiny, and from our young knight's own neighborhood. He was known to be very formidable in the use of his weapons. The charge was sounded; and, as they rushed together, the encounter of the passage was so keen as to shiver both lances; that of Boissieu breaking off near the head, at the junction of the iron with the wood, while that of Bayard, smiting the top of the great vantbrace, was broken into several pieces. It was a marvellous fine passage, and the trumpets sounded furiously, as if in emulation of the opposing champions. The first course accomplished, they prepared for the second with fresh spirit and new lances. Again they rushed together, and the charge was not less beautiful than before. In this passage, it was the fortune of Boissieu to pierce the vantbrace of Bayard about the elbow. It was thought by all that the arm had been wounded; but this was a mistake. The spear of our knight smote his adversary above his visor, and bore away the chaplet of feathers from his helm. Once more the joy of trumpets, and the two champions, who had sufficiently convinced all spectators of their skill and spirit, gave place to other combatants.

The next who succeeded were Bellabre, our knight's friend, and a Scottish gentleman, a captain in the French service, named David de Fougas. They fractured their opposing lances with admirable success, and gave way to other parties; and thus, two by two, until the courses had been run by all the combatants. The conflict of the lance was followed by that of the sword. The foe who encountered our young knight with this weapon is not mentioned; but the sword of Bayard was shivered at the first collision.* But this did not seem to lessen, but rather

* Some say the *third*, but we prefer to follow his secretary, "the loyal servant," who says the *first*. The matter, fortunately, is of no great importance.

aroused him to the exercise of all his powers of defence. So well did he continue the conflict with the fragment remaining in his grasp, that his opponent failed to gain any advantage from the mishap which seemed so decidedly to give it him. The prescribed number of blows having been given, without damage, these adversaries were made to give place to others. And thus the day passed as joyously as it had begun. There was nothing to impair the gayety of the assemblage. The spectators were all agreed that better play, whether with lance or sword, had never been shown. All had done well and were honored, but the palm of excellence was borne away confessedly, first, by our young knight, and then by Bellabre, Boissieu, Captain David of Fougas, and our pleasant comrade, Tardieu.

The supper and the dance followed at the lodgings of Bayard, where the ladies were sumptuously entertained, and the approach of midnight found nobody tired. But they did not fancy such late hours then as they do at modern parties. The ladies, many of whom had come from a distance of ten miles, had to seek lodgings for the night; and the young gallants saw them safely home, just as they do now, in less chivalrous seasons. It was late the next day before they had risen, and then, we are told, they were never weary of commending our good knight, who, for prowess in arms and courtesy, was not thought by them to have his equal in the world.

But the sports were not over, and some of the details of the next day may well be recorded in illustration of the manners of the time. The champions, with Bayard at their head, repaired at an early hour to the house of their captain, to make their respects, and to entreat him to honor them with his presence at a dinner, to which the Lord of St. Quentin and other noblemen were invited also. There they were to meet with the ladies whom they had found so agreeable the night before—and this, we must remember, was at the lodgings of our bachelor, and he but eigh-

teen years of age. We find it difficult in our day to understand the singular blending of so much humility, in some respects, in the training of the youth, with so much confidence and boldness, in other regards, which seems to have been encouraged in them and looked for at their hands. There was then no indecorum in the damsel visiting the young knight, and supping at his lodgings; for it was the lesson of that day, that the maiden might properly dress the wounds of the cavalier, though there were no ties of blood between them.

The invitation of Bayard was accepted, and the whole party then proceeded to hear mass; after which, bestowing themselves upon the ladies, they escorted them to the lodgings of our young knight, discoursing by the way of love, and all those various pleasant fancies, through the medium of which the young heart declares an instinct as certainly as a sentiment. The entertainment of the day was not less grateful to the company than that of the preceding night. The dinner of Bayard was pronounced to be quite as excellent as his supper; and he himself was constantly found to improve upon acquaintance. But the dinner of that period was not the prolonged festival—the tour of duty—which we have made it; and it took place comparatively at an early hour. Nor could the repast itself have been of that weighty and benumbing character which it commonly proves with us, denying all but moderate exercise after it has been discussed. On this occasion, when our young soldiers rose from table, it was to resume their places in the tournament. The order of the second day was to be performed, and expectations were not less high among the champions themselves and the spectators than on the day before. The tilt was begun by Bayard in the usual manner. The knight who came against him, in this new encounter, was one Hanotin de Sucre, a gentleman of Hainault, who had a high reputation for bravery. He did not discredit his renown. So fiercely did the adversaries rush

to the encounter, and so well did they aim their lances, that both spears shivered in the charge. These were flung aside, and the combat was resumed with the battle-ax, honestly, after the terms of the challenge, *à fer esmoulu*, in downright earnest. The combat threatened to be a mortal one; many were the strokes given and received; heavy, hard blows on helm and cuirass, which the champions baffled, as well as they might, with all their skill, and bore with all their fortitude. For some time the parties fought with pretty equal success, but finally our young knight succeeded in planting an ugly blow upon the ear of his opponent, under which he staggered and sunk upon his knees. Still seeming to offer fight, Bayard, with a second blow, made him fairly kiss the earth; a feat which he performed so unwillingly that the judges of the field came to his relief, with the cry, "Halloo! halloo! enough! Let them retire!"

Bellabre followed, in an encounter with one Arnaulton de Pierreforade, a gentleman of Gascony, according to the prescribed routine, and taking to their battle-axes when their lances were splintered. Then came our jovial friend Tardieu, and Captain David, the Scotchman; and so on through the whole train of combatants, each pair in turn, until all had enjoyed a sufficient taste of the tourney. The sports of this day occupied seven hours, and gave no less satisfaction than those of the day before. The fighting was considered admirable all round, but the field had its favorites, and there were prizes to be distributed. The day was far from finished when the champions had put off their armor and donned more courtly habits. They assembled again to a banquet at Bayard's lodgings, where the ladies were already waiting them. There, also, were the two judges of the field, Louis d'Ars and the Lord of St. Quentin. The discussion of the supper and of the merits of the champions went on together. The ladies freely shared in both. After supper, a vote was taken upon the sub-

ject. The opinions of gentlemen experienced in matters of war and chivalry were then demanded by the judges. These were required to declare themselves *upon their honor.* A similar demand was made for the judgment of the ladies; but they were required to pronounce their verdict *according to their consciences.* The distinction is not so subtle a one but that we can easily perceive it now; even now, while we may require the oath of the man, we are content with the simple assurance of the lady. While he would be required to asseverate, we are satisfied if she affirms. The law which makes the distinction is one of courtesy, and in the days of chivalry it took cognizance of very subtle matters. The result of the discussion was that all had done remarkably well, but that our young knight—or, as he even then began to be called, the good knight—had proved himself the ablest champion. They accorded to him the prizes of both days to distribute as he thought proper.

The judgment of the court was pronounced with flourish of trumpets by the Lord of St. Quentin, who said, "Gentlemen here assembled, especially you that have done battle in this tourney, for best performance in which Master Pierre de Bayard hath offered prizes, know ye, that we the judges commissioned by you all to make the award, after having duly inquired of all the brave and honorable gentlemen who have seen the fight, and likewise of all the noble ladies here present, do declare that each has played his part well, and with much credit. But, without taking from the merit of any, we decree, according to the common voice, that the Lord of Bayard hath, on both days, shown himself the most worthy combatant, wherefore the gentlemen and ladies award to him the honor of bestowing the prizes as he shall deem most fit. And now," turning to the young knight, "bethink you, Lord of Bayard, to whom you will deliver them."

The youth was quite abashed at this address, and remained a brief space silent; then, gathering confidence, he

answered, "My lord, I know not wherefore I should have this honor. It seems to me that there are other knights who have better deserved it than myself. Since, however, your decree has placed the prizes at my disposal, I entreat my companions of the tourney not to be displeased if I bestow the prize of the first day upon the Lord of Bellabre, and that of the second upon Captain David of Fougas." Saying this he bestowed the prizes. Nobody complained of this decision, the justice of which, he himself being no longer a party among the claimants, was recognized by all. And thus finished our hero's first public passage in Picardy. It was a highly successful experiment, and lords and ladies augured well equally of a career which was so well begun, and in favor of a character which continued to charm the more, the more its noble and graceful qualities became developed to his associates. And this experience of all, underwent no change during the two years that Bayard remained in garrison at this place. Many were the tournaments that followed, all graced by the presence of the brave and fair, and crowned with the banquet, the dance, and other sports of the time. In most of these he continued to bear away the crown, winning hearts and prizes together. His biographers all agree in ascribing this to one cause chiefly. He never suffered any rivalship in grace and generosity; his successes never made him forget his moderation, and his nice regard to the feelings and the pride of others. He was the most gracious and most liberal of gentlemen; he was, indeed, the *gentle man*, taking the word as resolved into its elements and in its true signification. He shared his money to the last crown with his companions; he never saw one of them dismounted whom he did not help to rise —no small favor, where the struggling knight was made fast from head to heels, in iron garments—he was regular at his devotions, a great giver of alms, and never withheld a boon which it was in his power to bestow. The pure, sweet lessons of his mother, as she yielded him to the

world—the manly and honorable counsels of the Lord de Ligny as he sent him into garrison—none of these had been forgotten. He lost nothing of the fair blossom of his youth in the opening flower of his manhood; and the two first years of his military life which he passed in Picardy, while it conferred upon him much of the knowledge which manhood must necessarily acquire, and which men only can impart, still left him free from those degrading vices and wretched moral taints which are but too often supposed to be inseparable from the sterner training which one acquires from the world.

CHAPTER V.

Thus, pleasantly enough, and with great profit to himself, passed the first two years of the military experience of our young knight. His blood was exhilarated, and his body strengthened, by constant muscular exercises; his person had expanded into symmetry and manhood; his tastes were refined and elevated by frequent intercourse with the other sex; his heart had developed the noblest sensibilities, while his mind had acquired acuteness and vigor, leading him to prompt combinations of thought, to a wonderful soundness in the formation of opinions, and to conclusions which were equally correct and rapid. These resources of intellect and person were now to be put to use in actual warfare. The shadows and images of war were to give place to its stern realities, and the ardent desires of our man-at-arms were soon, in some sort, to be gratified. Charles VIII. had resolved to assert, by arms, his claims to the crown of Naples. These claims were such only as could be urged by power; the right was shadowy and unsubstantial, and, but for the intrigues of Ludovic Sforza, then in the government of Milan, and doubtful of his seat, who represented the conquest as easy, and who flattered Charles that he might become another Charlemagne, would never have been suffered to disquiet the peace of the nations. Naples overcome, and the next step was to dispossess the Turk of Constantinople. This was one of the lures of Sforza, and, wild as was the project, it had its influence not less upon the French nation than upon its monarch. The younger part of the nobility were eager for the invasion. The people were prepared to regard it as a

preparatory step to another Holy War—a crusade in which they were to acquire claims upon heaven by their bold assaults upon a heathen enemy. The more judicious counsellors of the realm opposed themselves to the design. They knew the infirmities of the monarch's character, and were probably not insensible to the weakness of his claim,* though, on this head, they may have said nothing. They represented to him the impolicy of quitting his kingdom, the danger to himself and country of exposing his person in a foreign war, the numerous enemies whom he would make active by the invasion, the ability in war of some of his opponents, and his own exhausted finances. They warned him against the meshes of the Italian politicians, and urged him not to incur perils from which his more prudent predecessor shrunk with becoming caution, if not in fear.† But their arguments were unavailing against those of the cunning and faithless Sforza, the impatient eagerness of the king's younger barons, and his own restless vanity. The young and ardent enterprise of the nation longed for employment, and the associates of Charles, who was himself just arrived at manhood, naturally made a more decided impression upon his mind than the counsels of graybeards, with whom he had no sympathy. There were thousands of gay gallants, brave and chivalrous, in the armies of the king, who, seen in the frequent passages of the tourney, might readily persuade themselves and their monarch that they were equal to any enterprise. They would naturally urge him upon this. The war was, accordingly, decreed, and the preparations for carrying it on were made with a vigor which surprised all who knew the uncertainty and weakness of his character. An immense army was rapidly brought together, which, variously estimated, was probably about

* See on this subject the well-argued paper contained among the miscellanies of Gibbon, entitled, "Critical Researches concerning the Title of Charles VIII. to the Crown of Naples."

† Roscoe's Leo the Tenth.

forty thousand men. Our young knight took the field under the command of the Count de Ligny.

But the war did not at first promise much for his youthful ambition. It was a triumphal progress rather than the march of an army into the country of an enemy. The Italians were overwhelmed by the greatness and suddenness of the invasion. Sforza himself, who had contemplated nothing farther than a war of intrigue, and whose aim was simply to occupy the ear of the French king for his own purposes, was astounded by what he had done, and soon began to play false with his ally, though, for some time, he continued to maintain appearances. He met and welcomed him into Italy, which was quickly overrun, without making an effort to defend her plains. Florence made a vain show of resistance, which was instantly quelled, and the French army penetrated the territories of the Church. Charles entered Rome on the last night of the year 1494, by the light of a thousand torches, and in the habit of a conqueror. Here, by way of duly asserting his seignorial rights, he raised that simple structure which wits have denominated the most certain proof of civilization—the gallows. His first act of authority was the prompt punishment of certain malefactors, by hanging, drowning, whipping, and mutilation, showing that, "as a true son of the Church, and most Christian king, he enjoyed the same power of executing justice in Rome, as in his town of Paris." * The pope, the notorious Alexander VI., though bitterly grieved at heart, had no reproaches. He dared not even murmur at this gross derogation from his civil and spiritual authority. Wholly at the mercy of the conqueror, he honored him with his embraces and garbed his hostility in smiles. From Rome an equally triumphant progress brought the French monarch upon Naples; no warlike opposition being offered which was not instantly subdued. He entered the city on the 22d February, 1495, assumed the government, and in a

* Monstrelet.

few days was hailed as the sovereign of the kingdom. Never was progress so complete. The pope, concealing his own dissatisfaction, sarcastically said that "the French had overrun Italy with wooden spurs, and conquered it with chalk," alluding to the custom in those days of marking with chalk the doors of those upon whom the soldiery was to be quartered.*

But the spirit which was wanting to resist the invasion was not wanting to punish and avenge it. The Italians were deeply mortified at the disgrace of their country; their resentments were increased by the licentiousness which marked the progress of the French soldiery, whose excesses are admitted by their own historians.† They were scornful and contemptuous when dealing with the better classes, brutal and fierce when they happened among the common people. "At our first entrance into Italy we were adored as saints, ... but that opinion lasted not long; our own disorders, and the clamors and false reports of our enemies, quickly convinced them of the contrary." The disorders of the French are all to be traced to their superiors, and particularly to their monarch. His conduct was that of a boy suddenly possessed of an abundance of novel playthings. Instead of devoting himself to his new government, strengthening its defences, providing against its exigencies, and soothing the public mind until he had won its confidence, he gave himself up to practices, now of pleasure, and now of superstition, which were neither of them often of a kingly nature. But he was not selfish in his pleasures, and among other modes of employing his cavaliers, and amusing his subjects, a solemn tournament was decreed, which continued day by day for a week. It was attended numerously from all parts of Italy. The great lords of Florence and other states were present, forgetting their country in the love of change and pleasure, and declaring for the invader with as much zeal as if he had been the monarch

* Roscoe's Leo the Tenth. † Philip de Comines, B. vii.

of their choice. The great ladies of Naples and the surrounding country did not withhold their presence, and, in the exhibition of his power, Charles seemed to forget all precautions for its security. We do not learn that our *bon chevalier* took any part in this tourney: his name is not mentioned by the chroniclers. Doubtless, he would have been present if this had been possible or proper. The honors of the field seems to have remained with the more aristocratic, if not more noble names of *Chastillon* and *Bourdillon;* and, if our young knight jousted at all during these *passages* at Naples, it was probably in conflict with more youthful champions like himself, whose deeds were lost sight of in their inferiority of rank and name. We shall find, however, that the chronicles, which are silent in respect to his performances at the solemn tournament of Charles, at Naples, exhibit no such reserve in regard to his general conduct. They are at some pains to separate his career from that of his associates, in all that concerns the cause of purity and humanity. The noble propriety of his deportment toward the people among whom he moved as an enemy, proved him to have forgotten none of his early lessons of gentleness and good faith. The pride of success, the exulting passion which makes triumph so frequently forgetful of humanity and right, particularly in the bosom of impetuous youth, seems never for an instant to have beguiled him from those virtues which had always been his distinction.

While Charles was wasting time, which was precious for the safety of his acquisition, his enemies were busy. The always conflicting states of Italy, urged by the necessity of the case, and each trembling for its own safety, were quickly brought together. To expel an invader, too powerful for them all separately, was obviously the common object. The royal family which had been driven out by Charles from Naples, had sought, and succeeded in obtaining, the alliance and support of the Spaniards. Ferdinand, the selfish and avaricious monarch of that country, had his

own interests to subserve in giving succor to the exiled Prince of Naples; though, in so doing, he violated the express stipulations of a treaty which he had made with Charles, before the invasion of Italy by the latter, in which he solemnly engaged not to interfere in the concerns of Naples. Ludovic Sforza, who had chiefly instigated the French king to the invasion, now abandoned him. The Venetians, who had been quieted by Sforza, so as to look with indifference on the advance of the French, shared naturally in his caprice, and joined the league against them; urging forward the preparations for their expulsion with a vigor singularly contrasted with their previous unconcern. In a short time the ambassador of Charles at Venice was coolly informed that an army of forty thousand men were about to take the field, the purpose of which he was suffered to conjecture as he pleased.*

The peril of Charles was now very great; and had the movements of the allies, in assembling their forces, been a little more rapid, he could never have regained his kingdom. No sooner had he been advised of the league against him than he prepared to quit his newly-acquired dominions. In thus deciding, he committed the error of leaving behind him a part of his army in possession of the capital and of the fortresses of the kingdom. Inadequate to the maintenance of the conflict, they were left only to be sacrificed in detail, while the force which accompanied his person was scarcely equal, but for the smiles of a very favoring fortune, to have saved him from the numerous enemies who were crowding to prevent his flight. Some of the errors which were made by Charles at this period, are ascribed by Comines to the master of our young knight, the Count de Ligny, against whom the old chronicler seems to entertain a grudge. It is evident enough that, in one instance, the warmth and generosity of his feelings, served, in some degree, to lessen his own, and the securities of his sovereign,

* See the interesting narrative of Comines, B. vii, viii.

and to peril the safety of a select body of troops. His counsel, against the advice of older heads, to garrison Pisa and not restore her people to the tyranny of Florence, was the rejection of a large sum of money, never more necessary than at that moment to the king; and the diminution of the already too small army which was to enable him to reach his kingdom. The Duke de Montpensier was left in charge of his Italian possessions, with assurances of early succors from France.

Our young chevalier was one of those who attended the steps of the retreating monarch. At Pisa, Charles was received with triumphal honors, the people being anxious for any change which promised to relieve them from their former tyrants. At this place he remained a week, then proceeded leisurely through Lucca and Pietra Santa, to Sarzana. Here he was persuaded to send a small force to assist the Genoese, who were described as anxious to throw off the yoke of the Duke of Milan. But the Genoese retained their fidelity, and the expedition was defeated. Approaching Pontremoli, a fortified town at the foot of the Apennines, where the French expected some opposition, the place was yielded to their advance without offering any resistance; but a quarrel between some of the inhabitants and a party of German soldiers in the French service, in which forty of the latter lost their lives, led to a terrible massacre of the people and the destruction of the town. This affair, at once disgraceful and impolitic, was the act of the auxiliaries. We do not find that the French portion of the forces of Charles were at all concerned in the proceeding, and it was highly resented by the king himself. He now crossed the Apennines, having consumed six weeks in his march, and at a time when his safety chiefly depended upon his passing the mountains before his enemies could assemble in sufficient strength to oppose his progress. He had passed the summit of those hills which form the northern extremity of the Apennines, when the plains of Lombardy

opening upon his sight, displayed the tents and pavilions of a numerous army. It was here that the Marquis of Mantua, the generalissimo of the allied powers, had accumulated a force of nearly forty thousand men: that of Charles not exceeding nine thousand. The opposing armies came together near the little town of Fornovo. An attempt was made to treat for the free passage of the King of France to his own dominions. The celebrated Philip de Comines, who was the commissioner for Charles, advised him, however, before the negotiation was opened, that it would result in nothing. "I never saw two great armies so near," said the experienced statesman, "but they fought before they parted." This meeting might have been avoided by the French; but their progress was a series of blunders, the final escape from which seems almost to confer a sacred sanction upon the predictions of the monk Savonarola, who claimed the gift of prophecy, and who told Comines that his master would reach France in safety. The negotiation failed; the battle was no longer to be avoided. It began with the attempt at the passage of the river Taro, of the advanced guard of the French with the artillery. The Italian forces were in motion as soon as the French; the cavalry of the latter followed, with the king in person; the rear was brought up by the Count de Foix. Upon this body the Italians fell with their greatest force. Led by the Marquis of Mantua, they forced their way to the very person of Charles, and nothing but his own gallantry, and the devoted service of his cavaliers, saved him from death or captivity. He himself did the duty of a common soldier, threw off his constitutional timidity, and did honor to the great empire which he swayed. His person was several times in danger, but he was always saved by a happy occurrence of events, such as could not have been predicted in a combat so very desultory and full of caprice as that of Fornovo. It is difficult now to designate the events which singly or together brought about the final re-

sult; but the victory lay with the French. The Italians were defeated, and fled in every direction.... Ten thousand of them are reported to have perished, while the loss of the French was less than one thousand. The confederates consoled themselves with the spoils of the French camp, which they succeeded in carrying in their flight. Their eagerness in the appropriation of these, in all probability, led to the discreditable result of the battle. Those who were not thus beguiled, fought bravely, and their leaders paid dearly for the desertion of their followers. "I myself," remarks Comines, "saw a list of eighteen considerable persons, and among the rest four or five Gonzagas, which are of the marquis's (of Mantua) own family, who were slain."

This was the first stricken field in which Bayard fought. Here, properly speaking, he fleshed his maiden sword. He began his career in such a manner as to confirm all the hopes which had been formed of his fearlessness and skill. At the first blush of battle he rushed into the mêlée, and bore himself triumphantly throughout all the charges of the day. Two horses were killed under him, but he himself escaped unhurt. The battle was one almost wholly of sword and lance; but few were slain by the artillery; and this fact is enough, by itself, to show the efficiency of that arm in the French array, in which Bayard distinguished himself. His conduct did not escape the notice of his superiors. He received from the king a reward of five hundred crowns for his valor, and in return laid at his feet the standards of the enemy's cavalry which he had captured in the pursuit.

The farther progress of the French army was unembarrassed by their enemies, and Charles reached his capital in safety. He had succeeded in the conquest of Naples, had placed its crown upon his head, had traversed Italy as a conqueror, yet had failed shamefully in all the substantial purposes of his expedition. Naples was soon repossessed by its former masters, the garrisons of the French fell one

by one into the hands of the Italians and their confederates, and, though fighting bravely, and disputing the arms of their foes at every point, the forces which he left behind him were formally expelled from Italy, after the loss of great numbers and the endurance of great privation. The finances of France were in the worst condition, and the nation was embarrassed with a heavy debt. The people no less than soldiery were demoralized by the new lessons of licentiousness which the latter brought from the war; and Charles himself, always a feeble prince, soon sank into an imbecile. He may have meditated preparations against the Italian states, and for the recovery of his kingdom of Naples, but he effected nothing; and died suddenly of apoplexy at a game of tennis.

CHAPTER VI.

Charles VIII. was succeeded on the throne of France by his cousin Louis, duke of Orleans, who took the title of Louis XII. He soon declared his intentions with regard to Italy, by adding to his titles those of Duke of Milan and King of the Two Sicilies. The states of Italy greatly rejoiced at the death of Charles, whose last days were spent in idle resolves for the resumption of his Neapolitan dominion. But Louis was a much more dangerous enemy to their peace than Charles had ever shown himself. He was a man of greater courage and greater sagacity, and had acquired considerable experience of a kind the most valuable to him in his present projects, during the expedition of his successor, in which he had borne an active part himself. He began his preparations at an early period by negociating with the other powers of Europe, and particularly with the Italian governments. His aim was to secure their assist-

ance, or, at least, their neutrality. The Pope was gained over to his interests by a marriage of Cæsar Borgia with a daughter of the King of Navarre, and near relation of Louis, and by other favors which the latter knew how to confer with grace and to profitable ends. The Venetians, for a consideration, became a party to his ambitious projects; and Spain, tempted by a share of the spoil which was to be obtained by the conquest of Naples, agreed by secret treaty to assist in the operation. The French army, commanded by the Count de Ligny and Stuart d'Aubigny, crossed the Alps, and forming a junction with Trivulzio, an able but faithless Italian *Condottiero*, who had obtained the rank of a marshal of France, occupied the chief towns in the Milanese, and at length captured and sacked the capital. This place was held by the thrice-dyed traitor, Ludovic Sforza, who made his escape with difficulty. The King of France entered Milan as a sovereign on the 6th of October, 1499, amid the acclamations of the people. The states of Milan and Genoa were taken into the allegiance of France. Cremona was given to the Venetians, and Cæsar Borgia, now called the Duke of Valentinois, at the head of the Papal and a portion of the French forces, proceeded to conquer for himself a principality out of the territories of other Italian states. The war was not such as to yield reputation to the young knight ambitious of distinction. The invasion, quite as rapid and as successful as that of Charles had been at first, afforded no enemy worthy of the arms of the invader. Bayard, who made the campaign, still under the banner of the Count de Ligny, sighed at the inglorious progress which brought victory to the French banners without in any wise tasking French valor; and the peaceful garrison life to which he was consigned on the return of Louis to France, though somewhat relieved by the sports of the tourney, failed now to satisfy the appetite of one who, in actual warfare, had already been made to relish the superiority of stronger food. Still, these sports were

not always peaceful, and, in the case of our young knight, the issue of one of them proved serious enough. Among the frequent tourneys which took place in Lombardy, in most of which he shared, there was one in which he encountered a Milanese gentleman named Giacinto Simonetta. Simonetta was a brave and skilful knight, but his conceit and arrogance were insufferable; and, fighting with Bayard, he so provoked him by his insolence, that the pastime became a combat *à l'outrance*, and our young knight slew him in the lists. The chroniclers give us no farther particulars of an affair which was yet regarded as a prognostic of the calamities which threatened the House of Sforza.

Left with a considerable portion of the French army in Lombardy, Bayard, after this event, availed himself of the apparent quiet of the country, to renew his acquaintance with the surviving members of the House of Savoy. Charles I., duke of that House, to whom he owed his earliest military training, was now no more. His widow, Blanche, maintained a little court at the town of Carignan in Piedmont, which had been assigned her for a dowry. The heart of Bayard warmed toward the lady of whose lord he had been a favorite page. He had a tender recollection of the happy months spent in his service; and other recollections of peculiar force served to render him anxious once more to renew his intimacy with a family, some of whose members still held a large influence over his heart. The duchess was a very generous and noble princess, and came of a famous stock. Blanche Paleologus was the daughter of William VII., marquis of Montferrat, and her husband had been surnamed "the warrior." The fame of Bayard had reached her ears, and his welcome was that of a kinsman. She received him with equal kindness and distinction; his achievements were grateful to her pride, as they might in some degree be ascribed to her own and husband's training; and she had no imperfect

memory of the graceful and modest page whose native accomplishments had won her regards, as they had won those of all other persons. Bayard was greatly rejoiced, as we may suppose, at this reception; but, with the profoundest attachment and gratitude for this noble lady, it must be admitted that there was yet another motive for the visit of our young gallant. A feeling something stronger than either gratitude or friendship was actively working in his heart. We have not forgotton the boy-passion of Bayard for the young damsel in the train of the duchess, who, in return for his proposals of love, gave him such admirable exhortations to prudence, just before his transfer to the service of the Count de Ligny. We have not forgotten his vows of eternal love, and his determination to declare them to the Duchess of Savoy, on the very day when he was commanded by the duke to prepare for his departure for Lyons. This young lady was still in the service of the noble house which had nourished her childhood; but our hero could no longer behold her with the ardent admiration of love. She was the wife of another; she had given her heart to the youth, but she could not oppose herself to the wishes of her relatives and patron. The page was no longer at hand to encourage and justify her resolution by the earnest pledge of his own; and though they had continued to correspond at intervals, there is a something frigid in the warmest intercourse by letter, which feebly answers to keep together hearts which the hostile and neighboring world is striving to put asunder. The letters of Bayard renewed his assurances; but she might well be taught to regard them only as the becoming expressions of an honorable man, heedful only of his word, when, perhaps, the heart of the writer might gladly avail itself of the privilege of escape. She could easily be persuaded to believe that the natural progress of his years and feelings, from those of boyhood to maturity,—the excitements of the life which he led,—the provocations of war and new companions,—were, in all

probability, quite enough to render weak the influence of the juvenile flame which she had inspired. These, united, were considerations of force sufficient to cause her to yield to the persuasions of another. She was now the wife of the Lord of Fluxan, a gentleman of large fortune, who had charge of the household and estates of the Duchess of Savoy. She was still young, still beautiful, and still entertained a warm affection for the page who had first won her heart. The feelings of Bayard were no less tender; his memory no less tenacious of those graces and virtues which had first prompted him to love; but the impassable wall between them was one which neither of these pure, young hearts had any desire or thought to overleap.

Her marriage had reached the ears of Bayard at the time of its occurrence, and he had been very much affected by the intelligence. But he had no reproaches, for, in his own mind, he felt how much more eligible as a husband, than himself, was the man whom she had taken; and he generously preferred her happiness to his own. Though thus separated, the two never lost sight of each other; and the correspondence which they had continued at intervals before her marriage, gave place, after that event, to the interchange of an occasional *gage d'amitie*, such as it was not improper for either party to offer and receive. She had followed his fortunes with an eye which still declared her heart's deep interest in his. None of his achievements had escaped her, and it was easy to see, when they met, that her marriage with another had not expelled him from her affections. She gave him the tenderest reception, and he trembled with all the renewal of his early passion as he carried her hand to his lips. They did not scruple to speak, in the hearing of all, of their past and even present fondness for each other. No one seemed to think, indeed, that the rights of the husband were at all outraged by such admissions. Chivalry encouraged this sort of intercourse; its laws insisted upon it—its own vitality lay in its recogni-

tion; and beautiful, indeed, with a strange seductive loveliness, was the aspect which love put on, artificial to our eyes, in the undress but studied simplicity of that peculiar era. It was the growing prudence of a time in which chivalry was dying out that had prevented their union. Their passion had been more mature than their friends had esteemed it. It had survived their childhood, their separation, the thousand changing influences of a career full of excitements, and the marriage, with another, of one of the parties. To declare this was rather honorable than otherwise. We are told that the Lady of Fluxas desired, as far as an honest woman might, to let Bayard see that the love she had borne him in former years had suffered no abatement. He still returned, with all the feelings, to all the recollections of the past. She reminded him of a thousand little anecdotes which interested them both at the time, and which it gave them equal pleasure once more to remember. His achievements contributed the chief topics of the lady, and of these she appears to have cherished a much more copious catalogue than it will be in our power, with all our painstaking, to gather from the musty chronicles. She suppressed nothing of the admiration which she felt for himself and his performances; and in the simple ardor of a frank and gushing heart, she allowed her own secretly-cherished passion to become apparent to any who had eyes to see. But it was in her perfect innocence of soul that she prattled, and the soul of her listener was not less white than her own. The heart of Bayard was chaste like that of a maiden. He could sit beside the lady of his love, as in former days, speak her praises and listen to his own without one evil emotion. He could tell her how much the page had loved her, and how happy it made him to believe that he was still honored by her affections. Yet she was still young and very beautiful, yielding, in the sweetness of her speech and the graces of her manner, to no woman in the world. And her lips were always pouring forth his praises, and her eyes declaring, as

plainly as eyes could declare, that he was still the object of their fondest admiration. We shall not pretend to inquire if all this intercourse was proper, nor whether it was consistent with the rights of others. We shall trouble ourselves with no such prudery, but refer the question wholly for solution to the period itself when such were deemed very proper practices. Chivalry, in those days, sanctioned such freedoms; and we may add, that passion does not seem often to have abused them. The husband looked on and favored an intercourse, of the innocence of which he had no question. It was probably a subject of some gratification that he should have borne away the prize which was so dear in the sight of the distinguished champion. At all events, society had so arranged it that the possessor of the treasure should have no cause of offence in the envy and admiration of his neighbor. The Lady of Fluxas was permitted free communion with her lover, and there was no sort of secret of their affections. Conversing together, she seemed pleased to bring him back to his exploits, from the recital of which he always shrunk with a becoming modesty. But she had her object in recurring to these topics. She reminded him of his first passage-at-arms with Claude de Vaudray, of the tourney which he won at Aire, in Picardy, and finally of his behavior at the battle of Fornovo, which was gradually spreading his name over France. She reconciled him to these subjects by showing her own deep interest in their recital. His heart was touched by these proofs of her unfaltering memory, and her continued watchfulness of his career. His pride was gratified by her admiration; his spirit was roused by her glowing and eager recitals. She saw the impression which she had made in the kindling of his eye and the quivering of his lip, and seized the moment to urge a prayer—the object of which was to give him a new opportunity of distinction, and to gratify her own pride by the exhibition of his prowess.

"Bayard, my friend, I have a favor to ask at your hands,

and, I pray you, do not refuse me. You are now with those with whom you had the first lessons of your youth. It were not seemly that you should depart without giving them to behold some shows of that prowess in arms which hath elsewhere made you famous. The Lady Blanche is a great lover of the tournament. She would be enchanted beyond expression if you would declare one at Carignan. There are many gentlemen of the country who would delight to show themselves in the lists, and no doubt there are many of your own Frenchmen whom a word from you would summon to the encounter. Methinks the affair might be made very brilliant and well worthy to be seen."

"Since you wish it," said Bayard, "the thing shall be done. You are the first lady who ever won my heart to her service, and your charms are still powerful to compel my obedience. But I have also to ask of you a favor, as a condition of my service."

"What is that, dear Bayard?"

"I feel that you know I should ask of you nothing improper," he continued, with a somewhat mournful voice and manner. "Of you I well know I can have no higher privilege than that of lips and hands,* and I should rather die at your feet than by any presumption have the misfortune to offend you. All that I ask for now, dear lady, is one of your sleeves. For that I have present service."

This would seem an anti-climax; but the reader must not smile without a cause. A lady's sleeve in those days was not kept for daws to peck at. It was a badge quite as distinguished as the garter of a countess has since become; and *honi soit qui mal y pense* may be quite as properly applied to one token as to the other. We need make no mystery of the matter, and it is quite probable that the Lady of

* We must not misunderstand this expression. It alludes to the usual terms of homage: *hommage de bouche et des mains*, which is done by a vassal with the head uncovered, hands joined, and a kiss received; and binds him to fight for his lord only in defence of the land whereof he holds.—*Cotgrave.*

Fluxas—who cheerfully gave the sleeve—was perfectly conscious of the use to which it was to be put. Such a badge was of great value in the eyes of the knight-errant. It was worn by the champion to remind him of the charms of the lady, to enable him to blazon them above the field, and to inspire his valor in asserting them against all opponents. In the language of chivalry, this sleeve was termed a favor, a jewel, or a token, and the wearer became, in courtly parlance, the servant of love to her who gave it. That of the Lady of Fluxas was conveyed into Bayard's doublet the moment he received it, and no more was said of the matter. Thus conversing together the day was consumed. That night he supped with the Duchess of Savoy, and the repast was followed by the dance. After this the noble lady kept him with her till midnight, pleasantly recalling their mutual histories for mutual edification. She then dismissed him to his couch, but it was not to sleep. Bayard had food enough to keep him wakeful, if only in meditating the delicious memories of his mistress. He employed the hours when he could not sleep in arranging the conditions of the proposed tourney. With the morning he was ready with his ordinance, which he despatched, with sound of trumpet, to all the neighboring towns. Most of these were strongly garrisoned, and their gentry, such as loved gallant exercises, were invited to repair to Carignan four days after the coming Sabbath, armed at all points, there to contend for a prize which the Lord of Bayard offered, consisting of the sleeve of his lady, garnished with a ruby worth a hundred ducats. The victory was to rest with him who should "perform the best at three strokes of the lance, without lists, and twelve of the sword."

The tourney was duly advertised in all the contiguous places in which champions were likely to be found. Fifteen cavaliers responded to the invitation. The Lady of Fluxas was delighted at the promptitude of the knight, and the Lady Blanche not less so. She made liberal prep-

arations for this "gentle passage." The grounds were assigned and set in readiness, the courses marked out, and scaffolds were erected for the ladies. The day brought with it a large attendance. Crowds from all quarters came to behold the gallant spectacle, while the little court of our duchess put forth its gayest habiliments. In due time the combatants made their appearance, and the tourney began. Bayard was the first to present himself, armed at all points, and attended by several of his own comrades. He found himself opposed by the Lord de Rouastre, a gallant gentleman, who bore the ensign of Duke Philibert of Savoy. He was an expert champion, brought up in a good school, and who knew how properly to use his lance. At the first course, the lance of the Lord of Rouastre was shivered by a handsome thrust; but that of Bayard was borne so steadily, and so well aimed at the top of his enemy's great buff as to pierce it through and completely to uncase him. New lances being furnished to the champions, they ran the second course, in which the results were pretty much what they had been before. The spear of the Lord of Rouastre was again well aimed and handsomely shivered; while that of Bayard, smiting him within the visor, knocked off his crest, and so staggered him in his saddle as barely to suffer his escape unhorsed. At the third passage, the Lord of Rouastre crossed his lance very adroitly, while that of our young knight was shivered bravely. They were succeeded by the lords of Mondragon and de Chevron, who executed similar courses, and these were followed by all the rest, who performed to the satisfaction of the company. We shall say nothing about them, but confine ourselves to the individual champion. At the close of the courses with the lance, this weapon was thrown aside, and the combats were resumed with the sword. The success of our young knight was even greater with this weapon than the spear. His own sword was broken in the conflict, but, in the same moment, he made

that of his adversary fly from his grasp. The other champions contended in like manner, and with various degrees of success. The spectators were delighted, and the tourney was ended only with the day. A supper followed at the castle of the duchess; after which came the hautboys. The minstrels struck up their merriest preludes for the dance, which was only suspended until the judges of the tournament should confer the prize. These were the lords of Grammont and de Fluxas. They took the voice of the duchess and that of the other ladies and spectators, not omitting that of the combatants themselves, and these unanimously decreed the victory to Bayard. The judges accordingly declared the award. He would have refused it; but none of his pretexts being allowed, he said, "that if he had done well, his performance was solely due to the Lady of Fluxas, whose sleeve he had worn. The prize, therefore, must be conveyed to her to be bestowed as she thought fit."

This declaration surprised nobody. The Lord of Fluxas himself, flattered rather than made jealous by the speech of our knight, whose nobleness he knew, conveyed the prize to his wife and repeated what her champion had said. His lady was noways confused by the circumstance. Smiling sweetly upon her champion, she thanked him for the honor he had done her, and said "Since the Lord of Bayard ascribes to my sleeve the merits of his victory, I will keep it myself, and wear it all my life for his sake. With regard to the ruby, since he will not accept it, I give it to the Lord of Mondragon, who, after him, is thought to have done the best."

Her decision met with general approbation. The prize being given, the dancing commenced, and lasted till after midnight. These sports continued for six days longer at this brilliant little court, and each day served only to increase the esteem and reputation which our good knight nad already won. At length, the French gentlemen re-

turned to their several garrisons, and it became necessary that Bayard should depart also. He had not passed his time unprofitably, nor in sports wholly. One or two anecdotes are preserved of him which show how warmly he felt, and how fondly he remembered former benefits. There was, if the reader will remember, a groom in the household of Duke Charles, one Pison de Chenas, who had rendered Bayard dutiful service while in his apprenticeship, and who had refused all compensation at the time, telling him it would suffice when he, Bayard, had become famous. A particular circumstance of the kind will be remembered as occurring at the very moment when our young knight was first about to exhibit his horsemanship before the king; and when, to encourage the groom in getting his horse in readiness, he offered to present him with his dagger, which the latter had refused. This man was still in the service of the duchess. Bayard did not need to be reminded of his former service. He sought him out, took him to his lodging where he entertained him handsomely, and then presented him with a horse worth fifty crowns. Hearing, from the groom, that the ancient equerry to whom he had been entrusted while with the Duke of Savoy, was now gouty and infirm at Montealier, he left for him, in trust with the groom, a good and handsome mule. He thus always requited the services of his friends, never forgetting in manhood the benefactors of his early years.

The Lady Blanche parted from our hero with reluctance. She felt a becoming pride in having contributed to the training of so courtly and gallant a gentleman; and the kindness of her farewell was only another form of the sweetest welcome. Bayard told her that "there was no prince or princess in the world, after his own sovereign, to whose service he was more devoted; and declared the joy which he should feel at being useful in her cause." She thanked him with expressions of admiration, in which she was echoed not only by her own household, but by the voices

of the whole town of Carignan; where, says the "loyal servant," nothing was talked of "for a month but the prowess, honor, gentleness and courtesy of the good knight." His parting with the Lady of Fluxas was equally tender on both sides. He was greatly moved, and her tears were freely shed. Their intercourse, always affectionate and innocent, lasted till subdued by death; and not a year passed without an interchange of gifts between them. It was probably to this attachment that we may attribute the resolution of our hero not to marry. A heart like his, formed for an attachment equally pure and tender, could only have enjoyed life properly in the connubial state.

CHAPTER VII.

The arms of France, meanwhile, had suffered some reverses in Italy. The force left to garrison the several towns which had been taken by Louis XII. proved inadequate to the purpose. Ludovic Sforza, who had been expelled from Milan, fled to the Emperor Maximilian, whom he in vain solicited for succors. Being not wholly without money, however, he met with better success among the Swiss, from whom he gathered an army of eight thousand men. With this force and that of his own Italian levies he suddenly descended into Italy, and gradually repossessed himself of most of the cities of Milan. The inhabitants, weary of the authority of the stranger, and chafed by the excesses which an invading and conquering army are always more or less disposed to practice, opened their gates to their ancient master, forgetting, with easy caprice, the former tyranny under the immediate. The capital city of Milan itself was thus acquired through the treachery of the citizens, with whom Sforza maintained a secret intelligence. The French fought valiantly but vainly, and still kept possession of the citadel, by which the town was commanded. Driven out from other places, they retired slowly and sullenly, holding their ground where they could, and looking eagerly for those succors from France which were to recover their lost possessions and avenge their shame. The war, for a season, was that of the dagger and the lance. The French gend'armerie occasionally dashed out upon a convoy and carried off a courier, while the stiletto of the Italian peasant took redress upon the sleeping or the straggling Frenchman.

Such a mode of warfare could not long continue. The

King of France was not disposed to relinquish his conquest. Fresh levies were made, consisting of six thousand French and ten thousand Swiss mercenaries. These, commanded by the Count de Ligny and Trivulzio, were poured over the Alps, and again threatened destruction to the House of Sforza. But, in order not to lose sight of our young knight, we must anticipate the arrival of these new troops, and briefly glance at the condition of those which had just been expelled from the cities of Milan. They had found shelter in various contiguous places, in which they could post themselves strongly, and there lay, impatient for the first signs of the coming of their comrades to their relief. Bayard, as we remember, had not left Italy. Seizing a moment of respite from war, he had paid the debt of gratitude to his former mistress; but he had returned in season to share in the vicissitudes of his countrymen. The reverses which the French had sustained were not even softened by the consciousness of a noble struggle. There had been but little gallant fighting to which a brave captain could refer for consolation after defeat. The towns had risen and opened their gates to the forces of the enemy, and treachery was made to do the work of valor. The French knights burned with shame at their disasters, and eagerly desired to avenge them. By none of them was this passion more earnestly felt than by our young chevalier. He had remained in Italy, at his own entreaty, in anticipation of the return of Sforza, and of battles yet to be fought. That the latter should return only to victory—that the French should be defeated without conflict—was a humiliation quite as unexpected to Bayard as it was difficult to bear with patience. He was in garrison some twenty miles from Milan, after Sforza had repossessed himself of that capital; and, in this position, he soon began to display those talents of the partisan warrior by which he afterward won such great distinction. The proximity of the Italians kept the French wakeful. They had not the

force to attempt any enterprises, but they kept themselves in readiness for the performance, whenever opportunity should offer, by the practice of all the military exercises of the day. The tourney was their favorite pastime. Let it not be conjectured that, because of the pomps and festivities which usually accompanied these sports, they were mere pageants, the fruit of vanity, having no object but personal display. Undoubtedly, an appeal was made to the vanity of knighthood. But an important motive lay beyond, and the pomps and festivities of the scene were only meant to reconcile the timid to its real dangers and severities. Hard blows were to be given and to be endured. The tourney was the school of practice for the *gend'armerie*, which, at this period, constituted the most important part of a French army. It gave them the secrets of the *manège*, made them masters of spear, sword and battle-axe; and, until the general adoption of firearms, constituted them the true arbiters of every well-fought field.

But though Bayard practised daily with his comrades in all the usual exercises of the soldier, these by no means sufficed to satisfy his courage. He longed for more important employment, and maintained a close system of espionage upon the troops of the enemy. The small town of Binasco lay at a little distance from his garrison. Upon this place he kept his eye. It was held by a body of Italian horse, three hundred in number. One of his spies brought him tidings which led to the conclusion that this force might easily be defeated. The spy was probably a traitor, and in the pay of the Italians also; but the temptation offered by the prospect of combat was such as kept our hero from any extreme incredulity. One morning, betimes, he persuaded some forty or fifty of his companions to join him in a visit to Binasco. They set forth full of spirits; for already it was the case that the simple word of Bayard was quite enough to inspire his comrades with

confidence in his fortunes. Their inequality of number did not make them doubtful; for, in that day, it was usual with the French knights, rating the Italians, to hold them as humbly as, in after times, the British affected to hold the French themselves. The captain at Binasco, whose name was Cazache, was ready for them. He smiled grimly at the approaching adventure. He was a brave fellow, well practised in war, and always on the alert. He had been apprised of the coming of our Frenchmen, and prepared for the conflict, putting himself in a good posture of deence, having drawn out his whole force a couple of bow-shot from the gates of the town. The smallness of the party led by Bayard encouraged him, satisfied that his troop was sufficient to overwhelm them. When, therefore, the French came on with the war-cry of, "France! France!" they were nothing daunted, but answering with "Moor! Moor!"* hurried to the encounter. The shock was terrible; but few of either party kept their saddles, and many never recovered them again. Bayard was busy all the while, solicitous only for the proper disposition of his enemies. "Whoever had seen him," says one of his biographers, "doing martial deeds, cutting off heads, and hewing arms and legs, would have sooner taken him for a wild lion of the forest than a tender-hearted lover." But Cazache was not so easily overcome. Bayard and his Frenchmen might do wonders, but the odds were very fearfully against them. The combat had already lasted more than an hour, and the victory was still doubtful. Our young knight felt the necessity of concentrating all his abilities on a final effort. "How, my comrades," he cried to his countrymen, "shall these keep us all day at work? Let us take heart and beat them off the field; for if those yet in the town come to hear of it, we shall not one of us escape." He did not wait for their answer—did not pause to see whether he was supported or if he fought alone—but

* Sforza was so called on account of the darkness of his complexion.

dashed forward with rare and reckless intrepidity upon the masses of the Lombards. His comrades answered to his call. His words, his voice, his desperate charge, carried them forward as irresistibly as they did himself. Darting all at once, headlong, upon the opposing ranks, they tore the enemy asunder. These yielded, slowly at first, and still disputing every inch of the ground. But the sharp and repeated onslaughts of the French chivalry were not to be withstood, and the retreat became a flight. Whether premeditatedly or through terror, the fugitives made their way toward Milan. It is probable that the French had contrived to throw themselves between them and Binasco. The impulse to pursuit was irresistible. Smiting as they flew, our Frenchmen drove their enemies before them. Bayard, well mounted, with the wild impetuosity of his nature, kept in advance of his troop. They cried to him to return. He heard them not. They drew back, as the fugitives rushed through the gates of Milan; but he left them behind him, and, unconscious that he was alone—unconscious of any thing but that he was successfully striking at his foe—he burst into Milan at the heels of the enemy, carrying slaughter to the very palace of the duke. It was only when he heard the clangor of the gates closing behind him that he became conscious of the novelty and danger of his situation. The three white crosses which he bore, the badge of the French, announced him to the people of the town as a foe. "Piglia! piglia!" "Take him! take him!" was the cry of the citizens. Then it was that Cazache, with his fugitives, turned upon him, and our young knight was surrounded on every hand. He was yet a very youthful and inexperienced warrior—certainly a rash one, and not aware that, if courage is the wing of combat, prudence is her eye and shield. He had yet much to learn of that mixed audacity and caution which made him famous in after-days, and which constitutes the great essential of the partisan warrior. To oppose resistance to such a crowd as

that by which he saw himself surrounded would be to crown his rashness by a worse folly. He yielded, therefore, with a becoming grace to Cazache, who was confounded to find him so youthful. At this time he was not more than twenty-three years old. Sforza, who had been disturbed by the tumult, was soon made acquainted with the event. The audacious gallant was conducted to the presence of the duke. His appearance pleased Sforza. The modest dignity of his bearing, the sweetness of his manner, the grace and spirit of his replies, and the gentle mood with which he resigned himself to fortune, were, in one so young, equally new and grateful to his captor.

"Come hither," said the duke, "and tell me, young gentleman, what it is hath brought you into this town."

"Faith, my lord," said Bayard, no ways daunted, "I did not think to enter it alone, and supposed that my comrades were at my back. But they were better soldiers than myself, else they had shared my captivity. Howbeit, my lord, with the exception of this mishap, I commend my fortune which hath placed me in the hands of so good a conqueror."

Sforza asked him to declare, upon his honor, the number of the troops in the army of the king of France.

"On my soul, my lord," was the ready answer, "they consist of some fifteen hundred men-at-arms, and sixteen or eighteen thousand foot. But they are picked men, and will labor diligently till they secure this State of Milan for the king, my master. It appears to me, my lord duke, that you were quite as safe in Germany as here. Your people cannot match with us in war."

The duke affected to be pleased with the boldness of this reply, and no doubt was, so far as he thought of Bayard himself; but the opinions which the latter gave were not calculated to afford him pleasure; and it required an effort to enable him to say, jestingly, that he cared but little for the boasted prowess of the French.

"On my honor, young gentleman," said he, "I have no greater wish than to see our armies meet in battle, that we may know to whom this territory rightly belongeth. There seems to me no other way of settling our affairs."

"By my troth, my good lord," was the prompt reply of Bayard, "and I would it were to-morrow, provided I were out of these bonds."

Ludovic Sforza was capable of a generous action. The youth's deportment had charmed him; and it was, perhaps, his policy to appear magnanimous.

"Truly, it shall not stick there," he responded to the ardent expression of our young knight, "for I set you free from this moment. Ask what you will of me and it shall be granted."

Bayard, equally surprised and delighted with this noble courtesy, knelt in making his acknowledgements—knelt, in the language of his contemporaries, "*as was right*," and thus expressed himself:

"My lord, I can ask nothing further at your hands, except that you will so far extend your courtesy as to vouchsafe me my horse and arms, and grant me an escort to my garrison, which is twenty miles from hence. You have already done me a very great favor, for which I shall be thankful all my life; and so far as it may comport with the service of the king, my master, and my own honor, I shall be glad to obey you in whatever you may command."

The armor of Bayard was sent for, and Sforza made him arm himself in his presence. His steed was brought, ready saddled, into the court. When equipped, our young and agile knight, with a buoyant heart, leapt upon him without putting foot in stirrup. Then, asking for a lance, he raised his visor and exclaimed, "My lord, I thank you for your courtesy—may God requite you!" The scene took place in a large and beautiful court. Bayard put spurs to his horse, sending him forward in a succession of bounds, in which he had practised him—then coursing him freely

around, he shivered the lance which had been given him against the ground, as handsomely as if it had been the breast of an enemy. All this was done in the presence of Sforza, and by way of acknowledgment for his courtesy; but it afforded little pleasure to that person, who exclaimed:

"Verily, if all the French *gens d'arms* were such as this, I should be at a fearful pass."

But he did not regret his liberality, or seek to recal the gift of liberty which he had bestowed upon the youth. This he might have done, at that period of faithlessness, without incurring any reproach of his contemporaries. But Sforza was in his better moods, and the noble bearing and frank grace of our Chevalier, so unwonted in his eyes, were not to be resisted. His departure was uninterrupted, and under the escort of a trumpet he had gone but ten or twelve miles from Milan, when he met, in full march, the banners of his countrymen. The whole army of the French was approaching. The news of his wild and indiscreet valor, and his subsequent capture, had already reached them. Their astonishment was great at his reappearance. Instances of generosity like that of Sforza were not looked for; and nothing but money—or ransom corresponding with the supposed value of the capture to his friends—could ordinarily remove the knight's bonds. The Count de Ligny came forth to meet the captive.

"Ah! Piquet," he cried, laughingly, "who hath paid your ransom? How are you released from prison? In truth, I was about to despatch one of my trumpets to discharge it."

Bayard recounted the particulars of all that had taken place. Trivulzio, one of the generals of the army, then inquired whether there were any hopes, from what he saw or heard, that Sforza would give them battle. The young knight answered—

"Truly, my lord, he let me not so far into his councils,

but he looks like one whom it is not easy to daunt. Yet a few days must determine, as most of his troops are in Novara, and he hath resolved upon joining them there, or sending for them to Milan. For my part, I must not speak ill of him, for he hath behaved well and honorably toward me!"

In a few days Sforza was himself a prisoner, without, however, experiencing any of that generosity of which he had just given so grateful an example. But Bayard has no share in this reproach. The French moved immediately forward upon Milan. Its citadel was already in their hands. The heart of Sforza failed him at their approach. He was badly served by his troops, and the various nations of which his army was composed afforded good reason to make him doubtful of their fidelity. His watch must have been badly kept to have suffered the French to appear within striking distance while their approach was totally unsuspected. The unhappy duke fled by night from Milan, leaving but a few troops with his brother, Cardinal Ascanio. He made his way to the main body of his forces at Novara, whither the French pursued him. He was destined to be overcome by that very treachery which had been his own favorite and frequent policy. The Swiss in his service had again sold themselves. At the moment when he required their fidelity they abandoned him. His forces were superior in number to the French, and he led them out of Novara for the purpose of doing battle, confident of success. His array was drawn forth for this purpose, yet, when the signal was about to be made, the lansquenets refused to fight against their countrymen who were in the ranks of the enemy. The French, meanwhile, marching to the charge, the Milanese army surrendered without striking a blow. The unfortunate prince attempted his escape by disguising himself, and mingling in the ranks of his soldiers—his followers having first circulated a report that he was already fled and on his way to Ger-

many. But the same treachery which had betrayed his seignorial rights most probably betrayed his person. The method of his disguise was no doubt indicated to the French general, who made the vanquished army *pass under the pike*, and thus detected the unhappy fugitive. The fates decided against him, though he kept an astrologer in his pay, and had marched into the field with the fullest assurances of victory. After an eventful history, he was about to be made secure against future vicissitudes. His career had been of a kind distinguished by crime and treachery no less than courage and talent, which was supposed to justify the severity which he encountered among the French. Conveyed to the Castle of Loches, in the duchy of Berri, he was kept in a magnificently cheerless prison, where he contrived to amuse the hours of weariness by covering the walls of his chamber with rude drawings from scripture, done in charcoal. But this sort of employment failed him at last; and he languished thus for ten years, alive but scarcely living, and only released from his prison when released from life. His generosity to our young knight makes us willing to forget his crimes and errors; and, in sympathizing with his misfortunes, we almost persuade ourselves that he did not deserve them.

CHAPTER VIII.

The French recovered the cities of the Milanese as rapidly as they had been lost, and with quite as little fighting. The inhabitants, who dreaded nothing more than being sacked and plundered, were as eager in their submission to Louis XII. as they had been to Sforza. In the invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., that monarch had distributed the captured towns among his favorites. To the Count de Ligny had been given Tortona, Loghiera, and sundry other places. They had, like Milan, availed themselves of the approach of Sforza to throw off the yoke of the French; and, in the final overthrow of the former, they naturally expected the penalties due to revolting subjects. When, therefore, they heard of the near approach of the Count de Ligny, breathing fire and sword, they were seized with the greatest consternation. The count was accompanied by his famous lieutenant, Louis D'Ars, and his standard was borne by our good knight, Bayard. When at Alessandria, he declared his resolution to yield Tortona and Loghiera to his soldiers for pillage, though without really entertaining such a purpose. His scheme was simply to alarm the fears of a people, whose habitual levity made them too easily forgetful of the salutary lessons of defeat. His secret feelings were known to his lieutenant, who was permitted to act as advocate for his repentant subjects. They came to him from these towns, formidable deputations, clad in garments of humility and entreating mercy. They met him when within two miles of Loghiera, and began their excuses of former faithlessness, with fresh assurances of fidelity. But the count passed on, without seeming

to have seen or heard them. This increased their terrors, and they addressed themselves to Louis D'Ars, who promised to solicit their forgiveness. He succeeded in obtaining the desired audience, and fifty of the principal citizens appeared at the lodgings of the count, bareheaded, and threw themselves at his feet, entreating "mercy." One of their chief men then addressed him very eloquently, beseeching forgiveness. He acknowledged the crime of which they had been guilty, but pleaded their inability to hold out against the armed forces of Sforza. Their affections, he said, had always been, and still were, with the French. Their offence, at worst, had been their timidity; and this he promised should never again conduct them to a similar trespass. He put their wives, children and possessions at the disposal of the count, as a guaranty for their future conduct, and concluded by tendering a present of silver plate, to the value of three hundred marks.

The basins, cups and goblets, covering two tables, were produced and spread before the angry captain. But he deigned them not a single glance. It was necessary that his part should be played out as he had begun it; and, with fury in his accents, he demanded how they dared present themselves before him, supposing it possible that he should pardon. "Have you not, without cause or provocation, but like traitors and cowards as ye are, revolted at the first appearance of the enemy. How can I believe in you again. Had your town been assaulted, had you made good fight, it had been another thing; but you waited not even that the enemy should show his face. If I served you right, you should now, each of you, be hanging at your own windows. Away with you. Let me never see you more."

Here Captain Louis D'Ars, taking off his cap, judiciously and humanely interposed. "My lord, for the honor of God and his passion, let me entreat you to pardon this people. Grant this boon to me, as I have promised that

you would, and I trust that you will find them true and faithful henceforward." The deputation, with one voice, echoed the promise of fidelity which the captain had made for them. The count had already forgiven them in his heart. Their tears and humiliation provoked his pity, and, almost weeping himself, he bade them rise.

"Go," said he; "the entreaties of my lieutenant have won your forgiveness. His services to me might well obtain for him a much greater matter. Go; you are pardoned, but beware how you err again. As for your present, you deserve not that I should take it at your hands. Piquet!" addressing Bayard, "Take this plate—all of it—I give it you for your kitchen."

If the astonishment of the deputation was great at this scornful rejection of so rich a gift, the reply of Bayard was productive of still greater surprise in the mind of the count himself, not less than of all other spectators.

"I thank you, my lord, for the favor you would do me, but God forbid that the goods of such wicked people should enter my house. They would bring me ill luck."

This said, he took the several vessels, piece by piece, and distributed them among the spectators, reserving nothing for himself. The deputation disappeared in doubt and wonderment, and Bayard followed them. When he had left the apartment, the Count de Ligny exclaimed, "What say you, my lords, to this spirit of Piquet? Hath not fortune done him great wrong in not making him the monarch of some mighty realm? He would then have won the whole world by his magnificence. Believe me, he will yet become one of the most perfect characters on earth."

The admiration of the count was not affected. He was determined that the generosity of Bayard should not leave him bare, and the next day sent him a beautiful dress of crimson velvet, an excellent horse, and a purse of three hundred crowns. The money was instantly shared with his comrades. It was the distinguishing merit of his chiv-

alry that in all cases it rose superior to self. No accusation of ingratitude, of a want of liberality or magnanimity, could be laid to his account. To divide his purse with his friend—with the stranger—to yield himself up to the necessities of others, and to betray the profoundest scorn and contempt for most of the objects of human avarice, was simply to be himself, and to behave according to the most natural impulse of his soul. The examples are continually occurring of his indifference to money. At the moment when he rejected the splendid present of the Count de Ligny he had not ten crowns in the world, and knew not where he could procure them!

This invasion of Milan had afforded our young knight but small chance for distinguishing himself. The Count de Ligny soon returned to Milan; and the conquered cities being once more quiet, he returned to France, accompanied by our man-at-arms, who was, if we remember, not only of his regiment, but of his household. Here he remained until the preparations of Louis XII. had been completed for the attempted recovery of his Neapolitan dominions. We have already briefly narrated the events connected with the expulsion of the French from Naples and the other places where the feeble policy of Charles VIII. had insulated them, and where his follies and superstitions had left them the sacrifice to his indifference and neglect. The invasion, which he consumed the last days of his life in meditating only,—his successor, with undeviating perseverance, applied himself to attempt. How he strove to secure the support or the quiescence of other sovereigns has been shown already. His precautions taken, his preparations made, the army of the French monarch, consisting of ten thousand foot and one thousand horse, approached Italy, under the command of Stuart d'Aubigny. This command had been earnestly solicited by the Count de Ligny. He supposed himself to have particular claims to be preferred. His interests were considerable in the kingdom of Naples.

He had married a lady of that country, and by her, and by the gifts of Charles VIII., he was the proprietor of lands in Puglia, Venosa, and other places, the whole constituting a very large pecuniary interest. Denied the command which he desired, he is thought to have sunk under the mortification. The event is supposed to have shortened his days; and when Bayard obtained his leave to join the company under Louis d'Ars, he separated from his patron never to behold him again.

At this period Frederigo, king of Naples, was in close alliance with Spain. He never dreamed of the secret treaty between the selfish and faithless monarch of that country and the King of France. On the contrary, so assured was he of the fidelity of the former, that his troops and fortified places were confided, on the approach of the French, to the Spanish general—the celebrated Gonsalvo de Cordova—the Great Captain, as he was proverbially known among the Spaniards—a warrior of unquestionable excellence and genius—of equal courage and conduct, but one who proved as faithless as his master. Fidelity was not in those days the virtue of knighthood, and hence the superior lustre with which the qualities of Bayard distinguished his valor. But we must not anticipate.

All Italy was suspended in tremulous anxiety at the approach of the French army. They were led by one of the most experienced leaders of his time, and opposed to one of the most renowned, with numbers so nearly equal, and forces so equally excellent, none but the most bloody issues could be expected from the encounter. But the entrance of the French troops into the territories of the Church dispelled all anxiety. The envoys of the allied monarchs met at Rome, where they announced their treaty, and declared the division of the kingdom of Naples between them. A pontifical bull deprived Frederigo of his kingdom, and the forces under Gonsalvo abandoned his defence. Frederigo still held out, but hopelessly. The defence of Naples

was entrusted to Prospero Colonna, a very distinguished Italian captain; and the first trial of strength was made at Capua, which was taken by assault. The capitulation of Naples soon followed; and Frederigo, in despair of his throne, exchanged it for a duchy, and became a pensioner of France.

The war had again failed of its promise to our young knight. We have no means of knowing what part he took in the storming of Capua, or whether he was or was not present. We may safely assert that he did not participate in the sack which followed, and the guilty excesses which are charged upon the French soldiery when they were once in possession of the city. The excitement of battle is a species of madness which, in the instance of mere brute valor, is almost without responsibility. The terrors of a storm must heighten amazingly the insanity of ordinary combat. It is scarcely possible to suppose such an event without assuming the continuance of violence and passion long after the absolute necessity is over, by which they have been provoked and justified. At all events, the subordinate position of our young knight saved him from any share in the responsibility of a command on this occasion; and we know enough already of his character to feel very sure that he himself indulged in none of the excesses of his troops.

The conquest of the realm of Naples being fully achieved, the army of the French was broken up into small bodies and distributed throughout the conquered territories. The command of the Count de Ligny was quartered upon the seignorial domain of that lord—a possession which he had acquired by right of his wife, Elinor de Baux, princess of Altamira. The count had espoused this lady in the brief period during which Charles VIII. had held his court in Naples; and when the French were compelled to abandon their conquests, the departure of her husband is said to have caused her death. The protector of these

domains was especially confided by his captain to the vigilance and courage of our young knight, who acquitted himself of the trust to the general satisfaction.

Meanwhile, the royal plunderers quarrelled over their prey. The division of the spoils was a subject of more difficulty to the French and Spaniards than their acquisition had been. In the partition of the country it appears that they had not sufficiently known the landmarks, or that they were now pleased to misconceive them. The claims of the Spanish monarch were urged tenaciously by Gonsalvo, while those of France were as warmly upheld by Louis d'Armagnac, duke de Nemours, who asserted the general rights of his sovereign as king of Naples, and maintained his arms in that country. Negotiations followed, but without any good result, and the dispute resulted in open hostilities between the allies. Italy was again made to tremble at the trial of strength, on her own fields, between the rival houses of Anjou and Arragon. Gonsalvo had anticipated this issue, and had kept himself in readiness for it.

The French, on the other hand, had received a reinforcement of two thousand Swiss and a body of Gascons, and were somewhat stronger, numerically, than the Spaniards. To compensate this inequality, the latter were more certainly in possession of the popular sympathies, in spite of the treachery of their master to the late sovereign of Italy. The excesses of the French troops and their Swiss mercenaries, had most effectually weaned from them the affections of the Italians. The viceroy of Louis XII., the Duke de Nemours, was now pitted against Gonsalvo. D'Aubigny, second in command, but the best officer, marched with a division into Calabria, while Louis himself, the French monarch, hurried from Lyons to Milan, where he tarried to watch the progress of a game, for the issue of which he was naturally anxious.

The opening of the war was greatly favorable to the

French. Gonsalvo was forced to relinquish all the places of which he held possession, and to retire for safety to the town of Barletta, where he was soon closely besieged by the Duke de Nemours. Similar successes attended the progress of D'Aubigny, who, having taken and sacked the city of Cosenza, defeated a large body of Spanish and Sicilian troops, overrun with his forces the rest of the kingdom, to all of which, having full possession, Louis asserted his claim, without regard to his previous treaty stipulations. With his troops everywhere triumphant, and with the strongholds of the country everywhere in their hands, the French monarch returned to his own country in full confidence of the complete expulsion of the Spaniards. But the obstinacy of this people, and of the captain to whom they were confided, rendered this confidence more and more doubtful every day. The siege of Barletta was a protracted one, calculated to wear out the patience of an ardent and impetuous soldiery such as the Duke de Nemours commanded. Its monotony was relieved, however, by the frequent passages-at-arms which took place between the opposing forces. Many of these were of a character as brilliant as any which the chroniclers of chivalrous times have put on record. The defence of Barletta itself was an instance of amazing patience, courage, prudence and self-denial; showing instances of skill, heroism and audacity which could not be surpassed, and contributing one of the most enduring chaplets in the wreath of the Great Captain. The great events of the field were varied by those in which individual combatants alone performed. These were equally singular from the fierceness of the duel and the chivalric courtesy with which the champions coupled their animosity. For a brief period the age of feudal romance was restored, and the grace and splendor of the strife were quite equal to its terrors and its blood. Holding keen watch in garrison near Barletta, at a place called Monervino, some of these events concern our hero. He was not the last to fly to the

summons of the trumpet; and here it is that his character began first to receive the appreciation of other nations than his own.

There had been an interval of repose and inactivity somewhat longer than was usual, when Bayard expressed his impatience to his comrades.

"Gentlemen," said he one day to his troopers, "we are likely to become very worthless in this state of sluggishness and inactivity. We shall impart courage to our enemies by our seeming want of it. I am sick of this idling. Let us go out to-morrow and stir up the Spaniards. Between this place and Andri, or Barletta, we may happen upon some of their detachments, and then the victory to whom God shall please to give it!"

These words were quite acceptable to his companions. Under such a leader, glory was a specific something in itself, and apart from any considerations of duty. Bayard had infused something of his own spirit into the bosoms of his followers; and a single word from him, which promised adventure, promised achievement and triumph also. By dawn his little force was ready, some thirty in number, the good knight at their head, and on the road, with all possible speed, for the garrisons of the enemy. Fortune favored their desires. They had not covered half the space between Monervino and Andri when they met a body of Spaniards, something larger than their own, commanded by a gentleman of distinction, one Don Alonzo de Sotomayer, a near relation of the "Great Captain" himself. The followers of Sotomayer were all chosen men. He himself ranked as a man of skill and valor, not less than as a gentleman of noble blood. It was with mutual if not equal satisfaction, that the opposing captains discovered each other about cannon-shot distance, and on the descent of opposite hills.

"And now," said the "Good Knight," closing his visor and putting his lance in rest, "let each man take care of

his own honor, and if I do not my devoir this day call me ever after a braggart and a coward."

He was answered with lively cries of satisfaction. With shouts of "France! France!" as the war-cry on one side, and "Santiago" on the other, the two opposite parties, without farther preliminaries, darted at once to the embrace of battle. The first reckless shock of horse and man overthrew several of the combatants. Both sides were borne down to the earth by the irresistible impulse, and some of them were raised with difficulty by their comrades. The fight was long and doubtful. If the French were terrible in the charge, the capacity of the Spaniards for endurance was equally remarkable. To the furious impulse of the one was opposed the obstinate firmness of the other. For nearly an hour so near were the parties matched, that neither might exult with hope or droop with apprehension. It was left for the indomitable valor and skill of our young knight to determine the struggle. His unreckoning will, his hearty onset, his glorious cry, renewed the impulse of his first onset; and, leading the way, the French broke through the serried ranks of the enemy. Seven of the Spaniards lay dead upon the field, as many more were already prisoners, when the rest took flight—their captain at the rear of the fugitives. Bayard led the pursuit close at his heels, and ever and anon he taunted him with a speech somewhat after this fashion:

"Turn thee, cavalier, if thou be'st a man. Let me not strike thee on thy back. Great will be thy shame, if thou shalt die flying. Better a thousand deaths than a flight so disgraceful!"

The sting was felt of these reproaches. Besides, the peril was imminent. Don Alonzo de Sotomayer turned like an enraged lion upon his keen assailant, and though abandoned by his surviving followers, who still continued their flight, he rushed fiercely a second time into the battle. The comrades of Bayard passed forward in pursuit.

No one thought to interfere between these champions The French men-at-arms knew their leader and had no fear of the result, though the Spanish captain fought with great skill and resolution. But the strength of his steed began to fail him. More than fifty strokes of the sword had been given and received by the combatants. Enough had been done by the Spaniard to maintain his honor. Bayard perceived the increasing weakness of his arm and the failing vigor of his steed.

"Yield thee, man-at-arms, or thou diest."

"To whom shall I yield me?" demanded the Spanish knight.

The name of Bayard concluded the combat. Don Alonzo dropped the point of his weapon. The valiant deeds of our young hero,—his reputation for generosity and honor, already well known to the Spaniards,—reconciled his enemy to the submission which was demanded. Bayard had reason to be pleased with his victory. Not a man of his party had been slain, though several were wounded. Some of their horses were killed in the *mêlée;* but the consolation of the Frenchmen was found in the fact that they had prisoners whose ransom would amply repay them all their losses.

CHAPTER IX.

Captivity in the hands of such a foe as Bayard, whom the "Loyal Servant" describes as the "adopted son of Dame Courtesy," but whom we should prefer to call her natural son, implied no humiliations and tasked no great powers of endurance. Our young knight accorded to Don Alonzo de Sotomayer one of the handsomest apartments in his household, supplied his wardrobe, and, upon the pledge of honor of the captive not to quit the castle, gave him the entire freedom of the garrison, putting no guard upon his footsteps. He took his pleasure with the Frenchmen as if he had been one of them, and was treated on all hands with a kindness and consideration which might well have disarmed his situation of all its oppressive features. After a brief conference on the subject with his captor, Don Alonzo agreed to pay a thousand crowns for his ransom. This was rating him nobly, as belonging to

a distinguished house, and as being himself a very distinguished person. It does not appear, however, that any body considered the ransom high.

Our Spaniard did not appreciate the courtesy of his captor. At all events he abused it. He determined to avail himself of the liberty he enjoyed, to realize the sense of perfect freedom. Some weeks after he had been in the castle, passing his time, as it was thought, very pleasantly and in good spirits, going forth and returning when it suited him, and suffering neither reproof nor restraint from any, he determined to corrupt one of the grooms of the garrison, an Albanian, named Theodrick. He said to this man—"I am weary of this captivity and of hearing nothing from my people. Serve me in making my escape, and I will make you comfortable for life. Get me a horse in readiness that I may escape. I am under no watch and can readily elude suspicion. You can join me in flight, and four hours will put us both in safety in our garrison. Do this, and you shall have fifty ducats, with a handsome yearly salary."

The Albanian swallowed the bait, but suggested the danger to the Spaniard from the violation of his pledge.

"You are upon honor in the castle, and our captain would make it a quarrel with you, were you to break faith with him."

"I break no faith with him," answered Don Alonzo. "He hath agreed upon a thousand crowns for my ransom, and he shall have them. I am bound for nothing farther."

"Very well," said the Albanian, "the horse shall be ready at the castle gate at break of day. When the gate opens, contrive to go forth as in pursuit of your diversion, and you will find me waiting."

With the morning, under the pretext of taking the air, Don Alonzo was permitted to depart. He found no difficulty in doing so; for, apprised that he was on his

pledge of honor, the porter no longer took any heed of his movements. The Albanian and the horse awaited him in the place appointed, and they rode away together toward the garrison of Andri.

Whether Don Alonzo really designed to defraud his captor of the stipulated ransom, or was simply impatient of the delay in procuring it, must be left wholly to conjecture. It was doubly unfortunate that he was not successful in his treachery. It was not long after his flight, when Bayard descended into the lower court of the castle, and missing the captive, whom he was wont to converse and walk with every morning, he naturally asked after him. Something excited his suspicions, and being always vigilant, he pressed his inquiries with some earnestness, and learned from the porter that the Spanish knight had gone through the gate as soon as it was opened. Farther inquiry discovered the absence of Theodrick and his horse, and then it was that Bayard conjectured the flight of his thousand crowns. Indignant at the faithlessness of one whom he had treated with so much confidence and courtesy, he called up one of his officers named *Le Basque*, whom he despatched with ten men in pursuit. His instructions were sufficiently prompt. "Ride full speed towards Andri, and bring back the fugitive alive or dead. Seize the Albanian also if you can. He shall hang on our battlements as a warning to other traitors." Le Basque obeyed instantly, and shaping his course towards Andri, he overtook the Spaniard within two miles of that place. He had alighted to readjust his saddle-girths, which were broken, but had not succeeded in repairing them, when the pursuers came in sight. He immediately strove to remount, but in vain. They surrounded him before he could divest himself of the useless saddle. The Albanian had, with becoming prudence, separated himself from the fugitive, and escaped his fate. Don Alonzo was without means of defence, and what could they have availed

against a dozen men. He was caught, put on his horse once more, and brought back in shame to Monervino.

The reproaches of Bayard were not spared as he beheld the prisoner. He did not seek to conceal his scorn and indignation.

"How, señor," he exclaimed, "call you this the action of a gentleman? Is it thus you esteem your word? Did you not pledge me to remain within the castle until I permitted your departure? I can confide in you no longer."

The Spaniard denied that he intended to wrong his captor of the amount of the ransom. Within two days it should have been sent him. He had gone for that purpose, and because of the great trouble which he felt at not having heard from his people.

These excuses did not satisfy our knight, whose sense of punctilio was outraged by a violation of faith so discreditable to every claim of knighthood. The thousand crowns were nothing in comparison with the voluntary forfeiture of honor of which the captive had been guilty—his indifference to the most sacred pledges, and his abuse of hospitality and courtesy. The Spaniard enjoyed no longer the privilege of the household. He was conducted to a lonely tower, where he was kept safely but with good accommodations. He was well provided, as before, with food and drink, and though closely watched, was neither ironed nor subjected to any annoyance beyond the constraint and confinement which his own wilfulness had rendered necessary. At the end of fifteen days a trumpeter brought his ransom. In his own presence, Bayard distributed the whole amount among his comrades, reserving not a penny for himself. Don Alonzo took leave of his captors with due civility, making no complaints at the time, and as it was supposed by all, having no right to make any. But he was sore at heart, and very soon gave utterance to griefs which he improperly entertained, and to which he too readily gave a tongue. His reception among his comrades at Andri was

very grateful to his feelings. His relations and friends were there, and his rank in the Spanish army was such that his absence had been seriously felt. Esteemed for his relationship to the "Great Captain," his own passion for arms, and his success in their use, had led to large expectations of his future prowess. But these very expectations had rendered his captivity the more mortifying to his pride. His self-esteem was deeply outraged at what he deemed the humiliation of defeat. The attempts of his friends to give him consolation only opened the avenues to his disquietude, and he allowed himself to speak of his captors in a manner neither just to them nor honorable to himself. When asked by those about him as to the person of Bayard, his manner of life, and the manner of his own treatment, he so seasoned the falsehood with truth as to substitute for his own the faults of others.

"With regard to the Lord Bayard," he would say, "there is not a bolder or more active gentleman in the world. He is constantly busy. When not engaged in actual warfare, he is still doing something in his garrison, by which to improve it and the soldiers who keep it. His exercises are constant in wrestling, leaping, throwing the bar, and other sports, such as are becoming to the exercise of gentlemen. In liberality he hath no equal. This I know from a thousand instances. The money which he received for my ransom I saw him distribute among his people, keeping not a ducat for himself. In short, to speak truly, he is a man who, if he but live long, will rise to very great eminence. As for his treatment of myself, concerning which you question me, I frankly say that I can not exceedingly commend it. Whether by his orders or not, his people have treated me with rudeness, and not as if I were a gentleman, and their indignities will stick with me as long as I live."

This account of a cavalier who was already proverbial for his humanity and courtesy, surprised such of the hearers

of Don Alonzo as knew Bayard's reputation for these qualities. Some yielded implicit faith to the statements of the Spaniard. Others censured him, and others again ascribed the mood in which he spoke to the natural dislike which all persons are apt to feel for their gaoler. But the subject was a chief topic of conversation at the time in the town of Andri, and the discussion finally reached the ears of a French officer who was then a prisoner in the place. On the return of this officer to Monervino he told Bayard that Don Alonzo complained bitterly of the ill-treatment he had received at his hands, and dealt freely in threats of a sort not to be misunderstood among gentlemen. Bayard was equally vexed and astonished at this statement, and immediately called his followers around him. He told them in what sort of statements his late captive indulged, and demanded of them if he had done any thing, or left any thing undone in the treatment of his prisoner which rendered it necessary that he should offer him atonement.

"You all," said he, "know this history. In my opinion no prisoner could have been better treated before he sought to make his escape; nor, when it was necessary that we should more closely confine him, does it appear to me that he had any thing to complain of. Tell me if you have discovered any thing which hath not come to my knowledge, and, on my honor, if he hath suffered any wrong I will make him honorable amends."

Their reply was instant and unanimous. With one voice they answered that if Don Alonzo had been the first prince of the blood he could not have been treated with more kindness and indulgence. They pronounced it a shame and an outrage that he should utter any complaints. Their reply reassured our knight. He was even then suffering from an attack of the quartan ague, but this condition did not chill his courage. "Faith," said he, "I will write and tell him that if he asserts that he hath been ill-

treated by me, I will prove, by force of arms, that he hath greatly erred in his assertion."

The cartel soon followed this resolution. It ran thus: "Señor Don Alonzo,—It hath reached me that, since your release from prison, you complain of me among your people, and allege that while in my hands you were not treated as a gentleman. You, señor, very well know the contrary; but seeing, if it were believed, what you have said, I should be greatly discredited, I have thought fit to write and to entreat that you will readjust your statements in the hearing of those to whom they were originally made. It is only right that you should confess the good and honorable treatment which you have had at my hands, and by so doing you will equally consult your honor and redress mine. If you refuse to do this, know that I am resolved to compel you to this justice by force of arms, your person in mortal conflict against mine, on foot or on horseback, in what manner shall please you best. And so, farewell."

The answer of the Spaniard was a defiance.* He wrote: "Lord of Bayard,—I have read your letter by the bearer, charging that I had let fall words in the presence of my people importing that you did not treat me as a gentleman while I was your prisoner. You add your determination to fight with me unless I make recantation. I declare to you, sir, that I never unsay what I have once said, and you are not the man to make me do it. In regard to the combat you offer, I accept it—to meet you within twelve or fifteen days hence, two miles from the town of Andri or wherever else it may suit yourself."

The answer was brought back by *La Lune*, a trumpeter of the Lord de la Palisse, by whom it had been conveyed.

* Quintana tells us that Don Alonzo would have declined the meeting, but that he was compelled to it by his relative, the Great Captain, who told him that "he should atone for what he had said by the glory of the combat, or else suffer the chastisement he deserved for his injurious expressions."—*El Gran Capitan.*

Its tenor was so grateful to our hero that, sick as he was, he would not for ten thousand crowns have had it more pacific. He immediately despatched his trumpet, with his acceptance of the combat, together with the period and place which the other had proposed. The terms adopted he communicated to the Lord de la Palisse, who was lieutenant of the Duke de Nemours, entreating permission for the combat, which was granted without hesitation. For his *guidon*,* after God, he took his old friend and comrade, Bellabre,—the same under whose counsel he succeeded in assessing the excellent abbot, his uncle, for his field and personal equipments in his first passage-of-arms with Claude de Vaudray. Bellabre, we may say in this place, had subsequently shown himself as excellent a soldier as he then proved himself a politician.

The day soon came for the combat. The Lord de la Palisse was the keeper of the field on the part of our chevalier. He appeared accordingly, accompanied by two hundred gens d'armes, in compliance with the particulars of the arrangement already made by the seconds of the parties. Bayard was conducted by him to the place of meeting, mounted on a handsome courser, and *clad in white in token of humility*—a fact which will help somewhat to illustrate the changes of social custom and the singular caprices of fashion. His enemy had not yet made his appearance. The trumpeter, *La Lune*, was sent forward to hasten him. Of *La Lune* he asked in what manner the Lord of Bayard had taken the field? When told on horseback and as a gend'arme, "How say you?" he cried, "Go to him, trumpeter, and tell him that I prefer to fight on foot. The choice of weapons is mine." This decision was irregular. The terms of the combat had been already arranged by the seconds, and they were to fight on horseback. The right now claimed by Don Alonzo, to vary the conditions of the field,

* Literally, standard-bearer—but probably his guide, companion, friend on the field—equivalent to the *second* of our times.

might fairly have been questioned. His claim was not less ungenerous than unreasonable. His person was robust, tall, and muscular; that of Bayard, though of good height, was slender and delicate, displaying much less strength than agility. Besides, he had been for some time suffering from the quartan ague, the chills of which occurred on the very day chosen for the combat. He was under their influence when the answer of Don Alonzo was brought to him; but neither his sufferings, nor the seeming inequalities upon which his enemy insisted, could subdue his courage or lessen his ardor for the fight. Bayard waived all his rights rather than afford any pretext by which his enemy could escape the issue. "In a good cause," he said, "I can do battle, whether I am challenger or defendant. Go to him, *La Lune*, and say to him that this shall not stand in the way of redressing my honor; and, with God's favor, I will this day fight him in whatever way he pleases."

This, in the feeble condition of our chevalier, was accepting fearful odds. To fight on foot with an ague upon him seemed to his friends to be certainly fatal to his hopes. He was already looked upon as a vanquished man. The Spaniard, it was thought, had chosen this method of combat, knowing equally the physical debility of our knight and his superior excellence on horseback. Here, indeed, he was not believed to have an equal in all Europe—certainly it was not pretended that there was his superior. As he alighted from his horse and entered the lists, his friends could scarcely hide their anxieties. His feebleness was apparent in his step and countenance; but it is very wonderful how, under the ardent impulse of a great soul, the failing flesh can be roused into power and strengthened for endurance.

The readiness of Bayard to fight on any terms was in no respect agreeable to our Spaniard, who, though brave in the ordinary sense of the word, was certainly no fire-eater; and the prospect of an encounter *à l'outrance* with one so

highly renowned as his opponent, the skill and weight of whose weapon he had already felt, might naturally oppress him with doubts of the issue, whatever might be the advantages upon his side. But there could be no longer any evasion of the combat, and he put on a cheerful countenance. He was attended by those in whose presence he did not dare to seem afraid. His friends were Don Diego Quinoñes, the lieutenant of the "Great Captain;" Don Pedro Valdez, the Marquis *Licite*, Don Francisco de Altamese, and many other brave and noble gentlemen. The escort of Bayard was similarly distinguished. He had with him the Lord de la Palisse, who was lieutenant to the Duke de Nemours as Diego de Quiñones was to Gonsalvo; the lords d'Orose, Humbercourt, and Fontrailles, the Baron of Bearn, and others of like character. Bayard was already in the field, having been *placed* by Bellabre, when Don Alonzo sent him the weapons from which to choose. These were the long rapier and the poniard. He was not long in choosing. The persons of the knights were protected by steel cap and neck-piece. When the Spaniard had entered the lists at their opposite extremity, Bayard threw himself on his knees and breathed a prayer to God; then, stretching himself at his full length, he reverently kissed the earth. We shall comment hereafter upon what seems to us a strange inconsistency in this act of pious devotion, at the very moment one is about to violate the laws of that Being before whom he kneels in hope and supplication. This brief prostration over, the good knight rose, and, making the sign of the cross, walked straight toward his enemy, as confidently and calmly as if he were within the limits of a court and about to dance with ladies—the rapier grasped in his right and the poniard in his left hand. Don Alonzo met him with a dauntless aspect, and bearing similar weapons in like manner.

"*Señor de Bayardo,*" said he, as our knight approached, "*que me quières?*"—"what would you have of me?"

Bayard replied in French, "*Je quiers défendre mon honneur, dont faussement et mauvaisement m'as accusé!*" And thus began the conflict.

With the first thrust the rapier of Bayard grazed the face of his opponent, but without mischief, and only provoking the courage of the latter. Beautiful was the play that succeeded. Never were two champions more equally matched. The Spaniard put forth his best powers, and they were deservedly held in high estimation. How brisk were their assaults, how prompt the recovery, how admirable the defence. For a long time, though there were many lunges, there were no hits. The efforts of Don Alonzo were chiefly directed to stunning his adversary, by striking him on the head—an aim in which, had he been successful, he must have gained the victory, as, in the debilitated condition of Bayard, such injuries must have soon left him *hors de combat.* But our knight supplied by art and agility what he lacked in strength; and, baffled in his aim, Don Alonzo became excited, and his caution became diminished in proportion as his choler was awakened. A slight wound which Bayard gave him in the eye made him furious, and, raising his arm to revenge himself for the hurt, by a furious thrust, he gave an opportunity to his opponent which the latter did not suffer to escape him. Practising a *ruse,* for which the Spaniard was not prepared, he raised his weapon at the same moment with the other, but held it aloft, as if threatening the face of his enemy, without doing any thing more. Then, as the thrust of his adversary was put by, he sprang forward with wondrous dexterity, while Don Alonzo stood unmoved, and drove his dagger to the hilt, through the gorget, and into the neck of the latter. The steel penetrating four inches, became fastened, so that Bayard failed to draw it forth, and while the blood gushed forth upon him in a turbid torrent, the fatally-stricken Spaniard, dropping his rapier, grasped him involuntarily around the body, and

they both fell to the ground together. This circumstance shows the feebleness of Bayard at the time of the combat. It was the death-spasm of Don Alonzo, from whose embrace our chevalier extricated himself in a moment, and rising to his feet, clapped his dagger to his nostrils, crying, —"Yield, Don Alonzo, or you die." But the victim was no longer sensible to such a threat. His second, Don Diego de Quiñones, interposed, saying, "*Señor Bayardo, ja es muerto, vencido aveis.*"—"He is already dead. You have conquered!"

"Yet," said Bayard, with unaffected sorrow,—"I could have wished it had fallen out otherwise. Señor, have I done enough."

"*Troppo, Señor Bayardo, por l'onor d'Espana.*"—"Too much, Lord of Bayard, for the honor of Spain." Bayard again knelt and returned thanks to God for the favor shown him, again kissed the earth with reverence, and, having risen, presented the body of the Spaniard to his friends, for it was the prize, in those days, of the victor. The behavior of Bayard on the field, won the applauses even of his foes. All parties admitted that his enemy deserved his fate, and that good knight never before administered punishment so courteously and with a grace so exquisite. To do our chevalier justice, he did not aim at the life of the Spaniard. He had probably underrated the force of his arm when he gave the fatal blow. The "Loyal Servant" assures us that he was right sorry that the thing was done, and that he would rather have given an hundred thousand crowns to have conquered his man alive. His regrets offered no consolation to the Spanish gentlemen. They had lost their sympathies for de Sotomayer, for he was a dishonored man. But the pride of the nation was outraged, and when does the Spaniard forget his pride? The event stung them into a desire for revenge,—the result of which we shall see hereafter. Meanwhile, Bayard was conducted back to Monervino by his comrades in a

sort of triumph, to the sound of hautboys and other instruments. His first act after reaching his garrison was one of devotion. Hurrying to the House of God, he again rendered thanks for the favor which had been shown him; and, this duty performed, he gave a magnificent feast to his friends and comrades. Certainly, seen through the medium of our more prosaic era, this institution of chivalry was a thing of marvellous caprice and inconsistency.

CHAPTER X.

It may be thought something strange, in Christian writers, to insist upon the piety of one professing Christianity, who yet engages in single combat. We have seen Bayard on his knees, making confession of sins, partaking of the sacrament, and entreating the favor of the Deity, just before entering upon more than one fatal duel. Were we superficially to examine this conduct by the recognized moral standards of our day, we should conclude that one who should practise after this fashion was either a hypocrite or a fool. But we must fall into no such error. In the time of Bayard duels were frequent, and were under the sanction equally of the church and the laws. They received these sanctions with the most ostentatious solemnities. They were regarded in some sort as the only modes for arriving at the truth in matters where human evidence was wanting, and the divine justice was supposed to determine in a case where the decision of man might most probably result in injustice. Nor did pious men lack sufficient examples in sacred history. They could refer to the great duel between David and Goliath, to the terrible passage of arms at Helkath-Hazzurun, of twelve against twelve, the followers of David against those of Ish-bosheth, under the challenge of Abner to Joab; and many other cases. Besides, to the Christian the arguments which lie against single combat, lie also, with equal cogency against any mode of human warfare—against that of nations quite as much as that of individuals. Religion, which invited whole nations to go forth in the Crusades, for the destruction of other nations, under a divine pretext, could urge no objec-

tions to the duel, unless as a mere matter of social and domestic policy. It was inexpedient that our sons, whom we need to war upon the heathen, should be suffered to war upon each other. Civil regulations, accordingly, interposed at an early day, under the dawning light of civilization, in checking the frequency of single combat. In affairs which grew out of the point of honor, the permission of the king, during the time of Bayard, was absolutely necessary to be obtained; and this was rigorously withheld where the occasion of the quarrel was one of a frivolous nature, not affecting the good name and honor of the parties. When leave was granted by the monarch, he, or one who was recognized as his representative, was required to be present, having the right to arrest the combat at whatever stage of it he thought proper, nor did either of the parties dare to censure this interposition. It was in this way that the monarchs sought to arrest and prevent the abuses of a system which they yet recognized as necessary to the institutions of war, and sometimes essential to the higher purposes of justice. Bayard, in giving his countenance to the practice of duelling,* not only acquiesced in the ordinary usage of his times, but in one which found its sanctions equally in the civil and religious authorities of Christendom. We need not, therefore, defend his supposed aberrations from piety in this particular, when we find his lessons taught him by his spiritual father. But, in complying with a practice, the propriety of which he had never been taught to question, we have no reason to suppose that he would have ever dreamed of going out to the field on frivolous or small provocation. Nor would he ever have persisted in error, when his frank admission of his fault was all that was necessary for atonement. We find him, for

* Bayard is frequently quoted, by those who argue against duelling, as one who had steadily opposed the practice. We have shown that such is not the case. They must look for their examples elsewhere, but need not be at any loss, since the biographies of valiant men are full of them

example, in this very duel with Sotomayer, just recited, calling upon his companions to say whether he had been guilty of misconduct in his treatment of his captive, declaring his perfect readiness to confess his wrong, should they advise him that he had been really erring. Regarding the modes of fighting prior to the use of gunpowder, we must perceive that every battle was but a series of personal combats. Hence the wondrous difference in the loss of life in modern battles in comparison with those of ancient times, where each soldier took his foeman by the throat, and where one or other must submit to captivity or to be slain. Habits, engendered by such conflicts, must necessarily have produced the duello. Every passion of the heart was inflamed when each warrior grappled with an individual enemy, and where the encounter was foot to foot. The space which separates the opposing forces in battles of modern times, while the cannon and the musket do their work, tend greatly to lessen the bloody results of every pitched battle; and the duel seems to have gradually declined in popularity in proportion to the improvement of the implements for destructive warfare. Weapons which render skill unavailing, and which tend to equalize the chances of the combatants, contribute greatly to the objects of the peace-maker.

The Spaniards, as we have said, were very far from being satisfied that the French champion should triumph, under circumstances so unfavorable, over one of their most distinguished warriors; and they strove, accordingly, in some way to recover their renown and quiet their outraged self-esteem; but a truce which took place about this time between the two armies, by preventing the possibility of a general action, or of any affairs of small parties, seemed unfavorable to the gratification of their wishes. This interruption to the usual game of war left no safety-valves for the surplus passion which the late combat had stimulated into eagerness and warmth, and greatly increased

the restiveness of their champions under a discredit which they improperly assumed to have disparaged the renown of their whole nation. Having many distinguished combatants among their men-at-arms, they availed themselves of the armistice to pursue their sports, and spend their leisure in and about the hamlets and towns which the French were known to visit. On such occasions they tried various modes of provocation, such as may be permitted to rivals, who, eager for the adjustment of their claims, are yet compelled to keep up certain conditions of forbearance and courtesy. With the mood to quarrel, their disputes were frequent with the French, though without realizing the results at which they seemed to aim. The French were not quarrelsome—were satisfied with themselves, their champions, and with all the world; and the Spaniards, for some days, had to curb the impatience which they found no legitimate mode at that time to pacify. It so happened, however, that one of these little parties of adventure-seeking Spaniards rode forth directly toward the town of Monervino, where Bayard kept garrison. They were eleven or thirteen in number, and among them were some of the very bravest and hardiest of the Spanish cavaliers. They had got within half a league of Monervino, when they encountered our good knight riding forth in company with his friend, the Lord d'Orose. Our cavaliers saluted the Spaniards with courtesy, and the two parties instantly fell into conversation. By gradual transitions, the restless Spaniards soon began to exhibit the feeling of impatience and discontent under which they suffered. At length a bold fellow, one Diego de Bisaigne, an officer in the company of the late Don Alonzo de Sotomayer, and the last person either to forget or to forgive his death, introduced the subject of his wishes in the following manner:

"I know not, gentlemen of France, whether this truce, now a week old, pleases you or no; but to us it is terribly annoying, and we should like to relieve its tedium in any

pleasant manner. Now if, while it lasts, a band of you, ten or twenty, more or less, are willing to fight upon our sovereign's quarrel, I will undertake that you shall not want a like number to engage you on our side; the beaten party to remain prisoners of the other."

Bayard was one of the very last persons in the world to suggest any obstacles to so pleasant an arrangement.

"The gentleman speaks very discreetly," said the Lord d'Orose; and Bayard concurred with him in the compliment.

"Be it as you wish," he replied promptly to the Spanish knight who had addressed him. "My companion and myself understand you, and agree with you perfectly. You are here some thirteen cavaliers. We will meet you eight days hence with an equal number, armed and mounted, and he then who hath a brave heart let him show it."

The Spaniards agreed to the arrangement, and the parties separated for the time, after having made all their arrangements for the place and circumstances of the combat.

The combatants assembled at the appointed time and place according to agreement. Crowds, of all nations, came also as spectators. The ground was carefully measured off, and bounded. It was stipulated that he who passed beyond the boundaries was to remain a prisoner, and not engage in the fight again that day. It was also arranged that he who should be unhorsed in the combat was to continue it no longer. This was an unhappy error on the part of the French, as we shall see hereafter. The fight was to continue till nightfall, and no longer; and neither party was to be held the conqueror as long as one of its champions could maintain himself in his saddle. In such case, he was to leave the field in equal honor at least with his antagonists, carrying off his comrades without ransom. It was fortunate for the French that this was a feature in the stipulations. Bayard was the first to make

his appearance in the field. We take a description of his *entrée* on this occasion from the pen of one of the Italian novelists of modern times. It answers to the truth of history, so far as it is known; though our author, who is very partial to his own countrymen, as a matter of course, and who, in the description of this combat, confounds two very distinct and dissimilar events, is by no means an authority, except as to matters of description and the social costume of the times.

"Bayard, the warrior and glory of knighthood, was the first to enter the lists. He rode a beautiful bay of Normandy, with a mane of sable, and three silver-spotted feet. According to the customs of chivalry, the fine proportions of this charger were concealed by an ample saddle-cloth, which completely covered his body. This was of a bright green, striped with crimson, and terminating in a rich fringe, which descended to his knees. The arms of the knight were embroidered on this garment, where it covered the broad shoulder and flank of the charger. There was nothing remarkable in the personal appearance of Bayard himself; and, without venturing to judge of what the armor might conceal, he did not seem to promise the ordinary degree of vigor of the warriors of the time. His steed, curbed as he rode within the lists, and nettled by the spur at the same moment, bore impatiently upon the rein, prancing forward with arching neck, and proudly curvetting from side to side under the restraint, while his flowing tail swept the ground about his course..... Bayard, who till this moment had kept his visor closed, now exhibited a face so very pale, that all the spectators were surprised to see him take the field. When it was shut by his esquire, he said that, though a sufferer for four months from ague, he believed that he should that day bring no dishonor upon the arms of France."* The rest of our author's description is

* The challenge of Barletta, by Massimo d'Azeglio, an Italian imitator of the school of Scott. For a translation of this interesting novel, by Mr,

purely fanciful. The scene which he describes never took place; but we must not forget the rights of the novelist; and, in stating the fact, and denying his, we do not propose to censure him, or dispute his privileges.

To return to our combatants. The preliminaries being all completed, and the parties ranged in opposition, the signal was given for the combat. The lances were couched; the spurs given to the chargers; and the knights rushed into the thick mêlée with wonderful courage and impetuosity. But it was soon found that the clause in the terms of the combat which rendered the knight *hors de combat* who happened to be unhorsed, had led to the practice of an unexpected baseness on the part of the Spaniards, who now addressed themselves to the dishonorable toil of slaying horses, rather than men. It was not a combat man to man, but man against beast—and this seemingly by a plan previously concerted among themselves, for they were all governed by a like desire. Eleven of the horses of the French were killed; and their riders—without suffering hurt—without incurring the slightest discredit for want of skill, either in arms or horsemanship—were thus, at an early period in the day, excluded from farther participation in the strife. Bayard and the Lord d'Orose alone maintained their saddles; and so skilfully and gallantly did they maintain them, that the treacherous Spaniards took nothing by their baseness. It was in vain that they concentrated their whole efforts, and made combined assaults upon these two champions. These, retiring behind the slain horses whenever assailed by the whole force of the enemy, found in them an excellent bulwark, from which they darted, whenever occasion offered, upon single foes, and succeeded in keeping the field, in defiance of the numbers against them: and thus the day was consumed until the shades of night closed the combat. Individuals could do them no

Lester, see the "Medici Series of Italian Prose," from the American press of Paine & Burgess.

hurt; and, when charged by too great numbers, they sheltered themselves behind the horses of their comrades, and no application of the spur, on the part of the Spaniards, could persuade their less gallant steeds to take the leap also. The honor of the day was accorded to the French; since, with but two knights against thirteen, they could not be overcome in a conflict which lasted four hours. The parties separated with the night, the Spaniards leaving the field with increased admiration of the exquisite prowess of our knight, and his wonderful skill and spirit.

This event was followed by others of a similar kind, with one of which it has more than once been confounded.* This was an affair which occasioned considerable excitement, and was productive of much exultation on the side of the Spaniards, and their allies, the Italians. It appears that, pending some negotiations between the two armies, a French officer, Charles de Torgues, visited the town of Barletta to effect an exchange of prisoners. Here, at a convivial meeting, a dispute arose respecting the comparative merits of the French and Italian knights. In the course of the discussion, de Torgues was incautious enough to say that the Italians were an effeminate and timid people, and no match for the chivalry of France. This roused some of the company, one of whom replied that he had under his own command a troop of Italians who were fully equal to the same number of Frenchmen. The dispute ended in a challenge, thirteen against thirteen, the victors being entitled to the arms and horses of the vanquished, and one hundred gold crowns each. The fight took place on the 13th February, 1503, in a plain between the towns of Andri and

* As in the instance of the romance by Massimo d'Azeglio, already quoted, historians have also fallen into the same error. It is one easily made, since the events happened about the same time, and the combatants, of like number on each side, were drawn from the same opposing nations. Some dispute has arisen with regard to the number of champions in the previous combat, but the difference between eleven and thirteen of a side is nowise important.

Corrato. The Frenchmen were defeated, and the triumph of the Italians and Spaniards was duly increased by the exceeding novelty of their good fortune in the tourney, for the "Great Captain" thought that the French cavalry were the best soldiers in the world. But Bayard was not present on this occasion, neither as a combatant, as some of the accounts report, nor as one of the judges of the field, as asserted by other authorities. The author of the challenge of Barletta lugs him in by the head and shoulders, in his narrative, simply that the honor gained by his countrymen on this occasion should derive additional lustre from classing among the beaten party the mirror of modern chivalry. A like error prevails in the account of the affair by the Spanish biographer, Quintana, who has strangely wrought up in one narrative the several details of the two combats. We are, fortunately, in possession of the names of the several knights, on both sides, who were engaged in this last passage. That of Bayard is not among them. He was not present at the fight. He was probably still a victim to the ague under which he had suffered more or less severely for several months. The termination of the truce found him better, or, at all events, willing to think himself so, since we find him engaged in a little expedition requiring some activity, and in which he gave an admirable illustration of one of his most noble virtues.

It appears one day that our good knight received a hint from his spies, that there was a certain treasurer of Naples who was upon the road for Barletta with money-bags of ample size, which he was conveying for the use of Gonsalvo de Cordova. The pleasant, not to say humane and charitable idea, suggested itself to our knight that he would relieve his enemy of this burden; and the "Loyal Servant" tells us that from this moment he never laid himself down to sleep without setting a strict watch upon the route which the treasurer was compelled to pursue. He soon received tidings which were decisive of his approach. But a day

was left for the operation as he was now but fifteen miles from Monervino, and attended by a small body of cavalry. Bayard had somehow set his heart upon this charitable performance. He had another reason, scarcely less potent than that of relieving the treasurer of his cares, the desire of rewarding the good service of his soldiers. The motives were each sufficiently noble to keep him sleepless. Without waiting for his breakfast, he rose before day, and, putting himself in ambush between two snug and pleasant little hills, he despatched his companion Tardieu, with five-and-twenty soldiers more, upon another route, so that if the good treasurer should be so unfortunate as not to find the desired relief at his hands, he might afford an opportunity to his lieutenant to do him the needful service. Tardieu obeyed orders, watched patiently and well, but took no prey. Bayard was more fortunate. Crouched in a narrow gorge which enabled him thoroughly to hide his men, he suffered the treasurer to pass him by without interruption. When they had fairly got beyond him, however, and retreat was impossible, our good knight darted out of cover with his war-cry—"France! France! kill! kill!"

Surprised by the suddenness of the assault, disordered by the charge, and supposing that ten times its number was upon them, the Spanish escort offered but a feeble defence, and fled toward Barletta. Bayard did not pursue the fugitives very far. His great anxiety was the relief of the poor man who bore the money. Him he approached with affectionate interest, and took him, and his man, and his bags, all at once, under his special protection. These he conducted in safety to Monervino. The treasurer and the money-bags were both conducted to our knight's apartments, where the gold was tumbled forth upon a table, making a pile which delighted the eyes of our Frenchmen.

An attempt being made to count the spoils, the treasurer

prevented it, by saying that they might save themselves the trouble, the amount being just fifteen thousand ducats. Fifteen thousand ducats was no trifling sum in that day, and in the sight of a greedy and expensive young soldiery. While it lay ostentatiously heaped upon the table, Tardieu made his appearance, his eyes gloating over the treasure spread before him, and his mind vexed and irritated at the ill fortune which had kept him from the prize. However, putting on his most amiable visage, he said to our knight—

"Comrade, I go shares with you. I was of the *undertaking*, you know?"

"Very true," rejoined Bayard, with a pleasant smile, "but you were not of the *taking*, comrade!"

Something more was said, and the good knight, in order to subdue the tone of the lieutenant, reminded him coolly that he was under his command, not his equal, and could claim nothing that he, Bayard, was not willing to give. An angry man was Tardieu that day, and he swore a bitter oath that he would have justice. He made his complaint accordingly to the Duke de Nemours, who, on inquiring of Bayard the particulars, and taking the opinions of his officers as to the usage in such cases, confirmed our hero in his right to all the money. Tardieu got neither sympathy nor satisfaction. Tardieu, we must not forget, was the same person who led the escort which welcomed Bayard at his first going into garrison at the town of Aire, and who had prompted the tournament which the latter had given at that place. He was a lively and pleasant fellow, though he could be angry, and swore famously when the fit was on him, like any other trooper. When he heard the decision of the Duke de Nemours, he cried out—

"By the blood of St. George, I am vastly unlucky. Nevertheless, comrade," addressing the good knight, "it is pretty much the same thing. You will have to maintain me so long as we tarry in this land."

Bayard laughed. The proceeding caused no ill-blood between them; and they returned in company to Monervino, from their visit to the duke. When they had reached our knight's lodgings, he caused his ducats to be displayed once more before the yearning eyes of Tardieu.

"Comrade," said he to the disappointed man, as his fingers played among the heap, "these are very pretty playthings."

"What's that to me?" answered the other. "I have no part in them. Had I but the half of them, I were a made man all my life!"

"You shall have them, comrade!" was the response of the generous knight. "What you could not wrest from me by force, I give you with all my heart."

The act followed the words. Seven thousand five hundred ducats were instantly counted out in the presence of the incredulous man, and put in his possession. He could scarcely believe his eyes, and thought the whole proceeding a jest, until perfectly convinced by the assurances of his superior. Tardieu was overcome. His heart smote him for what he had done; and, sinking upon his knees, with tears in his eyes, acknowledged the bounty and noble generosity which he felt ashamed ever to have questioned. When he spoke of the benefit, Bayard relieved him. "Hold your peace, Tardieu, this is nothing to what I would do for you were it in my power." But Tardieu found it adequate to his wants. It was indeed the making of his fortune; for when, at the conclusion of the war, he returned to France, it enabled him to marry a noble lady, who had three thousand crowns a year.

The lavish bounty of the good knight, "whose heart," according to the "Loyal Servant," was "pure as a pearl," did not stop when it had made one man happy. Calling together all his troops, he shared with them the remaining moiety of his prize, without reserving a single ducat for himself. He even suffered the treasurer to depart without

ransom, and without subjecting his person to a search—a forbearance greatly to the joy of the latter, who still carried with him, in rings and money, the value of five hundred ducats more. But Bayard was moderate in his desires, and was quite satisfied with having contributed, even partially, to lessening the poor man's burthen.

CHAPTER XI

The several tourneys between the French, Spanish and Italian cavaliers, had raised the courage of the two latter immeasurably. According to the Spanish proverb, "The French had many fine horses, but few *Bayards*." That the Italians should be able to maintain their ground at all against the cavalry of France was matter of great exultation among a people to whom the neighboring nations of the continent were disposed to deny the ordinary quality of courage. The training which they were daily receiving from the "Great Captain," with the examples afforded them of stubborn endurance and fierce enthusiam by the Spanish champions, were altogether different from those lessons for which they had been hitherto indebted to their mercenaries. These, under the command of a *Condottieri*, who had no interest in the conflicts in which they engaged, other than flowed from the certainty of pay, seldom perilled themselves or their people, where danger might by any possibility be avoided. Under different leaders the morale of Italian knighthood underwent large improvement. The nation was inspirited by their displays of an unexpected skill and audacity; their poets found inspiration in their deeds, and the popular feeling was roused to a high degree of enthusiasm. All this was unfavorable to the progress of the arms of Louis, whose troops do not seem to have been well commanded. The Duke de Nemours was not the general to oppose to Gonsalvo, and the latter was supplied with new troops from Spain, while the former was left to maintain himself without adequate succours. The allies of Louis were of a sort to discredit and to be-

tray any alliance. These were the Borgias, father and son, who, having won over the Cardinal d'Amboise, the French minister, succeeded in poisoning and misleading the counsels of the monarch. Under these evil influences, the foreign policy of Louis became diverse and inconsistent; and the King of Spain, whose whole nature was alive to artifice, had recourse to his favorite weapon still more to enfeeble the action of his enemy. He held out to Louis, through his son-in-law, the Archduke Philip, then travelling through France, the promise of a new and favorable treaty, by which Naples was to be brought as the dowry of the Princess Claude, in an alliance with young Charles, the grandson of Charles and Maximilian. Louis was duped by this negotiation, and entertaining these suggestions, relaxed in his exertions for strengthening his arms in Italy. He was awakened from this delusion when it was too late to repair the evil. Ferdinand had employed the time, thus lost by the French monarch, in sending the most ample succors to Gonsalvo; and the successes of the Spanish general were the first events by which Louis was taught to see the faithless policy of his rival. Hitherto, Gonsalvo had been content to maintain his ground at Barletta, environed by the French army, which, having possessed itself of the surrounding towns and villages, had sought to enclose him in an impassable circle. He was now to assume the offensive. Suddenly falling upon the town and fortress of Ruvo, which was defended by the Lord de la Palisse, he carried the place by storm. Castellaneta, another town which the Spaniards had taken, was besieged about this time by the French. Hearing of the siege of Ruvo, the Duke de Nemours raised that of Castellaneta, in order to relieve the former, and by this proceeding lost both. These untoward events were followed by the defeat of D'Aubigny in Calabria, and by a disaster still more severe in the bloody battle of Cerignola, which resulted from the aban-

donment, by Gonsalvo, of his long-held post at Barletta. Finding himself in sufficient strength to emerge from this position, he announced his intention to the Duke of Nemours, by way of chivalric defiance; and, calling in all his unnecessary outposts, he sallied forth in force to meet his enemy. Having reached Cerignola, where the French possessed large store of munitions and provisions, he was soon apprised that the army of Nemours was in close pursuit. Had the latter been able to have overtaken Gonsalvo in the plain, and before he could have attained the heights of Cerignola, the defeat of the latter would have been certain. But he attained the eminence in safety, and, throwing up a small fortification among the numerous vineyards upon the slope of the hill, and strewing the ground before it with stakes and broken iron for the embarrassment of the French cavalry, he waited their approach, still very dubious of the event, and in a state of temporary despondency from which nothing but the actual approach of combat seemed to awaken him. It was twilight when the forces of Nemours drew nigh, his troops necessarily fatigued by a long and arduous march. His prudence counselled a halt for the night, but his destiny, in the shape of an insidious associate, insinuated that such a delay would carry with it every attribute of cowardice. Stung by the suggestion, the French commander followed the guidance of his evil genius. He placed himself at the head of the men-at-arms forming his vanguard, and gave the signal for the action. His advance drew upon him a terrible fire from the musketry and artillery of the Spaniards, to escape from which he charged at full gallop up the heights. At first the French were successful, but their advantages were temporary; and their leader, the Duke de Nemours, struck by a musket-shot, falling dead from his horse, was the signal for a general panic, which terminated in flight. The fight was well maintained while it lasted, but it was

one of a kind in which there could be no displays of individual valor. It was a *mêlée*,—a wild and bloody one, —hardily fought under very unequal conditions, in which no audacity of knighthood could avail much against a foe stubbornly planted and in a position of considerable strength and security. The body of the French general was found among the slain. The *debris* of the army was collected at Gaeta, a place of considerable strength.

The city of Naples, after this event, was surrendered to Gonsalvo. Its castle was taken by mining—a mode of offence, we may here remark, which was first employed during these wars in Italy. In a little time the fortress of Gaeta was the only strong post in the kingdom that was held by the French.

Louis was exceedingly mortified by these defeats, and put in force all his energies to repair and redress them. Despatching a powerful army through the Papal states into the kingdom of Naples, under the Duke de la Tremouille, he determined also to assail his enemy in his Spanish dominions. Large bodies of troops entered the provinces of Roussillon and Fontarabia, while the French fleets infested the coasts of Valencia and Catalonia. But all these preparations ended in disappointment. La Tremouille fell ill, and Gonzaga, the marquis of Mantua, who succeeded him in the command, as wanting, probably, in zeal as in talent, succeeded in achieving nothing. The Pope, the ally of Louis, was about this time taken in his own snare, being poisoned by wines which he is supposed to have medicated for certain of his guests. His son, Cæsar Borgia, escaped the same fate only by means of antidotes promptly administered and the strength of a vigorous constitution. These events had their influence upon the armies of France by involving them in the intrigues for the papal succession. With his eye fixed upon the chair of St. Peter, the minister of Louis, Cardinal d'Amboise, had the art to persuade his master to direct the troops intended for Naples to the vicinity of Rome, their

presence being thought likely to give him potency in the conclave which was to assemble for the election of the new Pope. They were kept in this subordinate position, the jest of the Italians, without effecting any thing toward the desired object, and at the expense of all the designs which had been entertained against Naples. The season became too far advanced for active operations; and severe marches in winter, with a heavy artillery, over roads which the heavy rains had converted into quagmires, told fearfully upon the *morale* of the French army. Several attempts which they made upon fortified towns on the confines of Naples were either repulsed or only partially successful; and, with a junction of all his forces, and the aid of new levies, Gonsalvo was prepared to throw himself across their path, whether this contemplated invasion or retreat.

The whole efforts of the French seemed now to be addressed rather to a retarding of the progress of the Spaniards than to the acquisition of new conquests. The remains of the old army, after the defeat of Cerignola, were collected by the Duke d'Alegre at Gaeta. Here Gonsalvo sat himself down with his forces, but without being able to make any impression upon the garrison. The approach of the newly-recruited levies of the French caused the abandonment of the siege, and he retired, to wait events, upon Castellone. Gaeta was relieved by the Duke de la Tremouille, who, being now joined by the Marquis of Mantua, possessed himself of the duchy of Trajetto and the district of Fondi, as far as the river Garigliano.

From this territory it was now the object of Gonsalvo to dispossess him; and the attempt to do so brings us to one of those interesting passages in the life of Bayard which contribute to form the peculiar renown upon which his reputation rests. Hitherto, from the period of the severe battle of Cerignola, we have been permitted to see nothing of him as an individual. He simply ranked with the brave but unfortunate chivalry, who, led by feeble generals, were

required to atone by their valor, and consecrate, by their blood, the folly and crimes of their superiors. Of his own hairbreadth 'scapes and brave exploits during all this interval we have no record; and the degree of credit which he could hope to assert, as one of a baffled army, must necessarily be small. Indeed, it is in contrast with the deeds of the army, at this period, that his own acquire reputation. "The campaign," says an impartial historian, "served but to display the valor of the brave Bayard, who alone defended the passage of a bridge against a body of Spaniards for a considerable time."* This achievement acquired for him the surname of the French Cocles.† The facts were these:—The troops of the French were posted somewhat disadvantageously on the marshy banks of the Garigliano, over which they had succeeded in throwing a bridge, which would facilitate their march upon Naples. This having passed, it was calculated that the whole intermediate tract of country between them and the capital would lie open to the invaders, with no greater obstacles in their way than the presence of Gonsalvo. This, itself, was something of an obstacle. He, with the Spanish forces, lay in waiting, the river only separating the opposing armies. His troops were in high spirits from recent and continued successes. The French, from the same cause, were doubtful and dispirited. Besides, they lacked confidence in their leader, the Marquis of Mantua, who was a foreigner of small talents and no enterprise. Gonsalvo was not unwilling to give his enemy battle. There were two ways of crossing the river: by the bridge which the French had raised, and of which they were in possession, and by a ford at some distance from it, which they also guarded. It was determined that a feint should be made at the ford, while a

* Crowe's History of France, vol. i., p. 145.

† See Livy, for the achievement of Publius Horatius Cocles, who defended a bridge against the whole army of Porsenna. See, also, Macauley's fine poem among his admirably-conceived ballads of ancient Rome.

strong body of men should attempt the bridge. The passage of the ford was entrusted to one Pedro Paz. This was, in several respects, a very remarkable person. Though one of the most fearless and sagacious warriors, he was yet scarcely more than half the height of an ordinary man; a hunchback to whom Richard Crookback was a model of manly beauty; of whom, when he was mounted on horseback, you could see little above the saddle than an enormous head and pair of shoulders. But never did character more completely give the lie to outward seeming. Don Pedro could use his lance and steed with any of his comrades; and, admitted to counsel, it was acknowledged that none surpassed him in the exhibition of a judgment at once bold and circumspect, adventurous and sage. This doughty warrior, the preparations of the coöperating parties being all completed, proceeded somewhat ostentatiously to effect the passage of the river by the well-known ford. He had under him a couple of hundred horsemen, each of whom carried a foot-soldier behind him. The *ruse* was so far successful as to draw upon Señor Pedro the attention of the whole French army. At the first alarm—on the first wild intimation that the van of the whole Spanish army was about to cross the river at the ford—the French, turning out simultaneously, hurried to prevent the passage. They probably succeeded in doing so, for we learn that, satisfied that no farther danger was to be apprehended from this quarter, they retired to their tents, fully believing that they would be vexed with no more alarms that day. Bayard alone seems to have been wary and suspicious. He must have known and felt, quite as painfully as any other person, the inferior abilities of the generals by whom the French troops were sacrificed rather than commanded. At all events, it happened, fortunately for his own fame and for the army, that he was well armed, mounted, and near the bridge, when the more serious attempt was to be made in that quarter by the Spaniards. He had with him but a

single companion, one Pierre de Tardes, surnamed *Le Basque*, an equerry to the King of France; and not a single follower. These two, hearing the tread of horse, looked forth to the Spanish side of the river, and discovered about two hundred horse making directly for the bridge. The danger was imminent, for the loss of the bridge, at that moment, involved the safety of the whole army. To sound the alarm and fly would have been the probable course, under such circumstances, with nine hundred and ninety-nine men in the thousand. To dream of arresting the torrent by the single will and resistance of one man would scarcely be thought of by one person in the million. Yet such was the instinct of our chevalier. It does not seem to have been a matter of reflection with him. It was a thing of course that he should keep the post at all hazards.

"Speed you, my friend," he said to the equerry, "and gather some of our men to maintain the bridge, or we are all ruined. I will endeavor to keep the enemy in play till you return; but hasten, for there is no time to be lost."

The equerry disappeared on the instant; and Bayard, crossing the bridge, upon the extremity of which the Spaniards were about to pass, chose his position with some regard to the difficulty which he should probably have in maintaining it. Putting his lance in rest, he charged the head of the advancing column at the very threshold, tumbling two of them headlong into the river, from whence they never emerged, and two more upon the banks, at the very first thrust of his weapon. This brought upon him a host; but their very numbers, impeding their progress in the narrow gorge which he defended, contributed somewhat to his security. Never were charges more desperate or more successful than those which he made that day. Great was the surprise of the Spaniards to behold one man thus furiously darting upon their squadrons. At first they regarded him as one delivered up and devoted to destruction; but not so when they sunk beneath his assault, and were

hurled, by his adroit exercise of horse and lance, by threes and fours, headlong into the stream. Astounded, almost appalled at first, they recoiled from before him; but soon recovering, they gave him enough to do. With his back to the railing of the bridge, so that they might not assail him from behind, he confounded them by the rapidity, the dexterity and the force of his movements. As many as might do so assailed him at the same moment. These he was not only to encounter and resist as well as he was able, but he was to do this and keep his position at the same time, so that none of them might contrive to get between him and the bridge. This was no easy performance. But Bayard was not only a brave and skilful warrior—skilful beyond his time—but he was one of those wondrous horsemen whose power of managing the steed is a mystery—such as the Arab of the desert possesses, but such as ordinary riders cannot understand. With an eye that seemed to look out from every part of his body at the same time, and a hand and weapon that seconded admirably every movement of his eye, he beheld, and foiled his assailants, crowding in on every side. The powerful, but docile and well-trained animal that bore his weight, seemed imbued with his own spirit; and the two wrought together so admirably and so successfully, that the Spaniards were persuaded of a miracle—such as they themselves so frequently beheld wrought in their own behalf on the field of battle, when their patron saint took up the cudgels of war, and came to their rescue at the lucky moment. They could make no impression on our chevalier—could advance no footstep; and, looking upon him as a fiend, rather than a mortal, were compelled to admire the skill and courage which promised still to baffle their best attempts. How long a conflict so unequal might have been maintained, it is not easy to conjecture. Reason assures us that it must terminate at last in the exhaustion and overthrow of the single champion, however gloriously endowed with ability

and strength. In sheer desperation and shame the baffled host would press upon him, and bear him forward as a leaf borne by the storm, by the very impulse of their headlong weight and momentum. But he was relieved before it was too late. Smiting fiercely with his sword (his lance having long since been shivered), he heard the approaching gallop of his gallant comrades. The war-cry of his faithful *gens d'arms* rose behind him, and crowned his defence with triumph. As they came thundering down across the bridge, he assumed the offensive; the Spaniards yielded before him; and, leading his companions, the exulting chevalier pressed fiercely upon them in pursuit.

This was an error. The party that came to the relief of Bayard, and which Pierre de Tardes had hastily collected in the emergency, consisted of only a hundred men. They were soon encountered by a large body of the Spanish horse, seven or eight hundred in number, hurrying forward to support their comrades, or to make secure the post which it was supposed they had acquired. It was at sight of these that Bayard arrested the pursuit. "We have done enough," said he, "my comrades, in having saved the bridge. Let us now retire, keeping as close together as we can." But they were not permitted to retire so quietly. The retreat was begun in an orderly manner, but soon became a flight. Bayard, who usually led into action, in a retreat always brought up the rear. Such was his position now. But, in taking it, he had not allowed for the hard service which his horse had already endured that day. The faithful animal soon showed signs of distress and exhaustion, and the knight soon found it impossible to keep up with his comrades. As the Spaniards pressed more closely upon them, they began to scatter, and a concentrated rush of their battalions tumbled several of the Frenchmen from their saddles, and drove the survivors out of sight—all but Bayard. His steed was the first to falter. He had wheeled about to do battle as the enemy drew nigh, and was forced

backward in the shock, his horse sinking up to his haunches in a ditch. Surrounded by twenty or thirty assailants, fettered as it were by the situation of the animal, our hero continued to bear about him bravely, giving hard blows, and never thinking of surrender. "*Rende, Rende, Señor !*" was the cry of the Spaniards. "I fear I can not choose but surrender," was the answer of Bayard, "since alone I can not well withstand you all!"

They deprived him of the battle-axe with which he had been fighting, leaving him in possession of his sword. Had they conjectured the name and quality of their prisoner, they would not have been guilty of this error. But he had kept his secret. His face concealed by his visor—his person in armor—they only knew that they had captured a very powerful and valiant knight, but had no idea that he was the man of all others whom they most desired to make captive. Bayard knew the danger to himself, to his life, probably, by letting his name be known. He had long been the terror of their cavalry, and had no reason to think that his life would be spared should he fall into their hands in the heat of battle. When questioned of himself, accordingly, he gave them another name for his own. They never thought to exact from him his *parole d'honneur*. Secure of their prize, and confident in their numbers, they scorned to betray any doubts that they could keep him safe among them, and rode slowly away with their captive on their return to camp. The party having him in charge brought up the rear of their battalion, the greater body having withdrawn from the ground after the dispersion of the French, and when they learned that the force which had been sent for the purpose had failed in securing the bridge.

But our good knight was not abandoned by his comrades. When they reassembled at the bridge, and found that he was not among them, the alarm was given instantly. The first to speak was the Chevalier Guiffray, a gentleman of Dauphiny, and near neighbor of Bayard. "Ah! gentle-

men, said he "we have lost every thing, since the good Captain Bayard is not with us. He is either slain or taken. And shall we, whom he hath so well conducted, and for whom he hath won so much honor this very day, shall we not see what has become of him? I vow to God that I will have tidings of him, at all hazards, though I return alone to seek them!"

The resolve of the knight Guiffray was that of all. All were equally afflicted and equally resolute. "We will all return!" was the cry, and each man alighted to tighten the girths of his horse. They were soon remounted and speeding away "at a great gallop after the Spaniards who were carrying away the flower and perfection of all gentility." They were successful in overhauling the retiring enemy before they had regained the camp. Their first cry, as they rushed upon them, informed them of that which the wary Bayard had kept secret. "Turn ye, Spaniards, turn; and think not thus to carry off with ye the flower of all knighthood!" The Spaniards did face about, and, being still numerous, received the shock of the assault with spirit and firmness. But in this shock several of them were dismounted. In the moment of the rush and struggle which followed, Bayard freed himself from his guard and threw himself from his jaded steed upon the ground. At that fortunate moment, the equerry, *Le Basque*, succeeded in tumbling out of his saddle a brave Spaniard, named Salvador de Borgia. This man had been well mounted. To seize upon the bridle of the freed horse—to leap into the seat without touching the stirrup—to draw his sword and lay about him among the enemy, was, for our chevalier, the work of a single moment and impulse. His well-known battle-cry, "France!—Bayard!"—"Bayard, who was late your prisoner!" struck terror into the Spaniards, and sufficiently taught them who had been their captive. They lost heart as the French gained it, by this discovery. The loss of such a prisoner was, indeed, the loss of hope and victory.

"Let us away to camp," was the cry among them, "we shall do nothing great to-day!" This cry struck a panic through their ranks. They fled shamefully from a contest in which their numbers and previous successes should have ensured them a complete victory. The approach of night found the French safe in camp, too happy in having helped to extricate their *guidon d'honneur* from the hands of the enemy. Here, for a week, nothing was spoken of but the prowess of our chevalier. It was at this period, and in relation to his defence at the bridge, that he received for his device a porcupine, with the appropriate motto, "*Vires agminis unus habet*"—"One alone is equal to an army."

CHAPTER XII.

But the bridge thus valiantly defended by a single man was not to be maintained even by an army. The gallantry of the few availed little against an enemy when he was succored by the incompetence of their own captains. The French chivalry were indignant at the fortune which assigned them to the command, not only of a foreigner, but one so totally devoid of enterprise and skill; who kept them stationary when courage and shame equally demanded their advance, and who opposed even their occasional successes by the paralysing influence of his own evil fortune. They did not conceal their indignation and contempt, and the expression of their disgust and scorn became so open and humiliating at last, that the incompetent general withdrew from the command, which he had shown so little capacity to fill. He carried with him a large body of Italian troops whom he had brought into the field, and this defection tended still more

to lessen the hopes of the French, whom continued ill successes had done so much to depress and dispirit. Gonzaga was succeeded by the Marquis of Saluces, but his generalship was not more fortunate than that of his predecessor. It required something more than an ordinary soldier and man of spirit to oppose Gonsalvo, acknowledged as the greatest captain of his time; and the declining *morale* of the French troops demanded a stimulus to exertion of a kind equally novel and imposing.

Foiled in the attempt to carry the bridge, of which the French had possession, and despairing to cross the ford, which was equally difficult and guarded by their whole army, Gonsalvo, with great secrecy, proceeded to the construction of a bridge a few miles above, at Suio, while he kept his enemy busily employed in front. A succor of three thousand men about this time reached the camp of the Spaniards. This emboldened the decision of Gonsalvo. His bridge at Suio was soon finished. To pass this bridge secretly with a large body of his forces, while the rest of his army should assail them on the front, was the well-conceived project of the Spanish captain. He crossed the Garigliano, accordingly, on the night of the 28th of December, 1503, the French totally unsuspecting danger from this quarter. This strange neglect of some of the first principles of warfare will suffice to show how miserably they were still commanded. On the following morning the French were attacked by the enemy in front, led by Bar tolomeo d'Alviano. The engagement that followed was a terrible one. The French fought with great bravery, and their artillery did immense execution upon the Spanish columns. But, in the midst of the conflict, and while all the probabilities of the field were with the former, they were suddenly assailed in the rear by the fresh army under Gonsalvo. The surprise was complete, a panic followed, and the day was lost. The French fled, at first, in confusion, but their order was soon recovered by the great efforts

of their men-at-arms. These kept the rear, turning occasionally to the encounter with their assailants, whenever their pressure furnished the provocation, or whenever the ground gave them an opportunity to fight with advantage. Our hero was necessarily one of those to whom this dangerous and arduous duty was assigned. A feeble attempt was made by the French, at the bridge of Mola, to arrest the progress of the exulting and advancing Spaniards, but the effort was in vain. With little confidence in their own fortune, or in the genius of their general, they opposed but a feeble resistance to their foes. The rout became complete. The French lost their baggage, their artillery, and eight thousand men. And this was the issue of the splendid efforts which Louis XII. had made for the recovery of Naples. He had set his heart upon the possession of this lovely kingdom, and the failure of his hopes was nearly fatal to his life.

The great body of the French troops soon disappeared from Italy after the rout of the Garigliano. But Bayard did not depart with the main army. He, with some small garrisons, still held for the French in Puglia, in company with his captain, Louis d'Ars, for more than a year after the rout of the army. These kept their ground successfully, and in the teeth of all opposition. We are told in general terms of frequent sallies in which he engaged during this time, always coming off with honor and success; but the details of a partisan warfare are seldom put on record in the histories of a nation, and the biographer fails us here except in similar generalities. The garrisons of the French, and Bayard along with them, were finally recalled from Italy. Before his final departure he received a visit from a noble Italian, who attempted to win his confidence by caresses and flatteries, which were quite too little to the taste of our hero to render the gentleman successful in his object. He came from Rome, despatched by the pope, Julius II., with proposals to Bayard that he should enter the service

of the Church, and take command of its armies, with a large salary and the title of generalissimo. But Bayard did not forget the counsels of his father. He was neither won by the flatteries of the embassador nor by the tempting offers which he brought. He replied, respectfully and gratefully, to the successor of St. Peter, that he could never serve but in the armies of the King of France, and that he was better pleased to be a common soldier under his natural sovereign than be the head of an army under a foreign prince. Before leaving Italy, and when first commanded to do so, Bayard assured his superior that he could still keep his ground in spite of all the forces of the Spaniards. But the orders of the French monarch were peremptory. He was not willing to risk, by any temerity, some of his most able warriors. The retreat which was made by the small body of men commanded by Louis d'Ars, has been considered a remarkable proof of military skill. Reaching the royal residence, Bayard was made equerry to the king, and honored with the first vacant company of horse. Peace followed with the Spaniards; and, if the eyes of the French were ever turned upon the kingdom of Naples, it was with an appetite that did not seem impatient for the object of its desire. Our hero lay inactive. Indeed, he had reason to do so. His quartan ague, to which he had been a victim at intervals for more than seven years, still clung to him with the tenacity of a revengeful foe. He also suffered somewhat from an old wound of a pike, which, having been ill attended, perhaps neglected, had produced an ulcer which was difficult to heal. In this condition of body, the good knight remained at Lyons. There, in 1506, he was found when a revolt of the Genoese, at the instigation of Julius II. and the Emperor Maximilian, again called for the presence of the French arms in Italy.

The Genoese had long been oscillating between their desire for freedom and their fear of the power of France. Incapable of the former condition, they were scarcely equal

to the resolution and vigor which were necessary to extricate them from their dependence upon the French. They were stimulated by those who did not succor them. The King of France himself prepared to lead his armies against them, and, with this knowledge, the spirit of Bayard would not suffer him to rest. Still suffering from his wound and ague, he regarded it as a sort of baseness to permit his sovereign to seek the wars, and to withhold himself. A few days sufficed to set his house in order, and we find him again on horseback, and in the wake of the army. He soon presented himself before the king, and was well received. He came at a seasonable moment. The Genoese were somewhat surprised by the rapid movements of the French, not having received from their allies the succors which had been promised them; but they took heart with the approach of danger, and proceeded to fortify themselves vigorously against attack. They had occupied the top of a mountain, which the French were compelled to pass, with a fortress of considerable strength. This was well manned and served with an efficient artillery. The invaders were disquieted by this unexpected obstacle. A council of war was held, in which opinions were divided, as is usual on such occasions, and so divided as to lead to no satisfactory results. Bayard, though present, was silent, until the king looked to him and commanded him to speak. Then he answered, "On my honor, sire, I know not yet what to say. I must first make a reconnaissance: give me but an hour's leave, and I will ascend the mountain and see what is the strength of the place. In that time, unless I am taken or slain, I shall bring you the necessary information." The king consented, and Bayard disappeared. He soon gathered around him a select body of his friends and followers, to the number of a hundred or a hundred and twenty. Some of these were distinguished noblemen, among whom were two noble lords of the House of Foix; the lords of Barbasan and of L'Esparre, sons of Viscount

Lautrec; all willing to follow a leader whose experience and chivalry, it was well known, would never lead to any but paths of honor and distinction. His comrades assembled, he led the way by commencing the ascent of the mountain, which, on the side that he chose to assail, was so steep that the object could only be effected by laborious climbing on hands and knees. The toil was hard to reach the summit, where, taking breath a little, he made his preparations for advancing upon the fortress. Meanwhile, he caused the alarm to be sounded by the army below, by which to effect something like a diversion in his favor. Resuming his advance, he soon encountered a body of the enemy, with whom a sharp conflict ensued, resulting in the dispersion of the Genoese. His followers would have pursued them, but this Bayard would not allow—observing that it was necessary to see what the fort contained, lest they should find themselves between two fires. The event justified his caution. The fort was full of men. The troop which had been dispersed was one that was set to watch one of the avenues of approach. A rapid survey satisfied Bayard that the fort itself should be attempted. His men were eager for the contest, and they were such mostly as might be relied on. The Genoese were three hundred in number and bearing a good countenance. We must suppose that our hero took his precautions properly, in bringing on the fight, so as to lessen the disparity between his force and that of the enemy. The latter fought bravely for a while, but could not long resist the impetuous ardor of the French. The place was captured by a *coup de main*. The Genoese fled at length from its walls as their foes entered; and, rushing down the mountain precipitately, made their way toward the city; but not without leaving many of their number upon the field. This single achievement, due entirely to the courage and conduct of Bayard, was enough for the Genoese. They offered no farther opposition to the arms of the French monarch, who

entered their city, and, in making the inhabitants defray the expences of the war, received them to his gracious mercy. Beheading a couple of their generals, and building a strong castle at their cost, and for their protection, he was supposed to have sufficiently punished the revolters, for one season at least. The Pope, who had promised the Genoese several thousand *Bressignols*—a class of foot-soldiers, the best in Italy—failed to do so, and Maximilian came too late, and was not permitted by the Venetians—then the allies of France—to march into Italy. They defeated him, and compelled him to a disadvantageous treaty, in which, as they neglected to make the French a party, they naturally displeased their allies; the consequences of which were not slow in showing themselves. Meanwhile, the kings of France and Arragon once more embraced in bonds of peace and amity; the niece of the former becoming the wife of the latter. The two kings met in the town of Savona, where four days were spent in secret conferences, and where, it is not unreasonably conjectured, was originated that celebrated league of Cambray which involved Italy in new calamities. The King of Arragon was attended, among others, by the famous captain, Gonsalvo, to whom Louis paid the most grateful attentions; while Bayard and Captain d'Ars were, in like manner, distinguished by the Spanish monarch. "Happy! my royal brother," said the King of Arragon, "happy is the prince who can boast of two such knights as these!" But the applauses bestowed by the French monarch upon Gonsalvo, were probably far less grateful to his master than were those to the ears of Louis which the former tendered to his knights. It was at the solicitation of Louis that Gonsalvo was permitted to dine with the two sovereigns. This distinction was the last that he enjoyed. As if he resented or suspected these compliments, the Spanish monarch, from that day, dismissed his great commander to unmerited disgrace. The very favors of the French king may have offended the hauteur of the

jealous Spaniard. This was ever the characteristic of the race. Gonsalvo, dismissed to obscurity, without trust or employment, and living in the frown of his sovereign, did not long survive. Death relieved him of the odium in which the latter years of his life were passed, and a splendid funeral at the expense of Ferdinand may have been thought amply to atone for the injustice which shortened his days, and doomed his great talents to oblivion. His career, in this respect, was far less fortunate than that of Bayard.

On his route homeward, Louis was received at Milan with great honors, and entertained after the fashion of the times. The brief description of this entertainment, as given us by more than one early chronicler, will not fail to interest the modern reader: "On this journey the Lord J. J. Trevulzio entertained the king at a banquet where there were as many ladies, with bunches of feathers to fan their faces withal, as you may see plumes in a company of a thousand gens d'arms. After supper the dancing began, and the king himself, who could perform very well in this way, danced with the rest, but not very much. His partner was the Marchioness of Mantua, a wondrous fair lady. Then he made the princes and lords who were there dance, not even excepting the cardinals of Narbonne and St. Severino, and some others, who acquitted themselves as well as they could." "It was impossible to be better entertained than they were, with dishes of the first and second course, with *farces, plays, and other pastimes.*"

Some time elapsed, after the return of Louis XII. to his own kingdom, before events had sufficiently ripened to bring about those results, to which, it is highly probable, the conferences between himself and Ferdinand, at Savona, were directed. In October, 1508, the plenipotentiaries of Maximilian, of Louis, of the Pope, and of the King of Spain, met in the city of Cambray, where they concluded a treaty for the overthrow and dismemberment of Venice, that great, proud and mercenary republic! She had lived some-

what at the expense of all the neighboring states and cities, and had made her harvest out of their misfortunes. Her advantages of situation, the prudence of her councils, the selfishness of her cares, her enterprise and military spirit, had all combined to sustain her triumphantly and prosperously, while the neighboring states of Italy were convulsed by internal strifes, and torn by the army of the invader. Her part had always been to act on the offensive. The wealth of other states had maintained her armies; and even for her very conquests she had exacted compensation from her allies. At peace with all the neighboring states, and at the height of her prosperity, she sat unconscious, on the edge of the volcano, whose terrible fires were silently boiling beneath. She had offended, in turn, all the powers whose representatives at Cambray had determined upon her destruction; or from her pride, position and power, she was likely to offend them. Pretexts are easily found to justify a war upon which princes find it their policy to enter; and Louis XII. promptly began his preparations for invading the territories of his recent allies. By the terms of the treaty he was pledged to begin the war in person, on the 1st of April, 1509. The Pope and the King of Arragon were to take the field at the same time, and forty days were allowed the emperor. Louis proceeded in good faith, and with zeal, upon his task. In making his levies he determined to effect an improvement in their character, which his previous experience had shown him was necessary. The Swiss mercenaries were not to be trusted. Clamorous always for their pay, faithless themselves, they yielded no faith to the promises of an employer; and they too frequently seized upon the moment of necessity and danger to urge the most rapacious claims and exactions. In hiring still a body of six thousand of this people, the French monarch was resolved to resuscitate the native infantry. The jealous fears of Louis XI. had forborne to train the French peasantry to arms. A national militia was a terror

to despotism. Hitherto, the armies of France, for several reigns, were composed of gentlemen, forming a large body of cavalry; while the infantry consisted of foreign mercenaries, with a small sprinkling of Gascons. Such an army, good always at the commencement of an invasion, is apt to become unserviceable as it continues. Cavalry is easily disorganized. Its supplies are drawn from large tracts of country, over which, in proportion as it scatters itself, it becomes enfeebled—and once unhorsed, the cavalier is of little use. At such a juncture, if the infantry prove unfaithful, the army is sacrificed. The true remedy was in the scheme that Louis proposed. He levied an infantry force of fourteen thousand men, and to make it equally popular and efficient, he persuaded Bayard, Molard, Cabannes, and other gallant cavaliers, to command these new brigades, and to fight on foot. To this requisition it was not easy to persuade the French gentlemen. It required all the king's influence to make them submit to a disposition of their persons which they looked upon as degrading. Bayard alone offered no objections. To him, and a few others, the French are indebted for the first formation of a national infantry. At the first summons for the new levies the king sent for our hero, and declared his wishes, and the motives by which he was governed.

"I give you," said the king, "the company of Captain Chabilart. Your lieutenant, Pierrepoint, shall lead your gens d'arms."

"As you please, sire; but what number of foot will you give me to conduct?"

"A thousand," was the answer; "no man hath more."

"Sire," replied the good knight, "even these are quite too many for me. Five hundred will suffice. I swear to you, sire, on my honor, that these shall do you good service. Methinks even these are a heavy charge for one who should do his duty."

There spoke the partisan warrior. The genius of Bay-

and was evidently of this class. A small, compact body, which he could keep always on the alert, and fly with, hither or thither, at a moment's warning, sufficed for him, and suited his peculiar talent best. The command of an army would only have encumbered him—would have fettered the promptness and rapidity of his movements, and delayed those peculiar enterprises, in which he took such delight, until the happy moment had passed in which they might have been successful. No doubt, to descend from the vocation of the man-at-arms to that of the foot soldier, was, in itself, a change of duty which, without regarding the supposed humiliations of the change, was somewhat inconsistent with the exercise of his peculiar talent. His whole passion was in the service to which his youth was trained. That he might succeed as well in another was scarcely possible. But he offered no objections, and the king was satisfied.

"Away," said he to Dauphiny, "and be in my duchy of Milan by the end of March."

The time of Bayard, from this moment, was actively employed. To him in particular was the French monarch indebted for the first organization of his infantry. The model was derived from the Swiss. To them, in part, was due the overthrow of the old systems which chivalry had engendered. They showed the ability of a close-wedged body of foot-soldiers, bristling with pikes on every side, to withstand the most accomplished knighthood in the world. Their discipline was due to their organization. It was good in the day of battle, and the Swiss were mostly faithful to each other. The timid soldier was always sure of a brother at his back and elbow. Their armor was generally simple. It consisted of casque and breast-plate; the latter as frequently made out of the skin of a wild beast as of metal. They carried, for weapons, a halbert (which, when not in use, swung at the shoulder), a sword, and a pike eighteen feet long. Their example, strength, suc-

cesses—all so frequently shown as to make them the great fighting nation of Europe, after their overthrow of Charles the Bold, and his chivalry—originated the regular system of infantry in Europe, began under the auspices of Louis XII., by such captains as Bayard. By the end of March, the French had about twenty-five thousand men in Italy, of whom more than half were foot-soldiers.

In sight of these preparations, the Venetians, on their side, were far from idle. With the first signs of danger they prepared for a vigorous defence. Their efforts to obtain a foreign alliance were unsuccessful. They applied to the Pope, to the King of England, and to Bajazet, the Turkish emperor. The republic was compelled to stand alone against an alliance more powerful than had been known in Europe since the Crusades. But, with vast resources of wealth and intelligence, they had a spirit not easily subdued or broken, and their generals were soon enabled to take the field with an army of forty thousand men. Their chief captains were Nicolo Orsino, count of Pitigliano, and Bartolomeo d'Alviano; both of them men of ability and bravery. Of the latter we have already seen something in the famous battle of the Garigliano, when the French were defeated, and where he was second in command under the famous Gonsalvo. These generals differed in respect to their modes of managing the war. The senate heard them both, and took the counsel of neither entirely. Preparing for the defence of their strong cities, their armies were not suffered to emerge beyond the Adda. Scarcely had they taken the field, when the storm of war burst upon the devoted territories of Venice, from the simultaneous advance of all the allies. The Duke of Urbino, leading the armies of the Pope—who was also firing off much holy ordnance, in the shape of ban and interdict, against his enemies—passing through the territories of Faenza, stormed the town of Birsinghalla, where he committed the greatest enormities. The Marquis of Mantua assailed the district

of Verona, where he was vigorously opposed by d'Alviano; while the French, with Louis at their head, crossed the Adda at Cassano, and captured the towns of Trevigli, Rivolto, and other places—all of which were sacked. Retiring before the superior forces of Count Pitigliano, they recrossed the river, having first garrisoned the fortress of Trevigli. The count, bombarding this place with heavy artillery, caused its surrender after an obstinate defence; but his very success was hurtful to his objects, since the excesses of his soldiery, unrestrained, led to the destruction of the town by fire; and their own demoralization rapidly ensued upon their excesses. These little disasters brought Louis back to the scene of action; and, crossing the Adda again at Cassano, he was soon confronted with the whole Venetian army in the district of Ghiaradadda. We have scarcely thought it necessary to say that in all the several conflicts at which we have glimpsed, the "Good Knight" continued to distinguish himself with his usual gallantry.

Louis for some time vainly endeavored to bring the Venetians to a general action. They were restrained by the commands of the senate, and by the prudence of Count Pitigliano. But the impetuosity of Count d'Alviano favored the wishes of the French, and the engagement which Louis sought, and which it was the Venetian policy to avoid, became inevitable. The van of the French army was led by the Marshal Trivulzio, the centre by the king in person, and the rear by the Lord de la Palisse, with whom was Bayard. D'Alviano led the Venetian attack; the Count di Pitigliano, with the cavalry, held the centre; while the rear guard was entrusted to Antonio de Pii, with the Venetian commissaries. The action took place on the 14th of May, 1509, at or near a little village called Agnadello. The onset of the Venetians was most brilliantly made, and for a time the issue was doubtful. At this crisis the French nobility would have had their king retire from the danger; but he replied boldly, "I fear nothing, and why

should you? He who fears, let him get behind me." Seeing the troops staggered for a moment, La Tremouille cried to them, "Soldiers! the king's eye is upon you." The words filled them with heroic ardor. Again the battle closed with renewed fury, but the event still remained indecisive. Then it was that Bayard, with a part of the rear guard, made a bold movement which determined the fate of the day. Plunging through a morass which was deemed impracticable, he made his way, breast deep, through mud and water. He came unexpectedly upon the Venetian infantry and put them to the route. This body of troops was commanded by d'Alviano. He himself, covered with wounds, fell into the hands of the rear guard, while the Count di Pitigliano, beholding the defeat of the infantry, offered no farther provocation to his fortune. He assured himself of safety by flight, leaving nearly ten thousand men upon the field, the rich harvest made by havoc in a short conflict of little more than three hours. The French, who suffered but little compared with their enemies, remained in full possession of the field, with all the artillery, standards, and ammunition of the vanquished.

CHAPTER XIII.

The progress of the French, after this decisive battle, was simply one of triumph. The terror of their arms facilitated their conquests. The districts of Ghiaradadda and Caravaggio, the cities of Cremona, Bergamo, Brescia, and Crema, were carried, some of them by a glance, while others, such as the castles of Caravaggio and Peschiera, held out bravely till taken by assault and storm. Great cruelties, on the part of the French, stained these victories. Louis is said to have forgotten, in this terrible progress, his own maxims of clemency. It is probable that he knew not all that was done by a wild soldiery, newly raised, many of whom were foreigners, in a foreign country, and who, no doubt, simply retorted the brutalities and cruelties of their enemies. These events were all accomplished in the space of a week. The remains of the Venetian army, meanwhile, fled toward Trevisano and Friuli, apprehensive momentarily of a pursuit which the conqueror did not contemplate. Satisfied with what he had done, Louis retired upon the city of Milan, and soon afterward to his French dominions.

Such terrible reverses of fortune struck the Venetian senate with unwonted terror. Despairing of maintaining themselves by arms, they had recourse to policy, and now sought to mollify the anger or gratify the ambition of their many adversaries. To the pope, Julius II., they offered to surrender their possessions in Romagna; to Ferdinand of Spain, their cities on the Neapolitan coast; to Maximilian, the cities of Verona and Vicenza; and, if they tendered nothing to other and inferior spoilers, it was because, in the

general spoliation, the latter had contrived to help themselves. But their proposals were not treated with indulgence. For the present, neither the pope nor the emperor gave any heed to the supplications of the half-subdued seignory. Stung with resentment and sustained by pride, the first feeling of defeat and danger having subsided, the Venetians gathered courage and began to recruit their army. They soon worsted the emperor in several small engagements, and at length succeeded, by treachery and force, in rescuing from his possession the city of Padua, which he had garrisoned with an inadequate body of eight hundred German lansquenets. These people fought bravely, but in vain. They were all put to the sword, but sold their lives dearly, for they slew nearly twice the number of their enemies. The place was soon fortified strongly by Count Pitigliano, who took charge of its defences in person.

The loss of this place threw the emperor into a fury, and he despatched letters to Louis at Milan to lend him five hundred horse, for a few months, to assist him in recovering what was lost. The prayer was complied with. The detachment was commanded by the Lord de la Palisse, and Bayard went with it as a volunteer, having under him thirty valiant knights, the choicest of the army, each of whom, according to the "Loyal Servant," deserved to be a captain over an hundred. He was once more in his element—on horseback, a knight seeking adventures. He was followed by two hundred more —gentlemen volunteers—in other words, knights—who sought for honor in the paths of peril. "There was the Baron of Bearn, who commanded part of the company of the Duke de Nemours; and the Baron de Conti, who led three hundred horse; and the Lord Theode de Trivulzio, and the Lord Jules de St. Severin, the Lord of Humbercourt, Captain de la Clayette, the Lord de la Crote, lieutenant to the Marquis of Monferrat; and our 'Good

Knight.' . . . . . Among others, there went the Lord of Bussy's eldest son, cousin-german to the Grand Master Chaumont, who gave him twenty of his horse; and two gallant gentlemen, the one a native of Bretagne and a very famous knight, named the Lord of Bonnet; the other, the Lord of Mypont, of the duchy of Burgundy: both of whom the 'Good Knight' looked upon as brothers, and honored exceedingly, well knowing how great was the prowess which they bore within them. And now the gentle Lord de la Palisse, having made the needful preparations, began to march with these noble companions in the direction of Peschiera."

Having taken Padua, the Venetians soon conquered Vicenza, which was a place of little strength. They had already arrayed themselves before Verona, which would also have fallen into their hands, but for the force under La Palisse. The appearance of Bayard, on this occasion, by whom the van was led, drove the Venetians back upon Vicenza. The French reached Verona in time to relieve the Bishop of Trent, who held the place for the emperor, from a terrible fright. From Verona they marched upon Vicenza, from whence the Venetians fled at their approach. Here they were joined by the Prince of Anhalt with six thousand lansquenets. The emperor next made his appearance after a tedious delay, which had nearly exhausted the patience of the Frenchmen; and the army of Maximilian proceeded, with some delay, to the investment of Padua. "The emperor," says the "Loyal Servant," "made the French wait for him a long time, which they found exceedingly irksome; but when he did make his appearance it was after an imperial manner. Had his forces done their part, they might have answered for the conquest of the world." Our *naïve* chronicler proceeds to a description of the train of artillery brought by the emperor, something of which may be suggestive of novelty in our own time. "He had six hundred pieces of ordnance

on wheels, the least whereof was a falcon,* and six large brass bombards,† which were not capable of being drawn on carriages, but were conveyed along, each on a strong cart and loaded with engines. When these great guns were to be employed for the battery, they were laid upon the earth, the muzzle of the piece a little raised, and a thick billet of wood placed beneath it, giving it the proper elevation. Behind it, as a protection against its recoil, a huge barrier was erected. These great cannon were charged with balls of stone, since those of metal were not to be carried. It was only possible to play them, at the utmost, four times during the day."

Maximilian was accompanied by at least one hundred and twenty princes, dukes, counts and other lords of Germany. He had with him about one thousand two hundred horse, and five or six hundred gens d'arms from Hainault and Burgundy. The German infantry, a host not to be counted, were estimated at fifty thousand. Nor was this all. The Cardinal of Ferrara brought twelve pieces of artillery, five hundred horse and three thousand foot. The Cardinal of Mantua brought as many more. The whole, monstrous rather than mighty, army of the emperor was at least one hundred thousand men. The French subsidy might have been dispensed with. With such a force at command, it seems discreditable to have solicited it. But Maximilian had, as we shall see, a modest distrust of his own genius, which was not without proper justification. With this numerous array he sat down before Padua.

* The falcon was a small piece of artillery, such as might be used from walls or towers, or the windows of a dwelling. In the time of Elizabeth, according to Meyrick, it carried a ball of a pound and a half in weight, and measured two inches in the bore.

† The bombard was simply a great gun, as the name seems to signify, whose size was not arbitrarily determined—the bigger, if manageable, the better—such a gun as Captain Stockton prefers, might be called a bombard. Bombarda—a *bombo et ardere*, so named because it vomits or throws forth iron balls with a noise and flaming fire—*cum somniter et flamma.* See Richardson's Dictionary.

"Sat down" is the proper phrase in this instance, for the feeble prince under whom the French were now to serve, was not the person for any bold or vigorous achievement. The Emperor Maximilian was ambitious without genius, tenacious without firmness, and arrogant without pride. He had the soul of a shopkeeper, rather than a prince—was mean, mercenary and cowardly—audacious when the danger was remote, and impotent when it approached him. It was not long before he betrayed himself, in all his aspects, to the French chivalry whom he had summoned to his assistance. He loved the pomp and display of arms; and, in his camp, with a hundred thousand men of war, in the presence of their enemies, he got up betimes of a morning, and kept them parading till afternoon in the mouth of August—"by no means refreshing," says our chronicler, "to troops with their helmets on." His massive artillery was too cumbrous for use, and the approaches to Padua were as slow as if to a funeral. It was, indeed, a subject of some discussion, whether the place were to be attacked at all. The council of war showed great diversity of opinion. The lieutenant-general of the emperor was a Greek named Constantine, whom the French suspected of treachery, and whom the Lord de la Palisse wished to fight upon this issue; but the Greek could never be persuaded of the propriety of complying with the Frenchman's wishes. He opposed all action, and shared, in every respect, the timidity of his employer. But it was agreed in council that Padua was to be besieged; as how, with such an army, should they have determined otherwise. It was arranged that the approaches should be made by the French gend'arms and the lansquenets under the Prince of Anhalt. But first, a little town named Monselicé, having a strong castle, some six miles from Padua, was to be taken. There arrived in camp about this time a young Frenchman, the Lord of Millaut, a son of the Lord d'Alegré, with a thousand or twelve hundred adventurers—the very men for

active exploits and guerilla warfare. It will scarcely be believed that this mighty army suffered this little band of adventurers to capture town and castle before their eyes—none of them emulous of an exploit which they left to strangers. Monselicé taken and garrisoned, the emperor appeared before Padua.

The city was a large one and difficult of approach. It was defended by Count Pitigliano in person, with a force of one thousand gend'arms, twelve thousand foot, and some two hundred pieces of artillery. A canal passes through the city conducting to Venice, which was distant only eighteen miles. Leaguered however closely, of the use of this canal it was not possible to deprive the garrison. The Venetians were in excellent spirits, and noways daunted by the formidable preparations of their enemies. They were indefatigable in preparing their defences. With a courage and magnanimity which has seldom been equalled, the Doge Loredano requested that the senate would permit his children to be sent and shut up in the besieged city. The proposal inspired the utmost confidence, and was received with joy. The effect was farther to induce three hundred of the young nobility of Venice to volunteer as the escort and companions of the children thus destined by their parent to the horrors of a siege. Something of the enthusiasm of the Venetians, as well as their patriotism, may be inferred from these events.

With his camp pitched before the city of Padua, Maximilian called his captains together, those of the French especially, in whom he had great confidence, and demanded their opinions as to the mode of operations. At the conclusion of the conference it was ordered that the principal camp, occupied by the emperor in person, together with that of the French, should be pitched near the gate leading out to Vicenza. Another of the gates of the city was to be confronted by the Cardinal of Ferrara, the Burgundians and Hainaulters, with some ten thousand lansquenets. A

third was to be assailed and watched by the Cardinal of Mantua and the six thousand lansquenets under the Prince of Anhalt. These two divisions were to derive their succors from the main camp in the event of any necessity. Minor details are here unnecessary, The great extent of the city and its admirable defences made the duties of the besiegers equally difficult and arduous, and rendered their approaches no easy matter.

The opening of the terrible game was allotted to Bayard. Ordered to make his approaches, he took with him his own company and those of the young Lord de Bussy and of the captains La Clayette and La Crote. These officers accompanied him. In order to reach the gate looking toward Vicenza, Bayard found it necessary to advance upon a large and perfectly straight and open road, upon which were four strong barriers or forts, each well filled with combatants. The sides of this road were ditched, rendering it impossible for the assailants to make any progress toward assault, except directly in the face of their enemies. The road itself, being commanded by the city walls, and those literally sown with artillery, the advance of the French was necessarily made, even upon the exterior batteries, in the teeth of the most formidable dangers. Their appearance upon the great road was accordingly followed by a terrible discharge of ordnance from the city. But this, instead of discouraging the good knight and his gallant companions, only prompted a brisker movement. Once engaged in the assault upon the barricade they seem to have been out of the sweep of the city artillery. The first barricade was vigorously assailed. The Venetians stood the contest bravely but the enthusiasm of the French gens d'arms was not to be withstood.

The barriers of the Venetians did not long oppose their entrance; and, after a vigorous contest, the first of the redoubts was carried. The second offered more decided obstacles. The fighting here was even better than at the

first. Here Bayard was seconded by the arrival of the young Lord of Millaut, with a hundred and twenty peasantry, trained as foot-soldiers, who did famous execution. The contest at the second barrier was maintained for half an hour. It was then carried; the defenders who were in it were driven out, and so hotly pursued, that their entrance to the third barrier was in company with their enemies. From this they rushed headlong to the fourth, which was held by twelve hundred men, with three or four pieces of artillery. These played upon the approaching French, but without doing much mischief. Bayard, with his eager followers, was soon beneath the bulwarks; and the fight was now confined to the use of pikes and arquebusses. This last barrier was well defended. It was but a stone's throw from the city walls, and this imparted courage to the Venetians. The force within was considerable, and its exertions were well directed. Chafed at the length of the struggle, and at the little progress which had been made toward a victory, Bayard cried to his immediate companions, "Comrades, these people keep us quite too long. Let us dismount, and press forward to the barricade." Forty of them obeyed his summons. They dismounted, raised their visors, couched their lances, and drove straight upon the barricade. It was now as a foot-soldier that our knight was fighting. The lance was equivalent to our modern musket edged with bayonet. Bayard found the Prince of Anhalt at his side, the Lord of Millaut, Great John of Picardy, and Captain Mauleverer. These were all choice spirits. A common impulse carried them forward. They were men to be relied upon; and the slaughter was immense, which followed upon their desperate assault. But the Venetians were so near the city, that they were continually supplied with reinforcements. Bayard, seeing this, encouraged his companions by crying out, "They will keep us here six years, with their new succors, unless our attack be more resolute, and all together.

Now, every one follow me!" They cheered, and the cry was, "Lead on!" Then said Bayard, "Sound trumpet!" And, with the blast, the compact body of chosen captains, each fit to lead an hundred men, dashed into the Venetian array. The port of Bayard, as he rushed against the enemy's ranks, is described by the old chronicler as that of a she lion robbed of her whelps. "On, comrades, they are ours!" he cried, as he bounded over the barricades. He was followed by thirty or forty more, upon whom the whole force of the beleaguered was now concentrated. But their followers did not abandon them at their peril. The trumpet did its duty. The cry of Bayard was heard beyond the walls; and when his form disappeared behind the barricades, his troops were no longer to be kept from following. "France!" and "Empire!"—"France and Empire!"—sounded wildly and courageously from the equal throats of Gaul and German, as they severally, or in emulous squads, leapt over the walls; and a few moments sufficed to put the Venetians to the rout on every side. The barriers were thus won at noonday, by hard fighting, hand to hand. The deeds of every warrior could be seen, and this wonderfully stimulated the courage of the ambitious soldier. But the palm was borne away from all by Bayard. He led the assault, and was the first everywhere in the front of danger. If his reputation was great before, this close and constant struggle, before the barriers of Padua, contributed greatly to increase it. But these were outer barriers, not those of the city proper. These were only set to baffle the regular approaches of the besiegers. Their capture simply removed certain obstacles to the proper commencement of the leaguer.

CHAPTER XIV.

The siege of Padua now began in right good earnest. Works were raised, and the great guns, bombards, and falcons, were brought down and planted within speaking distance of the Venetians. How the conversation was carried on between the parties shall be the subject of this chapter. If the Germans were most numerous, the Venetians were better counseled and defended; and if the physique of the former was beyond measure superior to that of the latter, there was something in the superior spirit of the beleaguered people to compensate for their deficiencies of this description. As managed, the siege was a slow and tedious business, which it required no great deal of prophetic vision to see must end in defeat at last. The forces of Maximilian occupied three camps, as we have shown already; and these camps, such were their numbers, were spread over more than four square miles of land. Some idea of the productive abundance of this region may be gathered from the fact that, during the siege, which lasted about two months, the foragers never had occasion to go farther than six miles into the country to procure ample supplies of corn, hay, oats, meal, poultry, wine, and other necessaries. When, finally, the siege was raised, there were destroyed, of surplus provisions, the value of more than one hundred thousand ducats. It surely was not because of a deficiency of food that Maximilian failed to conquer Padua. Let us look to other causes for his failure.

On the day after the approaches had been made, the artillery of Maximilian opened upon the city, and was main

tained for eight days with unvarying constancy and regularity. Such a bombardment had not been witnessed for a thousand years before. The three camps of the emperor discharged more than twenty thousand shot in this space of time, and were answered with quite as many from the two hundred pieces of ordnance which guarded the walls of Padua. Count Pitigliano was no ways sparing of his responses, and betrayed a stubborn resolution in defence of the beleaguered city, to which it finally owed its safety. Still, it was not possible, in that early day, in the construction of fieldworks against artillery, to protect his walls thoroughly against the monstrous ordnance which the emperor had brought against them. At the end of the eight days of bombardment, three breaches, made by the shot from the several camps of the besiegers, were battered into one. The passage, thus made, was sufficiently ample for the entrance of the assailants; but the providence of Count Pitigliano had taken such precautions that the breach availed the besiegers nothing. As soon as he discovered the effect of the enemy's battery upon his walls, he opened a trench in the rear of his lines, twenty feet in depth and nearly as many in width, which he slightly covered with fagots and dry wood, and strewed with gunpowder. At every hundred paces along this trench he threw up a portion of earth, garnished well with artillery, by which it was completely swept. Assuming the enemy to have succeeded in passing this trench, an esplanade opened before them sufficiently spacious for the operations of the whole garrison. Cavalry and infantry were ready to do battle upon its margin, while behind them were platforms of such elevation that their cannon might play over the heads of the garrison, and upon any body of the foe who should prepare to pass the trenches. These, also, covered the several breaches which had been made, and served to make the defences of the city even more ample than before. The precautions taken by Count Pitigliano were such that, against the will

of the beleaguered, five hundred thousand troops would have found it scarce possible to enter.

The besiegers, by means of spies, reconnaissances, and the reports of prisoners, were soon made aware of the impotence of their performances. Count Pitigliano himself was at some pains to let them know what they had to apprehend in case of an assault. He took especial pains to convey messages to the French, artfully designed to soothe their vanity and to render them indifferent to the progress of the emperor. "But for your presence," was his message on one occasion, "I should sally forth, and in twenty-four hours compel the emperor to abandon the siege." He knew Maximilian better than the French. He took care to remind them of the long existing friendship and alliance between the King of France and the Venetian seignory, and intimated that they must soon resume their former ties of amity. These communications had their object, but do not appear to have produced any effect upon the French in the army of the emperor. They were in his service at the instance of their own sovereign, and were bound to yield obedience to his commands. But they chafed very much at the authority of one of his creatures. This was that Lord Constantine, a Greek, of whose supposed treachery we have already spoken. The instance which more particularly provoked the suspicions and anger of the French originated in the detection of the malpractice of a cannoneer. This man, it was discovered, instead of firing into the city, sent his bullets against one of the three camps of Maximilian. Detected in the act, he was thrust into one of the bombards, and shot piecemeal among the Paduans, whose cause he had sought to serve in another manner. The French not only claimed to have traced his treachery to Constantine, but it was said that the latter daily conveyed to Count Pitigliano a notice of all that was designed against him. It is probable that the unlucky cannoneer invented the story to divert from

himself the wrath of those who were about to subject him to the horrible death which he suffered. Whether true or not, the Greek escaped detection if not suspicion. Chabannes, the Lord de la Palisse, pronounced him a base villain to his face, and challenged him to fight; but the Greek, answering nothing to the purpose, referred the whole matter to the emperor, in whose infatuation he well knew he should always find impunity.

But these developments brought the besiegers no nigher to their object. The artillery had done its work. The breaches were made wide—great avenues of ruin—more than sufficient to admit of a thousand men abreast. The question then followed, shall the assault be made, and when? While the emperor debates this question with his council, we will take up some of our fallen threads, and proceed to show how our hero employed himself with his gens d'arms during the time when the only warfare upon Padua was made through the mouths of the bombards.

The Venetians, as we have more than once intimated, were by no means wanting in the pride and courage which make a daring soldiery. They had many young captains among them of great enterprise and spirit, who were emulous of a reputation such as that which had been accorded to the cavaliers of France. The knights of the town made frequent sallies, and the encounter, hand to hand, brought liberal ransoms to the pockets of the French chivalry. But they had a bold and well-trained garrison at Treviso, some twenty-five miles from Padua, wherein was one Lucio Malvezzo, as enterprising a warrior as the times could show. This bold gallant, with no more grateful music than sword and battle-axe, beat up the camp of Maximilian some twice or thrice a week. He gave no warning by trumpet, but dashed upon his prey at a single swoop. If his quarry was a good one, he made the most of it, for he was not the person to spare himself when there was any good result to come of his peril; but

if the game was against him, he wormed himself with great discretion out of the snare, and contrived, in the alarm which he gave his enemy, to get quietly beyond his reach. Messire Lucio Malvezzo grew to be famous after this fashion, and was greatly talked about, as well by enemies as friends. To prepare for him, was probably to lose time from other objects, since nobody could conjecture at what moment he would make his appearance. Nevertheless, the annoyance of Bayard at these experiments of the Venetian, upon the repose and patience of his comrades, determined him to try if something might not be done to fetter the flight of this gay falcon. So, putting his spies on the *qui vive*—and he always had spies in pay, to whom he was so liberal that they would have sooner died than deceived him—he one day procured certain intelligence upon which he prepared to act. He had communicated to none, hitherto, his intentions; well knowing, that secrets of this sort, if in the keeping of more than one, are out of all keeping. One night he strolled quietly to the lodgings of Captain La Clayette and the Lord of Crote, both men of conduct and spirit, and said to them:—"This Captain Malvezzo gives us much disturbance. He routs us up with the dawn, when it were far pleasanter, after the day's fatigue, to sleep a little. We hear, indeed, of nobody but him. Now, I am by no means jealous of his exploits, but it grieves me that he should have so little respect for us. I have learned something in regard to his movements, and if it so pleases you, we shall get something of a fight out of him. It is two days since he gave us the last alarm. I trust that we shall meet him to-morrow morning. What say you?" His comrades professing their readiness to join in the adventure, he continued: "Then let each of you arm thirty of your bravest gendarms two hours after midnight. I will bring my own company, and bring with me also certain good fellows, Bonnet, Mypont, Cossey, Brezon, and others

whom you know. We need blow no trumpet; we must make no noise; but, quietly taking the saddle, we will be off. Look to me for finding you an excellent guide."

So said, so done. Between the hours of two and three, in a soft September morning, the party was all in readiness with a proper guide. This man was put in front, but given in charge of four archers. Bayard gave him to understand that if he proved faithful his reward should be ample—if false, his life should be the forfeit. The guide was honest. He had conducted them some ten miles into the country, when the day began to dawn. They had reached a great palace which its owner had deserted. The place was unoccupied. It was environed by a long wall, and offered a good harborage.

"Here," said the guide, "if you conceal yourselves, you shall have the opportunity you seek. Should captain Lucio Malvezzo come forth from Treviso to-day, seeking your camp, he must, of necessity, pass this place. Here you may lurk in safety, unseen, yet seeing all that passes."

The fellow spoke very fairly, and his counsel pleased our adventurers. They posted themselves accordingly within the abandoned premises, under the direction of Bayard. They had not been in watching more than two hours when a distant sound was heard as of horses. There was an old archer of Bayard's company, named Monart, a man of great experience, whom the good knight instructed to climb up into a dove-cot, within the grounds, from whence he might note the face of the surrounding country. The archer did as he was commanded, and soon reported the approach of Messire Lucio Malvezzo, still at some distance, accompanied by a hundred gend'arms, armed from head to heel, and followed by some two hundred Albanians, all well mounted and effective men, under the command of one Captain Scanderbeg, who, for ought we know, may have been a son or grandson of the famous Prince of Alba-

nia.* This force was rather more numerous than Bayard bargained for, but in such cases his net was a capacious one. It was with no feeling but that of gratification that he saw them appear. Keeping his own people snug, he suffered Malvezzo and Scanderbeg, with their men, to approach, and to pass them undisturbed. They went by, within a stone's throw of the edifice in which the French lay hid. When they had fairly passed, and Monart, descending from his perch, had detailed all his particulars, Bayard put his men in readiness. Each good knight drew his horse's girth and prepared himself. Each was his own groom, for Bayard wished not to burthen himself with unnecessary followers, who were only apt to be troublesome and in harm's way.

"And now," said Bayard to his companions, "gentlemen, we have not met with so fortunate a chance for ten years. True, they are twice our number, but if we acquit ourselves bravely that is nothing. Let us after them!"

"Agreed," was the unanimous response; and off they darted at a quick trot on the heels of their enemies.

The chase of a mile brought them in sight of their game. Then said our good knight to the trumpeter, "sound, trumpet, sound!" which he did incontinently. They were on a fine broad road, the very one which a troop of knights would prefer upon which to make a headlong charge. The blast of the bugle somewhat astonished the Venetian captains, swelling as it did behind them. They had no expectation of enemies in the rear; nor, indeed, until the French were nearly upon them, did they suppose it to be other than some small squadron of their own people. They halted just long enough to discover who the strangers were. This known, the effect was that of a surprise. It dismayed them somewhat to find themselves

* George Castriotto, Scanderbeg, or Alexander Bey, was born in 1404. The date of the events before us is 1509. The name Scanderbeg is simply a compounding of the two words, Alexander Bey

enclosed by their enemies—on one hand a pursuing cavalry, on the other the vast camps of the emperor. There was no alternative but to face the immediate assailant. It was some comfort to see that these were not numerous; and Messire Lucio Malvezzo, always fearless, now put on his bravest aspect, and enjoined his men to do their devoir gallantly. They were shown that their only hope lay in their own valor. Escape was none. They must vanquish or be vanquished. But few words were necessary for this explanation. Each warrior beheld the necessity for himself. Flight, even to the right or left, was cut off. The road was bordered on each side by monstrous ditches, beyond the leap of any horseman. Fortunately, it was one of sufficient breadth to enable the gallant knight to course famously. A fine rider might achieve wonders on so excellant a track. Fight was inevitable. The trumpets on both sides began to blare, and when the foes were a bow-shot asunder they began to rush into the mêlée, with the mingling war-cries of "France," and "Empire," and "San Marco!" Verily, says the "Loyal Servant," who himself beheld the deeds of his master, the good knight—"verily, it was a joy to hear them." It must have been. At the first encounter many knights went down and the fight went over them. Bonnet, one of Bayard's companions, was the first to send his lance through the breast of an enemy. The shaft showed itself on the other side. But this was not the only gallant stroke. It was an hour for hard blows and deadly thrusts, and each man did his best. It was while the strife was liveliest that the keen eyes of Bayard saw the Albanians suddenly disappear from the high road, leaving their cavalry to carry on the conflict. Our hero was too good a partisan to suffer this movement to escape him. Turning to La Crote, he said—"These people would take us in the rear. See to it, that we be not surrounded, and the day is ours." A word was sufficient for La Crote, who, detaching certain of the command, put

himself in readiness, and when the Albanians least expected resistance, gave them an encounter so hot and heavy as to disperse them in a moment, a score of them remaining on the ground, while the rest betook themselves to unhesitating flight. The "gentle" captain did not suffer himself to lose time in pursuit, but returned at once to the assistance of Bayard. But the work was finished ere he reached the ground. The Venetians were already routed, and each gend'arm, no longer thinking of blows, was busied only in securing his prisoner. The thought now was of the ransom of the field—its glory was already secure. Lucio Malvezzo, after making gallant fight in vain, made off successfully. He succeeded in baffling pursuit by means of the noble animal he rode. Twenty or thirty more escaped with him, being well mounted, and fled with all speed to Treviso. The pursuit was feebly urged. The French were encumbered with their prisoners, whose numbers were greater than their own. No less than an hundred and eighty captives rewarded this adventure, whose ransom promised to replenish coffers which were almost as soon emptied as filled. These captives, disarmed of their swords and maces, were placed in the midst of the French, and in this way were carried safely into camp.

Maximilian was ravished at the sight. The intelligence of the adventure soon reached him from a dozen quarters. He sallied out to enjoy the spectacle. It was one which he had not often witnessed. Two standards, and nearly two hundred prisoners, won by a less number of lively Frenchmen. He was exceedingly gracious, and saluted our good knight and his companions in a fashion less imperial than usual, perhaps, but far more gracious. His commendations were no ways stinted. Each captain had his share of praise. To Bayard he said:

"Lord of Bayard, my brother, King Louis, is very fortunate in having such a captain as yourself. I would give a hundred thousand florins a year for a dozen such."

"Sire," answered Bayard, "it is your pleasure and not my deserts that move you to this praise. For your commendations I must humbly thank you. Thus much I am able to say, that while my prince is your ally, you will find no captain more faithful than myself."

CHAPTER XV.

This adventure contributed greatly to relieve the monotony of the camp, and was particularly interesting, as it so strikingly contrasted with the slow progress of the main action. Bayard, of course, carried away the chief honor, though his admirers are careful to tell us that he himself ascribed the merit mostly to his two companions, "for a more gracious and generous knight the whole world could not produce." Bayard was not one of those persons who, having done well, cease performance and rely upon the credit of past achievements. He knew well that reputation was to be maintained by renewed performances, and that the only way to keep one's honor bright was to refresh it frequently with new deeds of honor. Once in the saddle, and with lance couched, his spirit was no longer satisfied to rest, and a few days after the excursion against Messire Lucio Malvezzo, he prepared for a second, in another quar-

ter. His spies, always on the alert, had apprised him that the Albanian chief, Scanderbeg, with his squadron, whom Captain La Crote had dispersed in the late affair, had retired into the Castle of Bassano, whence, in company with a troop of crossbow-men, commanded by Rinaldo Contarini, they made frequent sallies upon the small parties, foragers, herdsmen, lansquenets and others, as they went to and from the camp of the Germans. Operating thus, and with some judgment and spirit, they had, in the course of three days only, defeated several parties and relieved them of four or five hundred head of cattle. There was a pass, close by the foot of the mountain upon which the Castle of Bassano stood, where, it was shown to Bayard, these excellent captains might be encountered almost any pleasant morning by those who had the heart to seek them. Bayard had reason to confide in this report, which was confirmed by one of his emissaries, in whose fidelity he could trust. Having ascertained that the number of Albanians and archers under Scanderbeg and Contarini were only about two hundred, he determined to carry the adventure through himself, without calling for the help of other captains. He had a select body of thirty gend'arms, and some eight or ten gentlemen, who had volunteered under his banner for the good will they bore him, and in order to acquire the art of war from one of its best practical teachers. This force he well knew was not of a kind to be baffled easily—not to be scattered in a panic—but one which could stand a mortal buffeting for several hours. To these only he revealed his purpose. They at once declared their delight in being made partakers in the adventure; and he counselled them how and when to put themselves in readiness. An hour before daybreak, one fine Saturday morning—our chronicler is precise in particulars of this sort—in the month of September, they were in the the saddle, and fifteen miles on the road before they drew bridle. Reaching the pass which they were to occupy in

ambush, without being discovered, they put themselves in as snug a harborage as possible, within cannon-shot of the castle on whose inmates they designed to pounce. Their patience in this ambuscade was not too severely tried. After a little while they heard the trumpet of the garrison sounding to horse, at which each trooper pricked his ears with exultation. Bayard then consulted with his guide as to which road the enemy would probably take. The answer was that it mattered nothing, for, whatever might be their object or destination, they must still pass a certain little bridge, a mile from the place of ambush, which a couple of men might keep against as many hundred. This bridge passed, it was only necessary to hold it with a small force, so that their return might be prevented. This done, another pass enabled Bayard to make a sudden circuit of the mountain, so that the Albanians must necessarily be encountered on the plain. The guide designated the place more particularly as between the spot they occupied and the palace of the Queen of Cyprus. This Queen of Cyprus, by the way, was no mock, though retaining only the title of a queen. She was a Venetian lady, one Carlotta Carnaro, who became the wife of James, king of Cyprus. At the death of this prince, and conformably to his will, the widow succeeded to the sovereignty of the island. But those cunning traders, her countrymen, so managed as to inveigle her out of her little empire, which she abdicated in their favor. In return for this civility and crown they conferred upon her the vague title of Daughter of St. Mark—no doubt to the equal gratification of the lady and the saint—and gave her certain estates besides in the Trevisan. Here, eight miles from Padua, she built a palace—a house of pleasure—which the Venetians called the palace of the Queen of Cyprus. But the nymph no longer occupied the gardens, and the palace, abandoned at the approach of contending armies, no longer maintained the seductions which might have beguiled knighthood from

its severer duties. Our gend'arms heard of the Cyprian palace without forgetting Scanderbeg and his Albanians. "Very good," said Bayard, at the suggestions of the spy, "and now, gentlemen, which of you will maintain the bridge?"

The Lord of Bonnet said, "My horse and I, with a few of your people, will guard it if you please!"

"Be it so," answered Bayard. "Take with you Little John de la Vergne, and half a dozen gend'arms, with as many archers. These will probably suffice."

While they were arranging this matter, they discerned the Albanians and crossbow-men descending from the castle. They went forth as if going to a marriage feast. Their spoils and successes during the three preceding days had beguiled them into a forgetfulness of the usual caprices of fortune; and the French knights as they looked forth and beheld the life and confidence with which the enemy emerged from their fastnesses, thought, with a grim delight, of the fate of that goodly pitcher, of which the proverb tells us, that was carried once too often to the well. They waited in cool decision, and a patience that knew how to confide in their leader, until the Albanians had fairly gone by; then sending Bonnet with his squad to secure the bridge, Bayard, with the rest, under the guidance of the spy, set forward by the shorter pass. In less than an hour they reached the open plain—so open and so level, that, from the position which they occupied, a man on horseback might be seen some six miles off. They were seasonably in position. Their enemies were soon discovered, at long culverin shot, on the road to Vicenza, and thinking only of their spoils.

"Now!" said Bayard to the Bastard Du Fay, who bore his standard—"Now, sir, take with you twenty of your archers, and go skirmish with these people. Seeing you so few, they will charge upon you no doubt. At this, turn you the heads of your horses, as though you were afraid,

and bring them hither. I shall await you by the foot of this mountain, and you shall enjoy brave sport."

Du Fay needed no clearer instructions. He was an old soldier, and thoroughly versed in all the little strategics of the partisan. Putting spurs to his charger's flanks, he at once led off his archers, and before long brought them within the vision of the Albanians. All turned out as Bayard had anticipated. Scanderbeg, at the sight of the white crosses, the badges worn by the Frenchmen, soon put his bands in motion, and setting fiercely upon the archers, made the air ring with the cry of "San Marco!" Struck, as by sudden terror, Du Fay wheeled incontinently round, and made with moderate speed for the mountain where the good knight had planted his ambush. But the keen pursuit of Scanderbeg compelled Du Fay to exchange his easy retreat for a hurried flight. The standard-bearer did his part excellently well, and brought the easily-beguiled Albanian into the very jaws of the lion. Heated and scattered by the chase, the people of Scanderbeg, in the moment of their utmost confidence and triumph, were encountered by a fresh and powerful party. Suddenly, at a bound, Bayard and his men-at-arms were out upon him. At the first shock thirty of the foe were tumbled headlong from their saddles, and this first shock decided the conflict. The Albanians fought, and fought well, all the circumstances considered; but such a blow as they had received at the opening of the conflict was more than half the battle. They fought vainly; and, after a struggle more or less fiercely disputed, in which they failed to recover that delightful state of assurance with which they had pursued the archers of Du Fay, they themselves turned in flight, at a great gallop, thinking to gain their fortress of Bassano. The French pursued with all their ardor, but the light-horse of the Albanian force would have escaped the more heavily-mounted troopers of the French, but for the precaution which had left Bonnet and Mypont in possession of the bridge. The captains, Scanderbeg and Con-

tarini, found a new enemy in waiting where they least expected one. They must now either fly at a venture across the country or resume the fight. But the hard knocks which they had already received determined them against the latter alternative, and the pursuit had been so hotly urged as to make it doubtful whether they should succeed by flight. But the attempt was made, and proved unsuccessful. So well had the French knights scattered themselves over the plain, that all the avenues were guarded. The result gave them sixty Albanians and thirty crossbowmen prisoners. Both Scanderbeg and Contarini were among the captives. The rest of the force escaped to Treviso.

In the course of this combat, one of those exciting little incidents occurred, by which we have a whole volume in regard to the manners of the time and of chivalry. There was, in the troop of Bayard, a lad of sixteen or seventeen, one Guy, or Guiges Guiffray, a son of the Lord of Boutieres. He came of good stock, and belonged to what was called, in Dauphiny, the *scarlet of the nobility*. His uncle was one of those brave fellows who fought under Bayard in the combat already related, of thirteen French against thirteen Spaniards. The nephew, destined hereafter greatly to distinguish himself, made a beginning on this occasion which greatly pleased his master. The boy had only six days before been admitted among the archers of Bayard, and naturally longed to distinguish himself, and to emulate his kindred. It was while the combat was raging most fiercely that he beheld the standard-bearer of Rinaldo Contarini's crossbow-men throw himself over a ditch, with the intention of escaping. Guy Guiffray, seeking a prominent foe, took the leap after him; and the first salutation of the standard-bearer was a thrust from the demi-lance of the boy, which brought him to the ground. The lance was shivered by the blow, such was the honest earnestness of the assailant. Throwing away the useless weapon, Guiffray drew his

sword, and bestrode his enemy. "Yield, ensign," said he, "or I kill thee." The ensign saw not the size of the lad—saw nothing but his own danger; and still entertaining a decent sense of the pleasures of life, he found it prudent to comply with a summons so imperatively urged. He gave himself up accordingly; and Guiffray, happier than if he had found a purse of a thousand crowns, made his captive remount, and led him straightway to Bayard, who, having more prisoners than he well knew what to do with, had caused the retreat to be sounded. The Lord of Bonnet first beheld the approach of young Boutieres, and cried to Bayard, "Look you, sir, I pray you, at Guy Guiffray, who cometh with a prisoner and a standard, both of which he hath taken." Bayard, who loved the boy, and had him in special training, was as much delighted with the event as Guy himself; and when the youth approached, he said to him, "How, Boutieres, have you alone won this prisoner and standard?" "Yes, indeed, my good lord," replied the boy, "such was God's will; and he did wisely to surrender, otherwise, I should have killed him."

His answer delighted the company—the good knight in particular—the company laughing at the earnestness with which the boy declared himself. "Boutieres, my friend," said Bayard, "you have made a gallant beginning. God grant that you persevere always in the same manner." The words did not fall upon unheeding senses. The training of our chevalier was not wasted on the lad, who, in process of time, commanded with great distinction in Piedmont, and made such a gallant defence of Mezieres against the army of the emperor, as to arrive at the command of an hundred gend'arms. For the present, we put him out of sight; though the adventure with the standard-bearer, his captive, is by no means finished.

Meanwhile, Bayard had been examining the castle of Bassano. "Gentlemen," he said to those around him, "we must have this castle. There is great booty, no doubt,

within its walls, which would be useful in the hands of our people."

"Yes, indeed," was the answer; "but how are we to come at it? It is strongly fortified, and we are without artillery."

"Hold your peace," answered Bayard, good-humoredly. "I have a method which, it strikes me, will give us the place, with all its booty, in half an hour."

This said, he called up the two captains, his prisoners, Scanderbeg and Contarini, and thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, we must have this castle of Bassano, and you must cause it to be delivered to us immediately. You are here in command, and it is in your power to yield it. Your lives depend upon it; for I vow to God, if you refuse, your heads shall swing before its gates within the hour."

We are not sure that the character of modern warfare would justify the process which was employed by Bayard to effect his object. It will suffice, for his justification, however, that the proceeding was sanctioned by the military practice of his time, and found no rebuke then, even "in mouths of wisest censure." Reasoning with regard to intrinsic laws—war itself having first found its sanction—it does not seem that we can rebuke any of the acts by which a victory is won. Convention, however, sets up different standards, according to the caprices rather than the progress of civilization, and we must always guard against assumptions arising from what is simply a practice, without looking, while we do so, to the application of first principles. Enough for us that Scanderbeg and Contarini were very greatly frightened by this declaration, which, it is highly probable, was meant only to intimidate them. They promised to do whatever they could, and as the commandant left with the garrison was a nephew of Scanderbeg, the result was favorable to the wishes of our knight, who, within the

time specified, found himself in possession of the castle, with all its goods and chattels.

The spoil was considerable, and belonged, according to the usage of the time, entirely to the captors. There were more than five hundred cows and oxen, with a great variety of other plunder, which was equally divided to the satisfaction of all the parties. The cattle made its way to the markets of Vicenza; the other spoil was disposed of more summarily. The distribution over, our knight sat down to a repast which had been prepared, and the two Venetian captains were invited to his table. Here, as they were about to finish their meal, the youthful Boutieres made his appearance, bringing his prisoner with him. The contrast was so odd and striking between the two that Bayard laughed outright. The prisoner was thirty years of age, and almost twice the height of the little archer. Then said our chevalier to the Venetian captains, "Gentlemen, this young lad whom you see was but six days ago a page—his beard has not a three years' growth, yet you see he hath taken your standard-bearer. We hold this to be a curious circumstance. Now, I know not what is the custom with you, but we French are wont to confide our standards to none but the most valiant."

The Venetian ensign was deeply mortified. He saw that he had lost his honor by the event, but he was not without his apology. . . . . "Faith, captain," said he, "I yielded to him by whom I was taken, not through any fear of him, for he, of himself, is not the person to make me captive. I might easily have escaped out of his hands, or from those of a better warrior, but I could not hope to contend with your whole troop alone."

Bayard looked significantly to the little Boutieres, and said—"Do you hear, Guy, what your prisoner says—that you are not the man to take him?"

The answer of the boy was precisely what the chevalier

expected. In great heat, he replied,—"I entreat of you a boon, my lord."

"Ay, marry," quoth the knight, "and what is the boon, Boutieres?"

"Only," said he, "that I may restore the prisoner his arms and his horse, that I may mount mine, and that we may both go at once to the courts below. But if I conquer him a second time, let him look for nothing but death at my hands. If he does escape, let him go free of ransom."

Never had Bayard been better pleased. This was in the very spirit of chivalry. "In good sooth, Boutieres," cried the knight, aloud, "you have my permission; be it as you desire."

"Hear you, prisoner?" cried the boy to the Venetian. But he spoke to vacant ears. The poltroon shrunk from the alternative proposed to him, and the result was fatal to his character. The triumph of the young archer was complete, and none was more proud of his pupil than the master. It was not the smallest merit of Bayard that he knew so well how to infuse, with his own noble and fearless spirit, all who served beneath his banner.

CHAPTER XVI.

If the drowsy-headed Maximilian was charmed with the adventure of Bayard against Messire Lucio Malvezzo, that which he had just achieved in the capture of Bassano and the taking of the two captains, Scanderbeg and Contarini, ravished him still more; and was, indeed, the talk of the whole camp for a week and more. Such performances were not common under the banner of a prince so really feeble and unperforming as the emperor. The skill, spirit, confidence and prompt military resource which Bayard's performances usually displayed, were such as would have made him remarkable under any leader. The French, of course, were full of glee and exultation, while the Germans, Burgundians, and Hainaulters, all contended in bestowing the warmest applauses upon our champion. Nor was little Boutieres without his share of the glory. His achievement excited merriment wherever it was related, but a merriment which honored the subject of it, without disparagement either of his spirit or his performance.

But the partisan was to give way for the heavily-armed soldier. The proceedings of the camp must now receive our attention. Padua has been battered, as we have seen, into a breach sufficiently capacious to receive an army. Shall the army penetrate this breach? It was while Maximilian and his chiefs were discussing this question, that Bayard went forth seeking adventures. At his return, the question was still unanswered. There was no lack of consultation on the subject. It was time to come to a conclusion. The emperor, deliberative as he was in his move-

ments, at length began to feel somewhat ashamed of the delay, particularly after a personal survey of the breach, which was nearly half a mile in extent. Of course, we remember the precautions taken by Count Pitigliano, within Padua, against the assault. These were all known to the besiegers. In some degree, they were the cause of this delay.

The result of the emperor's personal inspection of the breach was the following letter to Chabannes, the Lord de la Palisse, commanding the French troops in his army:—

"My Cousin,

"I examined, this morning, the breach we have made in the walls of the town, and find it sufficiently large for such as will do their devoir. I deem it expedient, therefore, that we should this day make the assault. I must entreat of you accordingly, that, when you shall hear my great drum sound, which will be at noon, you will, with the gentlemen under your command, in my service as in that of my brother, the King of France, repair to the said assault along with my foot-soldiers. With the aid of God I hope we shall carry the place."

This was a communication to astonish Chabannes. He certainly regarded it with some dissatisfaction as well as surprise. But, dissembling his thoughts and feelings, he said to the secretary of the emperor, who, in person had brought the letter, "Really, sir, I wonder that the emperor hath not thought it proper to send for my companions and myself, the better to advise upon this assault. However, you will say to him that I shall call them together and communicate what he hath written. I may venture to say, whatever we may think of it, that none of us will fail in yielding obedience to what he is pleased to command."

The offensive feature of this communication lay in the

requisition that they who came as knights, as warriors on horseback, men of good family and gentle blood, were to fight as common soldiers along with the German infantry. But the discussion which followed among the French captains will better declare their feeling on the subject. While, therefore, the secretary of Maximilian returned to his master with the answer of Chabannes, the latter called his officers together, and the consultation proceeded in his tent. Meantime, the bruit had gone abroad that the assault was to be made that day, and the religious feeling of the gend'arms rose to the ascendant. The "Loyal Servant," who was Bayard's secretary, was no good friend to the priesthood. The abuses of the holy office in which they officiated have too often brought discredit upon the faith which they professed. "Then," says our chronicler, "were the priests retained by sums of gold to hear confession—a marvellous circumstance—all being anxious to be put in proper condition for such change as might happen at such a juncture. And many gens d'arms gave them their purses to keep; by reason whereof, no doubt, their reverences would have been far from displeased had they whose wealth was in their keeping perished in the assault." And the amount of money seems not to have been small. The writer from whom we quote says, that "so much money, had not before, for five hundred years, been seen in the camp of any prince."

Leaving the gens d'arms at the confessional, we return to the consultation in the tent of Chabannes. On the entrance of his officers, this nobleman addressed them, playfully, in this language: "Gentlemen, it is fit we dine; for that which I have to relate, might, if you heard it before your dinner, somewhat diminish your relish for it." "Now," says the "Loyal Servant," "these were only words in jest. Chabannes knew his companions well. He knew that not one among them but was a second Hector or Orlando, not to be confounded by any thing that he either saw or heard.

Still less could he suppose that his communication would daunt the spirit of our 'good knight.'" They proceeded, accordingly, to dinner, which the chronicler describes as a merry one. They broke their jests as well as their bread together, and bore with a world of raillery, which they returned, all in the best of humor. The Lord de la Palisse was particularly keen in his thrusts at the Lord of Humbercourt, who gave him as good as he sent, and in the same bright metal. The repast was finished as it had begun, in a joyful and pleasant temper. And now for business.

The letter of Maximilian was read by Chabannes, twice over, in order that nothing of it might be misunderstood. This duty performed, the laughter of the knights succeeded. But no one, for some time, thought of offering any counsel. The subject was one of considerable difficulty. They were sent, by the special order and choice of their own sovereign, to honorably serve another. Undoubtedly, had the King of France required them to march on foot into the trenches of Padua, they had done so without a murmur. Should they refuse to serve, in like manner, the prince to whom they were sent? The point of honor made each of them hesitate to answer in the affirmative. And yet, there was a substantial difference. They were sent to Maximilian as knights, to serve on horseback, and not as foot-soldiers. They were sent as nobles, and not as hirelings. The distinction, in our day still obvious, was far more apparent then. We have, only a short time before, seen the French monarch consenting to arm his peasantry and make a native infantry, to *command* which it was difficult to persuade his nobles. This fact will convey some faint idea of the disgust which the requisition of the emperor caused among the French cavaliers in his army. The Lord of Humbercourt was the first to break the silence. The nut was too hard for him to crack, and he was prepared to swallow it.

"Why all this pondering and hesitation, my Lord de la Palisse? Say to the emperor that we are all in readiness.

For my part, I begin to tire of the country. The nights are getting cold, and, what is worse, the better sorts of wine are failing us." Merrily laughed these gay companions at the speech of their comrade. His philosophy was that of most around him. They felt as he did, and were not prepared to handle the difficulty with better skill. All spoke, expressing themselves after the same fashion—all except Bayard. He alone kept silent, picking his teeth, or pretending to do so—a practice which does not appear to have been unbecoming in those days after dinner, as we pronounce it to be now. He seemed to pay very little attention to what the rest had been saying. At length, Chabannes addressed him in particular, and with a smiling manner, "Come! you French Hercules, what do you say to this matter? This is no time to be picking your teeth. Remember, it is an emperor that waits."

The sagacious warrior had not been idly meditating the subject. He alone saw how the knot was to be untied—in what way to crack the nut which each captain had turned between his teeth in vain. The good knight, who had ever a habit of jesting, replied gayly, "If we are to credit my Lord of Humbercourt, we have nothing to do but to march into the breach. For my part, as I conceive it sorry sport for gendarms to go afoot, I would prefer to be excused. However, since it is my opinion that you seek, you shall have it. The emperor, it appears, commands, in his letter, that you should make all the French gentlemen, go to the assault on foot, along with his lansquenets. Though possessed of little wealth, my lord, I am still a gentleman. All of you are great lords, and of great families: so are many of the gendarms under us. Does the emperor deem it a fitting thing that such noble persons should be placed in the same ranks, exposed to the same service, with his rabble of all sorts, the scum of his people, none of whom have any sense of what is due to men of high degree, or even of honor? Saving his imperial grace, there is some-

thing very unseemly in such an arrangement." A pause followed, in which the justice of this opinion was admitted. Bayard continued—

"My counsel is, my Lord de la Palisse, that you convey to the emperor this answer—that you have had your captains assembled in consultation; that they are prepared to execute his orders, as it was given them in charge to do by the king their master. You will then remind him of what he knows—that the King of France admits none but persons of gentle birth among even his ordinary men-at-arms. Say to him, then, that to require such as these to fight among common foot-soldiery—persons of low condition—would be treating them with indignity. You will then say that, as he has with him many counts, lords, and noblemen of Germany, if he will order them to go on foot with the gendarms of France, we will cheerfully show them the way into the breaches of Padua. His lansquenets may then follow if the assault should promise to be successful."

This was the way to get at the kernel of the difficulty. The sentiments of Bayard, and his suggestion, at once seized upon the convictions of the rest. His plan was at once respectful and reasonable. It did not deny the required service, but it coupled it with the only condition which could keep them from being dishonored and disgraced by it. The Lord de la Palisse yielded his consent; and, couching the views of the French knight in the most deferential language, in a letter to the emperor, he required them to put themselves in armor, awaiting the summons of that august personage, to the battle and the breach. The communication opened new difficulties to Maximilian, which he does not seem to have anticipated. He professed to think the views of the French captains to be only proper, and forthwith commanding his drums and trumpets to be sounded, he called together his retinue, consisting of all the princes, lords and noblemen then in his camp, from Germany, Burgundy and Hainault. But when he unfolded to them the

response and the requisition of the French knights—showing the readiness of these to enter the imminent deadly breach, on foot, as infantry, provided the gentlemen of Germany would do the same—when he concluded with entreating them to concur in the arrangement, which would surely vanquish the Paduans at the first assault—there arose such a universal hiss and hubbub as saluted the ears of Satan, when he unfolded to his followers the successes which he had had in Eden—

> "Expecting
> Their universal shout and high applause,
> To fill his ear; when, contrary, he hears
> On all sides, from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal, universal hiss, the sound
> Of public scorn; he wondered ——"

And so did the emperor; who was then made to understand, for the first time seemingly, how monstrous had been the requisition which he had made upon the French knights. It was a good half hour before the hubbub could be allayed among his Germans, Burgundians and Hainaulters. They soon let him know "that they were not persons to be driven to the breach on foot—their place was on horseback, fighting like gentlemen." And the excellent Maximilian could extort from them no more favorable reply. The valiant emperor was confounded. He called to him his best counsellors, he viewed and reviewed the matter, and the result was that there must be farther deliberations. There was no entering the breach that day, and a special message to this effect was sent to the Lord de la Palisse. Then it was, according to our "Loyal Servant," that the gendarms forgot their prayers of the morning, and withdrew from the priests the money which, had they perished, would no doubt have been applied to pious uses. The priests, alone, according to this satirical character, were dissatisfied with the event. "Certes, the priests were not over-delighted when they had to restore what they had in keeping." The French knights threw aside the weap-

ons of war, for that day, more or less satisfied with the respite.

It is due to the Prince of Anhalt to declare, that he openly avowed his disgust at what had taken place; and avowed his personal readiness, with his immediate companions, to join with the French knights in entering the breach on foot. He made this offer to the emperor while all the rest hung back; and, seeking the French, renewed the offer to them also. But the attempt, with so small a body of men, was simply devoting them to destruction, and such a sacrifice was needless for any other object than simply to retrieve the disgrace of the commander-in-chief, the emperor himself. There was yet one more proceeding necessary to fasten upon this prince the discredit of being faithless to his allies. The very night of this famous council he stole away from the camp, and took post no less than forty miles distant from it. The fact was not known among the French till the day after. What prompted this movement it is difficult to suggest. Maximilian was not a person of the very nicest sensibilities; yet there may have been some little shame to annoy him, as there was certainly some mortification, when he found his own chivalry unwilling to do that which he had not scrupled to require the French knights to perform. Accompanied by six hundred chosen followers, he took the route toward Germany, and the next day sent word to his lieutenant-general, Constantine, and to the Lord de la Palisse to raise the siege as decently as they could—a most lame and impotent conclusion, which filled the besiegers with shame and amazement, and the besieged with equal joy and exultation. But there was no remedy. The breach being made, they did not stop to repair it, though that might have been only a becoming and Christian act on the part of the emperor. A council was held among the leaders in the camp, in order to a compliance with the will of their superior. They had only to obey, and their deliberations concerned only the mode of doing so with

most propriety. To raise the siege was a job quite as serious as to begin it. The bombards and the cannons, and the falcons, were to be withdrawn, and there were no longer carriages for one half of them. To the French was assigned the arduous duty of keeping guard while they were carried away. They were assisted in this most troublesome and perilous duty by the generous impulse of the Prince of Anhalt, who, with seven or eight hundred men, volunteered to share the task. The burden of the war really fell upon this small fragment of this monstrous army. The Venetians, emboldened by the flight of Maximilian, and the breaking up of a camp which, having threatened so much, had done nothing, now indulged in continual sallies. The gendarms were kept fighting from the break of day till two hours after night, scarcely suffered time to take their food, and never entirely without an alarm. The sallies from the town were conducted with great spirit and in large numbers; and the miserably-inefficient mode of conveying the artillery subjected the escort to a delay so tedious as to exhaust their strength and elasticity, even if it left their courage unimpaired. The French were compelled to protect themselves equally against the lansquenets and the Venetians. The former were terrible incendiaries. They burnt, invariably, the lodging that gave them shelter, and would have burnt the housekeeper also, were he so unwise as to afford them the opportunity. Some of the handsome houses which the troops occupied were protected with difficulty from these wretches, by the soldiers and painstaking of our "Good Knight." At length the artillery was fairly on the road for Germany, and, with but small loss to the defenders, considering the frequent fighting. The French finally reached Vicenza, the emperor not seeing them, but in some degree atoning for his deficiencies in other respects, by sending presents of various value to their chief captains, our hero not being forgotten. The Lord de la Palisse and his com

panions returned to the duchy of Milan, while Bayard, with the greater number of the gendarms who had been lent to Maximilian, went into garrison at Verona. Here we shall have occasion to hear of him, as the war still continued between the King of France and the Venetians, the latter holding a large garrison at Legnano, which frequently engaged the attentions of the Veronese.

CHAPTER XVII.

To Verona soon came the feeble garrison which the emperor had placed in Vicenza. They were driven out by the approach of a large force of the Venetians, against which they knew that the place could never be maintained. They added somewhat to the strength of Bayard's garrison, which the contiguous enemy kept busy. The Venetians occupied several neighboring places, from which they constantly sent forth parties, equally strong and enterprising, by which our gendarms were frequently annoyed and straightened. The winter season was approaching, and the garrison, in order to obtain their own and the supplies necessary for their horses, were compelled to seek it from a great distance. The foragers were so frequently lost that a convoy became necessary for their protection; and scarce a day passed that the French had not to fight for it with their eager and active neighbors. The conflicts were usually sharp and inspiriting. The Venetians had, among other valiant captains who gave our Frenchmen disquiet, a certain Giovanni Paolo Manfrone. He was so bold as to make his incursions up to the very gates of Verona. He did this so frequently, and with so much audacity, that the pride of knighthood was wounded in the bosom of our hero; and he resolved, quietly, the very next time when the foragers went a-field, to lead the escort himself, and to practice some neat little stratagem by which to take Signor Manfrone into his own kindly keeping. But, secretly as Bayard designed this civility, it was not possible for him to keep it wholly from his own household, and there was treachery in his councils. It appears that Captain Man-

frone was well served in Verona. He had a spy in his pay who was also in the pay of Bayard, and who dwelt, while in Verona, in the family of the latter. This scoundrel went between the parties, and, inclining more to the Venetian than the Frenchman, contrived to convey to the former the most valuable information. He apprised Manfrone of Bayard's intention on this occasion, and the former prepared for him. The route being also known which the foragers were to pursue, it was easy to do so. He resolved, therefore, that whenever Bayard went forth his own force should be sufficiently strong to make the knight's defeat certain.

Bayard, meanwhile, planned his little stratagem, never suspecting the pleasant preparations which his enemy, under the directions of his own spy, was, in turn, making for him. It was on a pleasant Thursday morning, says our minute biographer, when Captain Pierrepont, one of Bayard's lieutenants, with some thirty or forty gens d'arms, was sent forth with the foragers. Pierrepont was a sensible and spirited soldier, and a cautious one; but he had every confidence in the skill and policy of his superior. Quitting the main road, this troop sallied forth into the country, seeking the victualling-houses and all those places in which their bargains for provisions were to be made. Meanwhile, Bayard, taking with him an hundred gendarms more, made his way, as secretly as possible, to a little village on the high road, called San Martino, some six miles from Verona. Here, believing himself equally unsuspected and undiscovered, he sent forth his scouts, who were not long absent before they returned, reporting the approach of the enemy, some five hundred horse, who were moving straight on the route which the foragers had taken. Pleased with these tidings, our chevalier at once set his men in motion, and hurried away to the meeting with the strangers.

Captain Manfrone was not less pleased than our hero.

His spy had duly apprised him of every step which was to be taken; and the Venetian had accordingly set an ambush along the road that Bayard must pursue, consisting of an overwhelming force of five or six hundred pikemen and arquebusiers. These were all infantry, and, lying close behind the walls of a deserted palace which lay convenient, he counselled them not to come forth till they beheld him in flight and the French pursuing. He was at particular pains in showing them his plans. His flight was a pretext only, by which to draw the gens d'arms into the folds of the ambuscade. All happened as he intended. Bayard, after a ride of a mile or two, caught sight of the mounted men of Signor Manfrone. With the old cry of "France and Empire!" he set upon them with his wonted impetuosity; and, after some reasonable show of resistance, quite enough to excite their enemies and disarm suspicion, the Venetians took to their heels, on the road leading straight into the jaws of the ambush. Having passed a small distance beyond it, they wheeled boldly upon their pursuers, and, with cries of "San Marco," renewed the fight with equal spirit and confidence. Then it was that Bayard found that he had been betrayed. The infantry quitted their place of concealment with loud outcries, and the arquebusiers, pouring in their shot at the same moment, they rushed upon the French, who found themselves taken in flank and front, and on all sides. At the first fire the horse of Bayard was mortally wounded, and fell, fastening his rider by one of his legs to the ground. In this situation he was surrounded; and, though his men made a desperate onset in his favor, and one of his followers—a faithful fellow named Grandmont—extricating him from his horse, and stood gallantly to the encounter at his side, yet, girdled by a small but determined body of their foes, the two fought vainly, and were made prisoners. But ere the captors could disarm them, Captain Pierrepont made his appearance, having left the foraging party. He darted

at once to the rescue. It was a seasonable succor. At their approach, Bayard suddenly struck down the men by whom he was guarded, and, with Grandmont, renewed the fight with desperate ferocity. The rescue forced the captors to relinquish their prey for the moment, and to retire from the *mêlée* in order that the arquebusiers should resume their fire without endangering their own people. Bayard and Grandmont were then supplied with fresh horses, and the former renewed the engagement at the head of his gendarms. These still struggled at great disadvantage. The Venetians had environed them precisely as, on a previous occasion, Bayard had laid his snare for Messire Lucio Malvezzo; but our knight had a more happy genius for extricating himself from his meshes than had that smart young cavalier. Assailed from all sides, with a force of more than four to one against them, and with the arquebusiers sending their shot whenever the field would so open as to suffer them to distinguish between friend and foe, the French had fearful odds with which to contend. But nothing could impair the coolness of Bayard. He saw all his difficulties at a glance, and remarked to Pierrepont,—"We must gain the high road, captain, or we are lost. If we can do that, we shall make off in spite of them, and without much loss." Pierrepont concurred in this opinion, and, to this object, their efforts were directed. Their losses, so far, had been inconsiderable; their horses having chiefly suffered by the bullets of the musketry. Such had not been the case with the Venetians, who had paid severely for the predicament into which they had brought their enemies. They had lost forty or fifty of the infantry, hewn down by the keen swords of the gendarms, whose tempered armor had saved them comparatively unscathed. Hard was the fight that followed, on the part of the French, to regain the road—on that of the Venetians to embarrass and prevent them. But, driven forward as a wedge, clinging close to the Venetian cavalry, and thus

baffling the assaults of the arquebusiers and foot, the high-bred chivalry of France at length succeeded in breaking through all impediments. The light-horse of the Venetians were scattered from the path. The high road was gained after a stern and terrible struggle. It was then that the retreat begun—an affair scarcely less arduous than their late extrication. To fly pell-mell would be to lose every thing. Their hope lay in keeping close and compact, and in moving off with a deliberation equal to their firmness. To raw soldiers, this would have been impossible, after such a conflict. To the veterans of Bayard it was much more easy than flight. "Sauve qui peut" was never the cry in his battalions; and his men had learned, among their first lessons, to retreat as the lion does, with his face to the foe. A wound in the back was a death to reputation. Thus, then, the retreat was conducted—slowly, firmly, in a compact body, which, at every two hundred paces wheeled about and gave battle to the pursuers. But they were not suffered to escape thus. The worst was not over. The ambuscade was not passed. They had freed themselves from the actual incumbrance and physical weight of the Venetian foot and horse together. They could baffle and beat the latter when they pressed too closely upon them; but the accursed arquebusiers still lay upon their wings, and still were the shot poured into their retreating ranks. Bayard, who ever hated this terrible implement, which he looked upon as fatal to chivalry, was destined twice, on this occasion, to suffer from its missiles. A second time was his horse shot under him. Finding him about to fall, he leaped from the saddle at the moment when the Venetians were making another terrible charge upon his ranks. Fighting, sword in hand, he was again surrounded. He achieved miracles with his sword, but must a second time have become a prisoner, but for a gallant charge of Du Fay, his standard-bearer, who, at the head of his archers, put in at a most fortunate time and succeeded in resou-

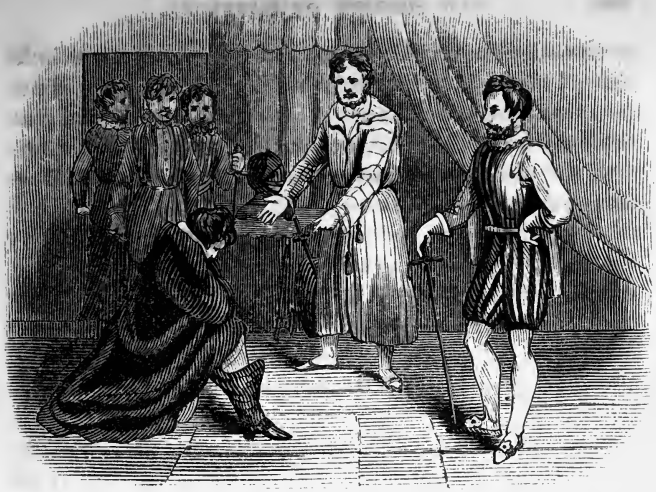
ing him. The assailants had set their hearts upon this one noble victim, seemingly indifferent to any other prize. They gnashed their teeth vainly at the prey thus plucked a second time from their grasp. Again did our hero find a horse, and, heading his men for a new assault upon their pursuers, drove them back, and was permitted to resume the retreat without farther interruption. The peril to the French was over for the day. They had passed through a terrible conflict, and against the most fearful odds. Nothing but the most determined valor, the most accomplished skill and training, and an exquisite *esprit du corps*, which is almost always the secret of success in battle, could have saved them from utter destruction by their foes. The battle ceased only with the night. They had passed without the range of the arquebusiers and the ambuscade. Assured of this, Bayard commanded that no farther attacks should be made. Enough, he said, that they should retire without loss of honor, as they did. They reached San Martino, whence they had set forth in the morning. Their first halt was at a little bridge which was furnished with barriers. To this point had they been pursued by the force under Manfrone. Here he saw, with mortification, that he could do them no more hurt; and, sounding the retreat, he returned toward San Bonifacio, his infantry preceding him. They were all very weary of their day's work, and not quite satisfied with the issue. Their preparations had contemplated greater results. They had looked to destroy, or at least to have taken captive, all the little command of our hero. Instead of that, they had suffered his escape from an ambush which ought to have held thrice his numbers as securely as the complex netting of the mammoth spider secures the fly in spite of all its feeble struggles. Besides, they had been roughly handled, and the chief object of the snare had broken through it without loss of wing or spirit. The five hours which had been spent in fighting had exhausted the Venetians. Their

foot-soldiers resolved to tarry in a village but four or five miles from San Bonifacio. Manfrone, who was a prudent captain, counselled them against doing so; but they never dreamed that they had any thing to fear from the troop they had just driven before them. Their captain kept on his way to San Bonifacio, leaving them where they chose to stay.

Meanwhile, Bayard and his troop recovered their confidence in a survey of the events of the day, and in the consolations of a good supper. When they reflected upon the smallness of their losses, and the large number they had slain of the enemy—when they considered the perils of the ambush in which their eager valor and the treachery of their spy had involved them, and then of the admirable retreat which they had effected—they felt nothing ashamed of what had taken place. They had little to regret, and much which might justify their exultation. Meantime, one of their spies made his appearance, coming direct from San Bonifacio. Bayard had him up instantly for examination. When asked what was doing in the Venetian camp, he answered that a large body of troops were in San Bonifacio, the talk with whom was, that they should soon have possession of Verona, and that they had much good intelligence from that town. The spy added, farther, that, just as he was about to depart, Captain Manfrone made his appearance, terribly chafed and heated, who said he had "fought with devils from hell, rather than men." "On my way hither," concluded this emissary, "some four or five miles back, I passed through a village full of their foot, who are heartily worn out, and are lodging there to-night." "On my life!" exclaimed Bayard, "they are the infantry we fought with to-day. They have not chosen to go so far as San Bonifacio! Well! if you say, gentlemen, they are ours! The moon shines brightly. Let us give our horses a fresh feed, and, in two or three hours, stir up these footmen with the points of our lances."

Now this is the genuine spirit of the partisan, who, when he has done a good day's work, does not, for that reason, refuse to do a good night's work also. The elasticity of a spirit, to whom the opportunity of adventure never comes amiss, is one of the chief requisites of a cavalry officer. Bayard's suggestion found no obstacle among his followers. They yielded to the scheme with delight. Their horses were provided with food; and, with a strong watch set, commanded to arouse them at a certain hour, the troopers addressed themselves to sleep. Bayard was one of those who, on such occasions, and when meditating any enterprise, slept but little. He was up and awake long before the rest, and had them roused about three hours past midnight. There was no noise—no unnecessary flourish of trumpets. The villagers were not allowed to suspect the departure of their guests. Soon, the troop was in motion, and, as if shod with felt, were stealing off to the harborage of their drowsy enemies. They reached, in little time, the village where the Venetian infantry were reported to have taken up their quarters. They found the tidings of the spy correct. There they lay, like swine, without any watch set, and sleeping, totally unconscious of an enemy. The cry of "France and Empire!"—"Kill! kill!"—roused them to a fearful consciousness. At this midnight chaunt, which our old biographer calls a "joyous one," the sleepers aroused themselves, only to rush upon the lances of the French. Many were slain as they issued from their beds; but the captain of the Venetians contrived to rally a force of two or three hundred within the market-place, and here offered resistance. But, half awake only, and paralyzed by the sudden outcry, assailed by an enemy on several quarters, the conflict was soon finished. The massacre which followed was a fearful one. The gendarms seldom spared the musqueteers, whom they equally feared and hated. Besides, the weapons fought with—the sword and spear, making the conflict usually one of hand-to-hand—rendered

it necessary that, where one would not submit, he must be slain. The captain of the Venetians and two other gentlemen were made prisoners. The great body of the soldiers perished in the fury and desperate havoc of that midnight charge. Bayard returned to Verona, in every sense of the word, a conqueror.



CHAPTER XVIII.

The excellent captain, Joseph Paul di Manfrone, burned like a true knight of chivalry to avenge his disappointment, which had so nearly been a defeat. He was the more goaded to this desire, as, independently of his disappointment, he was severely censured by the Provveditore of the Seignory for having left his unlucky foot-soldiers behind him at the village where Bayard surprised them. It is true, he vindicated himself, in this respect, against these reproaches, by showing that he strove in vain to bring the wearied wretches to a sense of their danger; but the reproach and the disappointment, rankling together in his mind, prompted him to brood over some new schemes, by which to extract the desired atonement from our more fortunate chevalier. Having reason to confide in the spy by whom he had been already apprised so truly of the movements of Bayard, and who continually went between the

parties, he gave him his instructions, after allowing a little time to elapse after the recent affair. "You are," said he, "on your return to Verona, to assure Captain Bayard that the Seignory of Venice hath written here to the Provveditore, that Captain Manfrone must be despatched to Legnano for its better defence; that the captain now there is to be withdrawn, and sent, with a number of galleys, to the Levant; that, to your certain knowledge, Manfrone will set forth to-morrow, at the break of day, with but three hundred horse and *no* infantry. Now," continued the wily Venetian, "it is very certain that his spirit is so elated at what hath passed between us already, that he will not suffer me to travel, after what you shall have told him, without making a second attempt upon me. This, if he does, he will scarcely happen to escape so well as he did formerly, as I shall take with me two hundred horse and as many thousand foot. The latter I shall place in ambush at Isola della Scala, where, if he comes, he shall find good preparation made for him. Do your commission well and faithfully, and you shall have an hundred golden ducats."

The worthy spy, whose name was Vincentina, being quite satisfied with such liberality, promptly undertook to execute the trust confided to him. The secretary of Bayard does not seem to have appreciated—certainly, he did not relish—the vocation of the spy. "Spies," he remarks, "as the whole world should know, are creatures of avarice alone. If one, therefore, out of six of them escape, surely he hath reason to thank God for his mercies,—seeing that there is but one remedy for the ailing they are cursed with, and that must be the halter." We shall not gainsay this charitable opinion. From Captain Manfrone to Captain Bayard, the flexible Vincentina made his way. Supposed to be devoted wholly to the interests of our chevalier, the servants and soldiers readily made way for him. He was brought to Bayard's presence just as the latter was finishing his supper. He was received kindly and

with the affable welcome so natural, to our knight. "What news," said he. "You are not here without some tidings."

"Good tidings, God be thanked, sir," answered the spy; so, taking him apart from all ears but his own, Bayard was circumstantially furnished with all the details of his budget precisely as he had received it from the subtle Captain Manfrone. The judicious Vincentina so garnished his narrative with other matter, which he thought would be acceptable to our knight, that never hearer was more delighted with his tidings. Ordering an excellent supper and the best of wines for this worthy intelligencer, Bayard proceeded to call his favorite captains into consultation. There was Captain Pierrepont, and La Varenne, and the Bastard Du Fay, and a certain Burgundian captain, whom our knight that evening had at supper—a gracious person it would seem, from his name, which was the Lord de *Sucre*. These heard the intelligence with pleasure, and all agreed to be present at the proposed farewell conference with the excellent Captain Manfrone, as he was about to leave them for Legnano. It required but few words to persuade them to be in readiness before the break of day, each with two hundred gendarms. The Lord of Conti also joined, with pleasure, in the enterprise. All things were working quite smoothly to the end which Captain Manfrone and his emissary desired; and, but for the Burgundian captain with the sugary name, the issue might have amply atoned for the previous disappointments and mortification of the Venetian captain. But it so happened that when the spy departed it became necessary for the Lord de Sucre to depart also. His lodgings were at some distance, and it required that he should leave his companions early to be seasonably prepared for the gallop at daybreak. The event turned out most providentially. It was on his return that the Burgundian beheld the spy suddenly emerging from the residence of a Veronese gen-

tleman, one Messire Battista Voltiggio, who was known to be well affected to the Venetian interests, and very hostile to those of the emperor. "*San Marco* was written in his heart," says the "Loyal Servant." The Burgundian knew the spy, having noted him while at supper; and spies are natural objects of suspicion. The times were such as required prompt action when there was reason to doubt the faith of one's follower, and our Lord of Sucre was one of those gentle knights with whom a word and a blow are close and kindred associates. Addressing the spy sternly, and finding him change color, he at once took the fellow by the throat, and, thus encumbered, returned to the place where he had taken supper. Bayard was just about getting into bed, hoping to snatch a little sleep before the time for moving, when his servants gave readmission to his guest. The spy was given into safe keeping, while the Burgundian took his seat in the chamber of our knight, who, in his night-dress, got up to receive him. The two sat over the fire while the visitor told his story. The circumstances were quite enough to awaken his suspicions. The temper of the Veronese gentleman whose house the spy was seen to leave, was one of well-known sympathy for the Venetian cause; and the conduct of the spy when arrested, betrayed his treachery. As Captain Sucre said, "When I surprised him he was marvellously confounded."

The fellow was sent for instantly, and subjected to a close examination. Thoroughly confused and terrified by his predicament, he told half a dozen stories in accounting for his visit to the house of Battista Voltiggio. At first he stated that his visit was to see a relation, but this tale he did not long rely upon. He contradicted himself at every sentence; and, as they could not bring his tongue to proper subordination, it was necessary to seek the truth from other members. A pair of thumbscrews were sent for, and these being put upon him, Bayard thus addressed him—"Declare the truth now, Vincentina, without any re-

serve or concealment, and, on the faith of a gentleman, no harm shall befall you. No matter what you may reveal—even if you shall have plotted my death—only unfold the truth and I promise you safety. If, on the other hand, I find you in a lie, you shall swing from the battlements by break of day to-morrow."

The counsel thus given was conclusive. The excellent spy, thus idly hoping to serve two masters, no longer thinking of the hundred golden ducats of the one captain, with the iron screws of the other upon his fingers,—finding his secret detected, and his neck in danger—made a clean breast of it, and implored for mercy. He showed the exquisite little scheme of Captain Manfrone—told of the ambush of two thousand men at Isola della Scala—and confessed that his visit to the house of Messire Battista Voltiggio was to engage him in another nice little arrangement, by which one of the gates of the town was to be hospitably thrown open the very same night to the Provveditore, Messire Andrea Gritti, a gentleman who promised to bring with him guests enough to fill all the empty chambers in Verona. The spy made other confessions, which do not concern us. It is due, however, to Voltiggio, for, to say, that the former acquitted him of having become a party to the last mentioned-treachery—the prudent citizen declaring that being in the allegiance of the emperor, he was resolved to continue faithful to his authority.

The confessions of the spy proved as satisfactory as they were ample. Bayard addressed him in terms of pity and sorrow rather than anger. He had yielded his full faith to the traitor. He was one of a temperament to whom it is pleasant to confide. Every detection of faithlessness, accordingly, in one to whom he had trusted, was a source of pain and disappointment, aside from the immediate consequences which might follow upon the footsteps of the treachery. "I have bestowed my money and my confidence upon you unprofitably," he said to the miserable

wretch before him,—"Within that breast of yours is hidden a base and wicked heart. Were I now to treat you as you deserve, you should suffer death; but I spare you as I promised. You shall be kept safely till it is proper that you be dismissed. No evil shall befall you in my hands. But beware, when once you have parted from my sight, how you appear before me again. The moment that you do so you shall surely die."

Thus exhorted, the spy was taken out of sight, but held in close keeping for the present. His discharge could not be suffered until the interview with Captain Manfrone was over. For this our chevalier began his consultations with the Burgundian instantly. But little time was left them for their preparations. As for avoiding the meeting, and letting the excellent Venetian captain retire to Legnano without any proper military attentions, that, of course, was never thought of by our *preux* chevalier. "And now, my friend," said he to the Lord of Sucre, "we must match craft with craft, in the case of this Captain Manfrone. If we can accomplish this meeting after the plan which I contemplate we shall perform an exploit as glorious as any that hath taken place these hundred years." Captain Sucre was all attention, and professed his readiness to do as was required of him.

"Go then," said Bayard, "to the Prince of Anhalt, commend me to his grace; and, after laying the whole affair before him, entreat him, on my part, to let me have two thousand of his lansquenets before the dawn. We will take them along with us, bestow them in secrecy upon the route, and if, by the time the affair is over, you do not say you have seen wonders, lay all the blame of the failure upon me."

The Burgundian proceeded to rouse the Prince of Anhalt, which he did without scruple. He conveyed the message of Bayard, and obtained, as our knight well knew that he would, a ready consent to all he asked. Bayard had

completely won the affections of this brave German, as, indeed, he was apt to do in the case of all his associates. It must have been a strange and impossible thing that he would have refused to such a solicitor. The preparations were all well in progress before the Lord of Sucre returned to his superior. With the dawn of day the lansquenets and men-at-arms were in readiness, and the gates silently unclosed, opening the way for them to Isola della Scala.

"And now," said Bayard to the Burgundian, "do you, with the lansquenets, lie in wait at *Servode*."

This was a little village but two miles from the place of Manfrone's ambush.

"Give yourself no concern about any thing," continued Bayard, "for I will contrive to bring your enemy within your jaws. Only do your duty like gallant fellows, and you will win your brightest honors to-day."

When they reached Servode, accordingly, Sucre and his lansquenets went into ambush. Bayard then, having properly disposed of them, set forward, accompanied by the Lord of Conti and others, with their men-at-arms, proceeding toward Isola della Scala, as if they had no suspicions of the place.

This town commanded a vast extent of plain, over which the unobstructed vision could take in objects at a considerable distance on every side. Some light-horse were sent forward to reconnoitre, and an advance of archers under the conduct of the standard-bearer, Du Fay, went after them to skirmish. Bayard proceeded leisurely on the same trail, at the head of the cavalry, which, in those days, was called the *battle*. It was not long before the Venetians became visible. Their foot was seen to sally out from Della Scala, accompanied by a troop of horse. Bayard, then, to impress his enemy with the notion that he was dismayed, bade his trumpets sound the recall of his advance. Hearing this, Du Fay retired agreeably to his instructions.

He kept his men closely together, and seeming to make for Verona, yet contrived to incline for the village of Servode, where the lansquenets were in ambush. An archer sped forward to intimate to Sucre to hold himself in readiness. All this seems very simple, rehearsed briefly without detail; but all the performances of the party were distinguished by great good conduct and much wariness.

Meanwhile, the horse of the Seignory, flanked by their troop of infantry, made quick and frequent charges upon the French, with such clamor, halloo and clatter, that thunder could scarcely have been heard above it. They were already in high spirits with the conviction that the French could not well escape them. The latter did not fly, but, retiring slowly, continued to skirmish coolly and discreetly, gradually drawing on the Venetians, until, within a bow-shot of Servode, they all at once, to the great consternation of the latter, discovered the lansquenets, who were moving out from their hiding-places in admirable order, precisely as if the enemy had been expected. Then it was that the good knight made his trumpets sound the charge, while he cried aloud—"Gentlemen, it is now that you must fall upon them!" He had timed all things to a nicety, and the fray commenced with superior terrors. No longer curbing in their steeds, and their own brave spirits, the gens d'arms darted into the faces of their foes, falling upon the Venetians with a fury proportioned to the patience with which they had hitherto forborne. The latter proved themselves good soldiers, which men are not apt to do always, when coming to ensnare they are themselves caught. Their cavalry were at no time able to stand the charge of the men-at-arms of the French; and their foot had been too far beguiled from their place of refuge to render it possible to fly in safety. The only alternative was fight; and to this they addressed themselves right valiantly. But the cavalry of Captain Manfrone soon sunk under the superior force and dexterity, strength and spirit of the gens d'arms; and, charged fiercely on all sides by

the lansquenets, the foot were cut to pieces. Caught in the disorder occasioned by pursuit, they were taken at vantage by fresh men, in greater numbers than their own, who were seldom known to spare. The Germans took no prisoners unless such as were able to pay ransom. It was in vain that Captain Manfrone sought, by desperate valor, to retrieve his misfortunes. The tide of battle was against him, not to be withstood; and it was only when all hope was lost of retrieving the day—when it was sheer desperation to linger—that he wheeled about, and turned his horse's head toward San Bonifacio—a long and dreary ride, particularly in his circumstances. The pursuit was not severely pressed. There was no policy to waste time and incur unnecessary peril, when the day was already won, and the prisoners were numerous. Bayard ordered the trumpets to sound the recall, when each trooper began to look to the captive of his bow and spear. The gain was great in men, horses and other booty. The loss of the Venetians was very severe. Twenty-five horse and two thousand foot are computed to have been slain. Sixty of the cavalry were made prisoners and taken to Verona. There arrived, Bayard ordered the spy, Vincentina, to be brought before him.

"Go," he said, "you are free! Say to Captain Manfrone that Captain Bayard will always be ready to meet with him, and trusts to satisfy him yet, that he is not the only Captain who can devise subtly against his enemy."

The fate of this miserable creature, thus sent back to the friends whom he had so unfortunately and fatally served, was such as those persons are apt always to incur who hope to play a double game with parties engaged in contests of life and death. Dismissed from Verona, the spy had no refuge but San Bonifacio, where, no sooner had he reappeared, than the furious Manfrone set upon him, and, refusing to listen to his story and his prayers, had him strangled instantly and hung. No excuse that he could offer could possibly restore to the infuriate Venetian the self-esteem

and the gallant troop which the wretched creature had most unwittingly caused him to lose.

Wanting in the smaller details which impart the picturesque to such narratives, and in which individuals figure always in the foreground with an interest in our minds acquired at the expense of the masses, there is necessarily a uniformity in the events, which prevents us from duly appreciating the genius of a commander, who, in matters which we do not see, and by efficient orders at a moment when we do not hear, varies, in considerable degree, perhaps, the character of the action. It has been remarked of Bayard, in regard to these successful passages at arms, that, though the events here resemble each other, there are nevertheless some obvious differences between his proceedings and those of his opponents, even where they contemplate the same end and the same means, which force upon us the conviction of his superiority, as well in mind as in spirit. Thus, it is shown, that, in the first of the two encounters with Manfrone, the latter comes to the assault with *five* hundred men, while his ambuscade consists of six hundred, Bayard having in all but an hundred and forty. The latter thus boldly comes to an encounter with a foe whose number, even as it is known to him, was nearly four times that of his own. In the second affair, when told that Manfrone is about to go forth with three hundred men, he orders two hundred to put themselves in readiness. Apprised subsequently of the contemplated treachery, and told of the number of foot placed by the Venetian in ambuscade, he contents himself with bringing the exact number into the field against them. There is a real grandeur of soul in this forbearance, such as it was the province of chivalry in its palmy days to inspire. The remarkable fact, in the case of Bayard, was that he had so completely survived that era. Still, the examples of those around him never prompted in him a departure from those laws, which he seems to have imbibed from the bosom of his mother—which he heard in all the lessons of his fire-

side, and which his whole life continued to illustrate and exemplify, to the last moment of breath and action. His faith was always, after God, in his own and the valor of his followers, and not in any advantages of weapons or numbers.

CHAPTER XIX.

Thus, in a predatory guerilla warfare, the season for active operations was consumed. The approach of winter, however, did not wholly prevent the incursions of the rival forces. The Venetians, still holding Legnano with a numerous garrison, were not idle, and the foragers and scouting parties from Verona were still kept employed in circumventing the foe, or baffling and escaping him when he showed himself too strong. The opening of the year 1510 gave new activity to the French, under stronger impulses of action. The motives which had prompted the confederacy, which was the fruit of the league at Cambray, having been in great degree satisfied, the allies naturally fell off from each other. The rapid successes of the French in their Venetian invasion, in which they had done their work without waiting for their more tardy confederates, had alarmed the jealousy of their rivals; and the Pope, suddenly made to apprehend that Louis might acquire a preponderating influence in the affairs of Italy, was ready to be reconciled to the Venetians. The destruction of the republic of Venice would have given to the French monarch the sovereignty of all the northern parts of that country, from the gulf of Genoa to that of Venice. Induced by these considerations, Julius released the republic from his spiritual censures, and, satisfied with the submission of its authorities, received it once more into his favor. As this reconciliation was an event which could not long be concealed from the public knowledge, he lost no time in strengthening himself against the resentment of France, by forming alliances with its old confederates. Maximilian was won to his wishes by

a timely application of money; an insurrection was excited in Genoa; and Ferdinand of Spain, having realized from the league all that he desired or expected, was now not unwilling to co-operate against the powerful associate of whom he was always emulous and suspicious. The natural hostility prevailing between the French and English nations prompted his Holiness to make an attempt on the monarch of the latter people; and, in order to persuade Henry VIII. to a descent upon the coast of France, the Pope sent him the consecrated rose dipped in chrism and perfumed with musk. Fifteen thousand Swiss mercenaries were engaged in this service; and the Venetians, having greatly increased their armies by foreign subsidies, not excluding the Turks from participating against Christians under the banner of the Cross, the Holy Father flattered himself that he was fully prepared to encounter the French king at his own weapons.

Before, however, these developments were made, and while the terms of the league of Cambray were ostensibly kept by all the parties, the celebrated Gaston de Foix assumed the command of the troops of France in Italy. He brought with him the ancient tutor and old friend of our good knight, Captain Louis d'Ars. The two were mutually delighted at the meeting. Bayard was a favorite and friend of Gaston de Foix, whose own brilliant genius and ardent youth made him naturally desirous of the affections of a knight who, like Bayard, was a model of such perfect chivalry. The reinforcement of troops enabled the French to lay siege to that town of Legnano, from the incursions of whose warriors they had suffered so long. The place was taken after a brave defence, and the garrison, according to the terrible custom of the time, were ruthlessly put to the sword. These cruel massacres—supposed, in our days, to be only tolerated in the event of storm, occasioned by a wanton and hopeless defence, and not to be justified or approved under any circumstances—were not confined to the actual operations of the war. A hor-

rible occurrence, about this period and in this region, took place near a great village called Longara, by which the terrible temper of the age and of the conflicting parties may well be illustrated. It appears that the people of this village, to the number of two thousand of all sexes; fearing the proximity of the contending troops, had taken refuge in an extensive cave at the foot of the mountains. This they had stored with abundance of provisions, and had provided themselves with a few guns and sufficient ammunition for defence. The place was easily maintainable, since the mouth or gorge of it was so narrow, that two persons could not assail the entrance of it at the same moment. It so happened that this place of retreat was discovered by that class of banditti which hangs about the skirts of an army, as the jackall haunts the footsteps of the lion, seeking for the prey which bolder hands have struck. These wretches, apprised of the spoil within the cavern, made an effort to enter. The inmates mildly besought them to depart. But they were not to be put off by entreaties; and the very gentleness of those who expostulated with them served only to increase their audacity. Seeking to penetrate the cave with violence, they were met by such a resistance as slew two of their number, and drove the rest away, seeking assistance from their comrades. These, when they came, seeing at once how impracticable was the attempt to enter by force, were yet unwilling to forego their revenge and prey. Rendered ingenious by evil, they conceived the horrible idea of suffocating the inmates of the grotto. They closed the aperture with straw and fuel, and, setting these on fire, filled the chamber with a smoke so dense as to stifle all its inmates. Their ends were gained. Those who first entered the cavern, found the unhappy victims lying, disposed singly, or in groups about the apartment, seeming as if they slept, but all lifeless. One person only, a lad fifteen years of age, came forth alive. He had crept to the remotest part of the grotto, where he found a small

cleft of the mountain, from which he drew the pure air from without. This lad stated that, finding their danger, the inmates would have issued from the cave, but that the peasantry, with their triple-forked spears, assailed them at the entrance, and drove them back to perish. This monstrous crime, thus consummated in cold blood, without any of the excitements of war, or provocation of battle, produced a terrible sensation. Bayard was the first upon the spot after the event was known, and devoted himself to the discovery of the criminals. The task was not so easy among those upon whose silence alone depended their safety. But two wretches were convicted, and these were hung at the entrance of the cavern where the crime had taken place. Bayard himself superintended the execution. It was with a feeling of relief that he left a place so distinguished by its horrors.

From this neighborhood, the army moved upon Monselicé, which the Venetians had captured and fortified with a garrison of twelve hundred men. While on the road to this place, the skirmishers of the army were engaged by a body of Croats, in the Venetian service, who were either slain or captured. Among the latter, the Lord *Mercure* recognized in the captain his own cousin-german, by whom he had been dispossessed of his inheritance in Alsatia, and who was the greatest enemy that he had in the world. The captor reminded him of all the evil he had suffered at his hands, and asked what should now prevent him from avenging his injuries. The other answered that he had been taken in open warfare, and should be admitted to ransom. He concluded by proposing, for his freedom, six thousand ducats and six Turkish horses. "Of that hereafter," said Lord *Mercure;* "but what should have been my fate had I been your captive." "Then," answered the fierce barbarian, "not all the gold in the world should have saved you. I should have had you hewn in pieces without a parley." "You have doomed yourself," was the stern an-

swer; and at a word, in their own language, the Albanians fell upon their prisoners with their cimeters. Not a man was spared, and there was not a victim upon whose unconscious carcass the keen weapon did not expend unnecessary blows. Their heads hewn off, were stuck upon poles; another trophy of that barbarous warfare. Our chronicler tells that the head-tire of these Croats resembled the hood of a damsel, and mentions that the part which covered the skull was lined with five or six pieces of paper, glued together, upon which it was found that the edge of the sword could make no more impression than upon a cap of steel. These little anecdotes, unnecessary to our biography, are yet needful to afford a fair notion of the manners, the modes, and the conditions of warfare in that wild and savage period.

The siege of Monselicé followed. The works had been so much strengthened as to endure a battery of several days, and might not then have been taken, but for the courage and adventurous spirit of the defenders. They made frequent sallies, skirmishing with the French within a stone's throw of the fort. On one of these occasions the Baron of Montfaucon, with Captain Molart's troop, went unpreparedly to skirmish under the walls. A strong body of the inmates issuing forth, gave them something of a drubbing. The French fled;—the Venetians somewhat too eagerly and too far pursued. The fugitives meeting probably with succors, finally turned upon their pursuers, and succeeded, so hot was the chase, in entering the gates of the town along with the Venetians. They opened the way to their comrades. The garrison, driven from the walls, found shelter in the citadel. This was set on fire, and the defenders who did not perish in the flames, met only a milder form of death on the pikes of the besiegers. The place was garrisoned and repaired, and the army was about to move once more upon Padua, when news reached its captains of the defection of the Pope, and of his designs upon the Duke of Ferrara, who

had shown himself a more faithful ally of France than the Holy Father.

This was intelligence of a serious character. Such was the superstition of the time, that, while no one thought it at all surprising or improper that the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, should make war upon his neighbors, it was yet held something of an assault upon the Church itself to make war upon him. The French nobles and captains entertained feelings of this sort, and listened to the commands of the king with some reluctance. The king himself was not without his fears and scruples. It was reserved for the Commons of France, showing themselves superior to the aristocracy, to declare that the war should be urged, and that if the Pope was not unwilling to use the sword he should be made to feel it also. It was in consequence of this decision of his people that Louis ventured to direct his generals to sustain his faithful ally the Duke of Ferrara, against his treacherous ally, the Pope. The grand-master, Chaumont, led a considerable force to Ferrara, having with him, among other famous captains, the good knight Bayard. A body of four thousand mercenaries—Swiss—formed a part of this force. They were received with joy by the duke and duchess, who had reason to apprehend equally from the energy and ambition of the Pope. The latter, meanwhile, pretending that Ferrara was a part of his territorial right, declared his purposeto regain it. Proceeding to the Bolognese in person, the better to urge his preparations, he took with him his cardinals and chief persons, and established his court at the town of Santo Felice, a large village lying between Concordia and Mirandola. The Duke of Ferrara, meanwhile, and the French with him, had taken up their quarters some twelve miles from Ferrara, between two branches of the Po, in a place named L'Ospitalletto. Here a bridge of boats was built, and well guarded,—the skirmishes between the opposing troops now becoming fre-

quent, and this bridge being essential to the ready transmission of parties for reinforcement or assault. On reaching Santo Felice, Julius sent to the Countess of Mirandola, —a widow, who was a natural daughter of the Lord Jean Jacques de Trivulzio,—to demand that she would surrender Mirandola to his keeping, as it was necessary to him in his design upon Ferrara. But the brave lady, who was quite as much devoted to the interests of the French as was her father, answered this demand by saying that the town was her own, which on no terms would she yield to his Holiness. With God's aid, she was resolved to hold it fast against all those who should seek to take it from her. The Pope was an angry man at this answer, and not satisfied to swear by St. Peter, he swore by St. Paul also, that, whether by fair means or foul, Mirandola should be his. The very next day he ordered the Duke of Urbino, captain-general of his army, to lay siege to it. This event had been anticipated, and Count Alexander de Trivulzio, a cousin of the countess, who had joined with her in her answer to the Pope's demand, promptly sent for aid to the French captain at L'Ospitalletto. The request was immediately complied with, and two cannoneers and an hundred good soldiers were instantly sent forward under the conduct of two young gentlemen, one from Dauphiny, named Montchenu, a nephew of the Lord of Montoison, the other, Chantemerle, a native of the county of Beausse, and nephew of the Lord de la Lude. These seem to have been under the training of our chevalier, for, at parting, he gave them counsel in the following language,—such counsel as he had heard from his superiors when first setting forth upon adventures:—

"My sons, you are about to enter into the service of the ladies. You must now approve yourselves gallant comrades, if you would win their favor. Their applause is reputation. The town to which you go is a strong and good one. If besieged, you should acquire renown in your

defence of it." He said much more by way, not only of encouraging them, but in order that they might address their eyes and aims to the very noblest objects of ambition. He himself, with a small escort, accompanied them to Mirandola, where he left them to the entertainment of the countess, of whom they had no reason to complain. In three days after their arrival the siege was begun, the artillery playing upon the walls with great vehemence. This, however, produced but little misgivings within the town. Bayard fixed his eyes upon this leaguer, having his own objects. As he never grudged money to obtain information, he never wanted spies and other emissaries of this sort. He kept them busy in watching the progress and doings of the Pope himself, quite as much as those of the besiegers. His heart was set upon capturing his Holiness, without any disparagement of the claims of St. Peter. This purpose seems rather to conflict with what is said by some of the historians* in regard to his supposed reluctance to engage in this warfare. He had no such reverence for the head of the Church. It is difficult to conceive, if such reluctance really had been felt as has been asserted in his case, that we should find him scheming, out of the exact line of his duty, to make a personal assault upon the holy father himself. Yet so it was. When told by one of his spies of the intention of Julius, who was still at Santo Felice, to set forth in a day or two for the trenches before Mirandola, he increased his watches upon that sacred person, and counselled his spies to assure themselves, certainly, when he would depart on this journey. This point ascertained, our devout chevalier, *sans peur et sans reproche*, laid his plans for taking into his pious keeping the Pope of Rome and all his cardinals. He communicated his sheme to the Duke of Ferrara and the Lord of Montoisin. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am advised that the Pope will leave Santo Felice tomorrow morning for Mirandola. These two places are six

* See the suggestion in the History of France, by Crowe, Vol. i., p. 147.

good miles asunder. I have conceived a project which, if successful, will be apt to be remembered for an hundred years to come. A couple of miles from Santo Felice there are two or three fine palaces which are now abandoned. It appears to me that if I should go to-night and place myself in watch in one of these palaces, taking with me a hundred gendarms, but attended by neither page nor groom, I shall have an opportunity of laying hold on his Holiness to-morrow. He will be accompanied, I am told, by his cardinals, bishops and prothonotaries, and guarded only by an hundred horse. If this be the case, I can not fail to have him. The alarm can not reach his camp ere I have made my escape, as it is fully ten miles from that place to this. Even supposing me to be pursued, it will be easy for us to guard against mishap, since you, my lord duke, and you, my Lord de Montoisin, have only to pass the bridge in the morning, with the rest of the horse, and wait for me four or five miles on the road."

The proposal met with the full approbation of the persons he addressed, and nothing remained but to put in practice the measures resolved upon. That night, after having seen his horse well fed, and taken all precautions, Bayard set forth with an hundred *gens d'arms*, such as he well knew would stand valiantly the shock of battle. He was fortunate to encounter no person upon his route; and he proceeded, as arranged, to ensconce himself snugly, an hour before day, in one of the fine palaces along the road which Julius was to pursue. This prince was an early riser, and was in his litter with the dawn. The prothonotaries, clerks and officers set forth in advance, in order to prepare lodgings for his Holiness This was a precaution which had not been anticipated, and which might, even without the occurrence of any other event, have tended to defeat the ambush of our knight. With the appearance of these people under his walls, Bayard gave the signal, and the men-at-arms darted forth upon their prey. These were

conquered, captured, dispersed in an instant, some of them rushing back with lamentable outcry to give the alarm. But even this misadventure would not have availed for the escape of the prey, had it not been for a more decided interposition of Providence. At the very moment when the Pope had ascended his litter, and before he had left Santo Felice a stone's throw, there fell such a sudden and violent storm of snow as to blind the party and drive them back. The travellers could no longer behold each other. The Cardinal of Pavia, by whom the movements of Julius were very much governed, then said to him—"Holy Father, it is impossible to go forward while this storm continues. There is no necessity for it, and we should return without proceeding farther." Little dreaming of the fortunate escape which he made by this decision, the Pope assented to the advice. The litter was wheeled about, and well was it for him that his progress had been so little forward. Bayard, not finding his prey among the fugitives he had dispersed, dashed them aside; unfortunately, without stopping to secure his prisoners. Making his way at full speed, he urged the chase almost to the entrance of Santo Felice. He was furious at being baffled in his scheme and defrauded of his object; and, such was his impetuosity, that a moment more would have given him the prize he aimed at. Just as he reached Santo Felice, the Pope heard the alarm and outcry. He was about to enter the gate of the castle. So great was his terror, that he leapt from his litter without assistance, and, with his own hands, helped to raise the bridge which at length separated him from his audacious pursuer. "This was wisely done," says the old biographer, "for, had he only lingered while one should murmur a *pater noster*, he had surely been snapped up."

The disappointment of our knight was very great, though, certainly, there was nothing, either in respect to commission or omission, which should subject him to blame. The plot was a good plot—a very excellent plot—and nobody

could have calculated on such a fall of snow, just at the precious moment, as had not fallen for a hundred years. Bayard chafed in his disappointment beneath the walls of the castle which had given shelter to his prey. It was not a place of strength, and with a single piece of artillery it might have been captured in half an hour. But his lancers might have driven at the battlements until they wore away with rust, without displacing a single stone. It became necessary that he should see to his own safety and limit his meditations upon the strength of Santo Felice. They were but six miles from the Pope's camp at Mirandola, a strong force from which, apprised of his whereabouts, might give him a disgraceful discomfiture. With a few prisoners, all men of God—bishops and such pacific sort of people—and many baggage-mules, and, we may suppose much baggage, the gendarms were put in motion for L'Ospitaletto. On the way, they encountered the Duke of Ferrara and the Lord de Montoisin, but they could not console our hero for his disappointment. It did not satisfy him, the assurance that no partisan was expected to regulate the snow-storms. It was not his reputation but his ill-fortune that he deplored. The Pope in his clutches, the war had been finished at a stroke—so much ruin and devastation avoided, so much blood spared, so many noble lives saved. The prisoners were dismissed, on payment of a small ransom—the mules having no preference for either service, concluded to remain with the French. Our old chronicler chuckles at the great fright which our good chevalier gave to the Holy Father. He sees him, crouching close in the castle of Santo Felice all that day, shaking as if an ague fit were on him; nor would he again venture forth until his nephew, the Duke d'Urbino, had come to him with an escort of several hundred horse. Then it was that he appeared before Mirandola, where the siege was conducted under his eye with the greatest perseverance. The snow-storms which had begun to work their mischances with knight

Bayard, did not withhold their evil influences from the noble lady who held the garrison. They prevailed to the overthrow of her defences. For six days and nights the snow, falling without intermission, covered the country to a depth of six feet. A hard frost succeeding, paved the ditches and moats around the town so as to make them passable for the enemy. Two wide breaches had been made by their artillery, and the situation of the Duke of Ferrara and his French allies was such as to preclude them from affording any relief. In this condition the countess was forced to capitulate. The imperious Julius refusing to enter through the gateway, marched through the breaches, made by his cannon, into the place which he had captured.

The effect of this success was to produce some alarm in the camp of the Duke of Ferrara. His forces, being unequal to those of his opponent, gave him reason to fear that he himself might be besieged in turn. He destroyed the bridge which he had made, cutting off, as well as he might, all the approaches; and, retiring within the town, determined to maintain it to the last.

CHAPTER XX.

It is due to the old associates of Bayard that we should occasionally look aside from his particular fortunes, in order that theirs should not be entirely forgotten; and a distinguished man lives so much in the career and conduct of his comrades, that these constitute a necessary study for the better appreciation of his merits. He has helped to form and mould their characters, and, in this manner, must measurably develope his own. Besides, in a work like ours, it is properly permitted that, in order to the attainment of a just idea of the moral and social atmosphere in which the hero strives, we must look at the progress of other and rival persons under the same influences. We must see how far, with the same means to operate with, and the same agencies at work upon them, they approach, in their performances, those from which his distinction has been derived. These motives will carry us back for awhile to the town of Legnano, which we have seen yielded by the Venetians, after a severe and protracted struggle, to their enemies. The place, when taken, was strengthened in its defences and well garrisoned, and was placed in the keeping of one whom we have seen frequently fighting gallantly at the side of our chevalier and under his direction. This was the gallant Captain La Crote. La Crote was prudent as well as brave; he had properly learned the lessons of his master; and, being enjoined to keep Legnano safely, and to peril nothing of his charge upon doubtful ventures, he was not to be beguiled from his garrison by the frequent provocations of the Venetians, who, emboldened by his forbearance, made their incursions up to his very gates. But

La Crote, after awhile, fell grievously ill, so that his life was despaired of, and the active control of the place was temporarily confided to less prudent hands. Surrounded by young people and volunteers, who were eager for adventure and ambitious of renown, it was no easy matter to restrain them from frequent rashness. There was one young knight in particular, one Guyon de Cantiers, who was passing valiant, but of far less conduct than courage. This Sir Guyon had, among other spies in different quarters, one in the Venetian town of Montagnana, a place about twelve or fifteen miles distant from Legnano. This spy, visiting his employer frequently, was liberal always in the news he brought. According to his accounts there were opportunities continually offering for snapping up bodies of the Venetians, small and large, with the provveditore, Messire Andrea Gritti, at their head. One scheme, in particular, was greatly insisted on, by which, if Sir Guyon and his companions would establish an ambush at a certain place near the town of Montagnana, the provveditore, who frequently came there with two or three hundred light-horse, might be pounced upon and taken by a gallant company, without danger of defeat or disappointment. The town, it was shown by the same grateful oracle, might be captured afterward, on like easy conditions.

Sir Guyon was greatly inflamed with the idea of this adventure, and dismissed the spy with the assurance that the next visit of the provveditore to Montagnana would surely find him in the designated place of harborage. Upon the spy, however, it depended to say when the provveditore was to be looked for. This emissary, in the pay of both parties, disclosed his secret to the Venetians, by whom it was eagerly entertained. Messire Andrea Gritti accordingly prepared himself for our eager Frenchman, placing in ambush a couple of hundred horse and a thousand foot, and taking with himself, on his next visit to Montagnana, a large force of horse and foot to the number of two thousand more.

His ambush was instructed to suffer the advance of the French, but to oppose their return. Meanwhile, our spy returned to Sir Guyon, and reported progress. According to his account, the provveditore had with him but a couple of hundred horse. Sir Guyon, highly charmed with the prospect before him, sought out a comrade named Malherbe, and engaged him in the affair. But it was necessary to gain permission from Captain La Crote for the incursion. They gave him all the details, but he listened with misgivings. "Gentlemen," said he, "you know that my life and honor are pledged to keep Legnano safely. Your adventure is full of peril. Should it prove unfortunate, I were a lost man—disgraced forever, and doomed to wear out the rest of my days in neglect and melancholy. I cannot suffer you to undertake this venture." But they would take no denial. They knew their ground, they were sure of their emissary, and, in the infirm health of La Crote, who was still an invalid, they succeeded finally in wresting from him, almost by force, the desired permission. Two hours after midnight they left Legnano, under the conduct of the treacherous spy; Malherbe leading a small troop of gendarms, fifty in number, while Sir Guyon conducted a larger body of three hundred foot. "Certes," says the favorite chronicler, "there quitted Legnano, on that day, the very flower of its chivalry—the hardiest of its veterans, and the most promising of its youth." They passed the first ambuscade which the provveditore had set near a little village, but were suffered to pass without any alarm or annoyance. When within a short mile of Montagnana, their guide said to them .... "Now, gentlemen, suffer me to go and see what is doing in the town. Do you remain here—stand close, and watch well and patiently till I can bring you tidings." "Better," says the "Loyal Servant," in his indignation, "better had they cut off his head than suffered his departure." He proceeded instantly to the provveditore and informed him that he had brought the fish into his net. "Unless it

be your pleasure," said he, "not one can escape, for they have already passed your ambuscade." The Venetian captain was instantly on horseback. His men, both horse and foot, an overwhelming force, issued promptly from the town, though stealthily; an hundred men being sent forward to skirmish, and to draw the Frenchmen more completely into their folds. The latter rushed gayly to the encounter, never dreaming of other customers. At the first charge the Venetians retreated, and the French pushing on, soon found themselves in the presence of a multitude. "We are betrayed," said the bold Sir Guyon; "but must not be daunted; we can still escape." The flight was conducted properly, and with skill and spirit. If the rashness of youth had involved them in ruin, the young knights were prepared to encounter it with the hardihood and defiance of approved soldiers. The foot were sent forward, while the slender troop of gendarms sustained the brunt of the assault. This was urged fiercely; but so well did the cavaliers ply their weapons, that the loss was inconsiderable until they reached the village where the ambuscade had been planted. Then it was that, at the trumpet's signal, the Venetians sallied forth like a swarm of wolves, and throwing themselves across the route to Legnano, the French found themselves enclosed between two armies, each of which was four times their own strength. No quarter was asked or given. The cry of the Venetians was to smite and slay, and in grim and desperate silence our little troop of young adventurers stood foot to foot against the foe, from whom they had nothing to expect but death. "Never!" exclaims our ancient biographer, "never, since God created heaven and earth, was there better fighting for one day, according to the number of combatants engaged. For four hours did the murderous conflict continue, the French retreating, but still fighting; still falling, but still unconquered. In this desperate struggle they had made their way till within four miles from Legnano. Then it was that

the provveditore, by mounting certain crossbow-men on horses, succeeded in breaking the perfect and compact array of the foot. Most of the gendarms were now in this body, their horses having been killed under them. The unfortunate Sir Guyon, finding that all was lost, rushed like a chafed lion into the ranks of the Venetian infantry, and, after several wonderful instances of valor, killing five or six of the enemy with his own hand, he paid the penalty of his indiscretion, and atoned in some degree for his lamentable error by a glorious death. He was overpowered and slain, with every man of his three hundred. Malherbe and five-and-twenty of his comrades, were all that survived the carnage, and these were taken prisoners.

The complete destruction of the party (not one having escaped to convey the intelligence to the garrison at Legnano) suggested to the provveditore a scheme for getting possession of that town. Causing the French soldiers, horse and foot, to be stripped of their clothes and armor, he arrayed an equal number of his own people in their habits. To these he delivered some hundred or hundred and twenty others of his people, but in their Venetian costume. These were to be led along among them as prisoners. His instructions to this party were, that they should go to Legnano, and, when sufficiently near, should set up cries of "France and Victory." The gates once thrown open, as to their own people, they were to rush into the town, sure of being followed by the whole force of Messire Andrea Gritti, who was to conceal himself, with his squadrons, within bow-shot of the walls.

The scheme was well conceived, and nothing was omitted which could add to its plausibility. The French ensigns were to float above their heads. The Venetian were to be seen trailing in the dust beneath their feet. Even certain falcons, with which it appears that some of the young French gallants had set forth on their fatal adventure, were carefully preserved and conspicuously carried along with

them. The directions of the provveditore were carried out probably with quite as much spirit as they well could be. With clamors of victory, and every show of joy and exultation, the seeming Frenchmen made their way to Legnano, and approached within bow-shot, sounding trumpets and clarions. It happened, however, fortunately for the garrison, that the Lord of La Crote had with him one of those shrewd, sagacious persons, who, with rare instincts, perceive a deception at a glance. Such persons are to be found in all armies where there are many veterans. In this case, the sagacious individual was a lieutenant, one Bernard de Villars, an old knight, whose life had been one of continued military service. Ascending the tower of the gateway as these exulting Frenchmen appeared in sight, he was struck by the very excess of their rejoicing. This led to a closer scrutiny; and he said to one near him, "Descend and cause the draw-bridge to be lowered and then drawn up again. These are indeed the horses and accoutrements of our people, but it does not seem to me that the men ride after our fashion. Unless I am very much mistaken, these are none of ours. Ill luck may have befallen our party. My heart misgives me. If these be our people, they can wait. We shall find that out easily enough when they draw nigh. If they be enemies, betake yourselves to the barricade. I have here two pieces loaded, with which I shall help you if necessary."

Meanwhile, the disguised Venetians dashed forward, supposing the draw-bridge to have been lowered, and not conjecturing that it had been again drawn up. The man at the bridge having called to them as they approached, without receiving any answer, had retreated in safety to the barricades; and their true character becoming apparent to our veteran, Bernard de Villars, he gave them, as they approached, a blast from his artillery, which stopped them short in their career. Not succeeding by surprise, all farther attempts upon the town were abandoned as hopeless, and the

Venetians retired, satisfied with the spoil and glory which they had won. This event had nearly been fatal to the noble captain of the garrison, who bitterly reproached himself with having yielded, against his better judgment, to the solicitations of his inexperienced and unfortunate young men. He had nearly died of grief under his own sense of error and the extreme displeasure of his king, who was appeased with difficulty. It is very certain that Bayard, with all his eagerness for adventure, would never have allowed himself to be persuaded by his captains against his better judgment. To him, after this digression, let us again return.

The Pope, after the taking of Mirandola, held a council of war, to whom he submitted his views in regard to the siege of Ferrara, which he was anxious to undertake without loss of time. While all his counsellors concurred in the propriety of reducing Ferrara, they necessarily differed as to the proper modes of operation. Ferrara, very strong in itself, was well provided with troops. Unless its supplies could be arrested, it would cost many lives before it could be taken. Having the means in his power for cutting off the supplies by the Po, the Pope fancied he should deprive them of all provisions from above the beleaguered city; while, from below, the vigilance of the Venetians would be equally certain to straighten them in that quarter. To this a Venetian captain, named Giovanni Forté, answered that even this would be inadequate to effect their object. He showed them that the territory under the control of the Duke of Ferrara was itself abundantly productive for the necessities of the garrison, and that provisions could reach him by Argento. "On the other side," said he, "there is a tract of country called Il Polesino di Sto Giorgio, which is so rich, that, even if Ferrara derived nothing from any other quarter, this would be amply able to furnish the town for a year. To arrest these supplies, it is first necessary that you should capture the place called La Bastia, about

twenty-five miles from Ferrara. Were that in our power, the fall of Ferrara would be very certain in the space of two months."

His advice was taken, and the impatient Julius instantly ordered to the attempt the Venetian by whom the suggestion was made and a couple of experienced Spanish captains. To these were assigned a force, consisting of two hundred gens d'arms, five hundred light-horse, and five or six thousand foot, the latter provided with six pieces of heavy artillery. La Bastia was feebly garrisoned, and the officer in command was terrified—as well he might be—at the powerful force sent against him. At the first sign of danger, he despatched a trusty soldier to convey the tidings to Ferrara. Bayard was the first to encounter this messenger, and to ask his business. When told that La Bastia could not hold out a day unless succored, he conducted him at once to the duke. The fort, which was a strong one, had but twenty-five soldiers in garrison—a force not to be spoken of in regard to their availableness against such an army as that which Julius had assigned for the siege. The tidings drove the blood from the cheeks of the duke. "If I lose La Bastia," said he, "I may as well abandon Ferrara. The place is twenty-five miles off, and must be relieved before to-morrow. To gain the place, it is necessary, at this time, that the troops should pursue a difficult road, so narrow and intricate, that, for the space of half a mile, the men must march singly, one by one. There is one pass in which twenty men might hinder the progress of as many thousand. Of this, however, I believe our enemies know nothing."

Bayard, seeing the duke so much dismayed by the impending necessity, which was certainly an extreme one, presumed to interfere. "My lord," said he, "we may leave a trifling matter to the hands of chance, but in an affair so vital as this, we should strain every nerve to encounter the danger. Our enemies are besieging La Bastia.

They deem themselves in perfect security, because, the large army of the Pope being here, they fancy we dare not quit Ferrara to raise the siege. Now, my lord, I have thought of a thing which may be easily executed, and unless fortune prove very adverse, must result in the safety of La Bastia, and our own great honor. You have in this town some four or five thousand foot, very brave fellows, and admirably versed in all the arts of war. Let us take two thousand of them, with the eight hundred Swiss of Captain Zemberg, and pass them over night in boats upon the water. We are still masters of the Po as far as Argento. These forces will wait for us at the passage of which you have spoken. If they arrive first they will take Argento; and the horse that are here will travel all night by land. With good guides, we can reach La Bastia by break of day, and there join company with our comrades. Our enemies will never suspect such an enterprise. Before they shall have time to place themselves in array of battle, we will fall upon them with all our might, and my heart assures me that we shall have the victory." "Had one given the duke an hundred thousand crowns," says our chronicler, "he could not have been more delighted." "On my honor," he answered with a smile, "to you, my Lord of Bayard, nothing seems impossible. I think with you; and if our friends here concur in your suggestions, I doubt not that we shall be able to deal with the enemy even as you propose. For my part, I earnestly hope that they may concur with us." And thus saying, with a courtly grace, this brave and accomplished prince raised the cap from his head in salutation.

The captains generally agreed in the wisdom of the suggestion. The plan of Bayard was adopted, and the preparations begun. The troops were put in readiness, boats were procured without noise, and the infantry embarked at dusk of evening. The cavalry, accompanied

by the duke in person, set out as soon as night offered adequate concealment. The weather was bad, and the roads; but fortunately, the guides were good, and all parties in excellent spirits. The calculations of Bayard were verified by the results. Half an hour before day the cavalry reached the pass, where the vessels with the foot soon after joined them. It was broad daylight before the whole were prepared for moving. Then sullenly came the booming of the cannon, announcing the commencement of the assault on the part of the besiegers. La Bastia was not yet lost. The troops were within a mile of the enemy, when Bayard thus addressed their captains:—"Gentlemen, it has been often and well said that he who makes no account of his enemy is a madman. We are now hard upon ours, and they have no less than three to one against us. If they knew of our enterprise, we should doubtless have much trouble at their hands, for they have artillery and we none. They tell me, moreover, that the troops before La Bastia are the very flower of the Pope's army. To do well, therefore, we must endeavor, if we can, to take them unprepared. I am of opinion that the Bastard Du Fay, my standard-bearer, who is well skilled in such matters, should go, with fifteen or twenty horse, in the direction by which the enemy came, and give them an alarm. Captain Pierrepont shall accompany him at the distance of a bow-shot with an hundred gendarms, to succor him when he is repulsed. With these we will send Captain Zemberg with his eight hundred Swiss. You, my lord," said he to the duke; "My Lord of Montoisin; the gentlemen, my companions, and myself, will go straight to the leaguer, where I will proceed first to raise the alarm. If Du Fay shall have done that beforehand, and they all crowd toward him, we enclose them between him and us. If, on the other hand, we give the first alarm, Captain Pierrepont, with his Swiss, shall do as much on their side. By these means we shall so astound and bewilder

them that they will imagine us to be three times as numerous as we are. Above all, let every one of our trumpets sound on approach.

By this time, it must be remarked, the wonderful courage, conduct, enterprise and long experience of our good knight, had rendered him an authority wherever he was known. Familiar with the great events of modern times, he seems to have studied diligently the ancient. He was, according to the chronicles, a very record of battles, not merely the gross event, but the details; and with these, all the turning circumstances and the peculiar individual policy by which the issue had been probably effected. Enough that, in this instance, all who heard him deferred to his opinion. His plan of operations was instantly agreed on, and the two detachments, now within a mile of the leaguer, moved each in the direction assigned it—the one under Du Fay and Pierrepont, with the Swiss, taking the road which the enemy had pursued; the other proceeding directly to La Bastia, which they approached within cannon-shot unperceived. The alarm was raised by Du Fay, sharply and vigorously, startling the Pope's army with astonishment, if not dismay. Arming in hot haste, and mounting their horse, they proceeded at once to the place of uproar. Their foot, compactly marshalled were moved in close order in the same direction. Du Fay was driven before their horse as had been anticipated; but Pierrepont came to the rescue, encountered them fiercely with his gendarms, and beat them back upon their infantry. These, marching in order of battle, and to the number of five or six thousand, now crossed weapons with the eight hundred Swiss foot-soldiers, who came to the support of Pierrepont. The Swiss, sustained by the gendarms, made good fight, but must have yielded before the numerous body which was opposed to them, but for the timely arrival of the duke, the lords of Montoisin, Le Lude, Fontrailles, and the "Good Knight" Bayard. These, with the horse and two thousand foot, operating

upon the rear of the enemy, produced such a diversion as relieved the command of Pierrepont from the immense pressure which must have borne it down. Charging a troop of three or four hundred horse which seemed disposed to rally, Bayard and Fontrailles overthrew them with a single rush. The fight lasted for an hour. The day remained with the French. The slaughter was terrible; as how should it be otherwise—men fighting hand to hand, and at a period when mutual recriminations had banished mercy wholly from the bosom of war. More than four thousand foot-soldiers perished of the Pope's army, sixty horse were slain, and three hundred taken, together with all the baggage and artillery. The French, loaded with spoils, returned to their garrison in Ferrara, having taken care to strengthen that of La Bastia against future surprises. The event of the day was greatly to the increase of Bayard's reputation. It had shown him fully equal to the command of an army. Hitherto he had been content to lead a squadron. He had conceived the whole scheme, when all schemes seemed hopeless and his general was desponding; and it was one equally simple in its details, and sagacious in its correct appreciation of the views of the enemy whom it was designed to overthrow. But it was not because of the conception only, that he won the applause of all. His conduct and spirit on the field, always timely and always efficient, had contributed, in large degree, to render his scheme successful. The Duke of Ferrara, for himself and people, gave him public thanks. Nor was the duchess, his fair bride, at all slow to recognize the superior merit of one who was the pride of European chivalry. This lady was the daughter of Galeazzo Sforza, duke of Milan, and worthy of her birth and station. She was not only one of the most lovely, but one of the most accomplished of the ladies of her time—even more remarkable by her talents than her beauties, and quite as rare an instance of learning as of talent among her sex. She spoke and wrote

with equal ease and elegance in Greek, Latin, French and Italian; and was in every way well fitted to preside at noble assemblies which brought together the grace and loveliness, the wit and valor, of more than two of the leading states of Christendom. She did not strive vainly to acknowledge the worth of those who brought triumph and safety to her house and husband. Could we but procure a picture, though faint, of those gorgeous assemblages of chivalry at her court—the superb entertainments, the *fêtes pittoresque*—the thousand various divertissements which followed upon the victory at La Bastia!* What should we now give for such details, from the old chroniclers of the doings of the court, as minutely given as those which they render to us of the camp. But they were a dry, ascetic race—stern and savage amid all their courtliness, who—even in their loves, dreamed rather of making a mistress known to their rivals than of properly enshrining her in their own affections.

* Guicciardini allows the French to have obtained all the advantages in this victory at La Bastia, calling it a rout rather than a combat; but he diminishes the importance of the event, which, by other historians, is reduced to an affair between detachments.

CHAPTER XXI.

If the victory at La Bastia brought joy and exultation to the court of Ferrara, it was productive of an equal degree of rage and disappointment in the bosom of Pope Julius. He was nearly beside himself when the tidings reached him at Mirandola; and nothing but the most earnest exhortations of his chief officers succeeded in dissuading him from laying siege instantly to Ferrara itself. They, however, of less imperious will and less prevailing passions than the Holy Father, were better prepared to see the difficulties and dangers of such a leaguer. They described to him the strength of the place, how well it was defended, how amply provisioned, and, in particular, with what a host they would have to contend in the person of Bayard alone, who began, about this time, to acquire the appellation of *The Invincible!* Satisfied that his policy required that he should avoid the perils and the expense of a siege, he resorted to the humbler arts of corruption. There were persons in Ferrara, citizens, and of good family, who, as the Pope well knew, were not incorruptible. To these he despatched his emissaries, at successive periods, plying them with arguments and bribes, and suggesting schemes for obtaining the possession of the gates of the place. But our Frenchmen kept too good a watch for the success of these practices. The emissaries, six or eight of them, were detected and hung, and the suspected citizens cast into prison.

Infirmity of purpose was not the fault in the character of Julius. Baffled in all his plans, he did not forego his object. He now conceived a scheme much more in keeping with well known Italian policy. There was, in the duchy of

Milan, a gentleman of Lodi, named Messire Augustino Guerlo. This person, though a subject at the time of the King of France, was yet a creature of the Pope—a great schemer, subtle, intriguing ever, and with a passion for all sorts of treasons, stratagems and spoils. This passion, at a future day, cost him his head, which he lost to Stuart d'Aubigny, at Brescia. But while he was still in possession of this treasure-house of plot and policy, the Pope called him to his service, and, giving him his lessons, sent him to Ferrara. There he was empowered to propose to the duke, secretly, that the war should cease between them—that he should send the French away and become the ally of the Church, and, in return for these services, he was to receive one of the Pope's nieces for his eldest son, while the duke himself should be made gonfalonier and captain-general of the troops of Rome. The French dismissed from the service of the duke, and sent from Ferrara, were to be set upon by the Pope's army and easily destroyed by overwhelming numbers and destitution. They could have passed into no place from which, unless by the most miraculous good fortune, they could have escaped the clutches of their enemy.

Such was the scheme of the Pope, and such his offer to the Duke of Ferrara, through Messire Augustino Guerlo. This gentleman made his way to Ferrara, and laid his proposals before the person to whom he had been sent. He was received with forbearance, and even kindness. The duke, who, in the acceptation of that time, was a very honorable person, felt the claims of the French upon him; and, while he pretended to give a favorable hearing to the Pope's embassador, he secretly and firmly resolved against the treacherous proceeding. He regaled Messire Augustino hospitably, then locking him up in one of the apartments of the palace, went to communicate with the Chevalier Bayard at his lodgings. Bayard was now in sole command of the French at Ferrara. His superior, the "Gentle Lord" of Montoisin, had not long survived the battle of La Bastia.

He was a very noble and accomplished gentleman, who had done gallant deeds in Picardy, Bretagne, Naples, and Lombardy—"a very merlin was he," quoth the "Loyal Servant"—"unremittingly vigilant." He was greatly the friend of Bayard, by whom his death was honestly and earnestly lamented.

The Duke of Ferrara communicated to our knight, with great frankness, the whole message and proposal of the Pope. We do not see that this proposal contemplated a more extreme degree of treachery than was common to the princes of the time; but Bayard heard the story with indignation; and, crossing himself with all the devoutness of a good Catholic, declared that he would not believe that so wicked a conception could possibly have found its way into the heart of the Holy Father. But the duke's assurances were positive; and, to satisfy our hero, he proposed that Bayard should occupy a closet, whence every thing might be heard, while the emissary was made once more to go over all the particulars of his communication. But the latter was satisfied, however reluctantly, of the truth of the narration, without rendering necessary any resort to this espionage. The duke concluded with warm declarations of his obligations to the French, and assured our knight that he would sooner be torn asunder by wild horses than yield to any such dishonorable suggestion. Bayard professed himself satisfied, and the duke then proposed that the shearer should go home shorn; in other words, that the treachery of the Pope might be made to recoil upon himself, and the emissary whom he had sent should be employed as an instrument against him. The general proposition necessarily pleased our hero, who, as a master of stratagem in war, saw something commendable in the process of turning one's weapons against himself, and he gave his assent to the proposition without scruple. Upon which the duke disappeared. Returning to Messire Augustino, he called him to a second conference. Here it was Italian

against Italian—the subtle pupils of the same school opposing their kindred wits. After several preliminaries, all of which aimed only at an opportune introduction of his chief policy, the duke reminded the emissary that the Pope was not a person to be trusted; that he, at least, had no reason to confide in the assurances of one who had so frequently threatened his life—who, it was well known, was the person whom he was most hated in the world, and for whose territories and cities Julius had the most longing appetite. "Nextly," said the duke, "what should I gain by telling the Lord of Bayard that I have no farther need of him and his companions? Will he not suspect me, and hath he not a greater force in this town than I myself? Will he not hold his ground till he can communicate to the King of France, or to his lieutenant-general, this side of the Alps? And will it not be that, in making the Pope my ally, I bring these both upon my head?"

The reasoning of the duke was irresistible, and he proceeded after this fashion—"And now, Messire Augustino, if I find it impossible to rely on the good faith of the Pope, so will it be your impossibility also. You know this Julius, as well as I, to be of a terrible nature, choleric and vindictive, and so treacherous, that it is a sure peril to have had his confidence in any affairs of secrecy. Whatever he may show you now of his secret policy, will he punish you for by some cruel trick hereafter. This, surely, is well known to you; but even supposing him faithful to you so long as he lives, what will be your fortune when he dies? No pope harbors or keeps the servants of him whom he succeeds. You have no chance of favor, but rather the contrary, from any who shall become his successor."

These were melancholy truths, which the emissary was compelled to acknowledge. The duke continued. He opened a more pleasing prospect to Messire Augustino: "You know me, and know that I am rich. Now were you to do me any service in helping to rid me of this my worst

enemy, you shall not only receive a handsome present, but so good an income, that you should live at ease all your life after.

"The result of these overtures was, that the Pope's agent was brought over to the duke's service. The bait was irresistible; and the base and covetous scoundrel, declaring his intimacy with Julius, and the facilities which he possessed, through this intimacy, for perpetrating any crime, offered to take him off by poison in the space of eight days. The price of blood was something larger than that required by Judas. The deed being accomplished, he was to receive two thousand ducats in hand, and five hundred a year afterwards for life. The treaty made, the excellent duke, never doubting but that he had performed a highly praiseworthy action, went out to communicate with our chevalier. Bayard was traversing the city ramparts, amusing himself in watching the process of opening a loop-hole in the walls. Seeing the duke approach, he advanced to meet him. The latter took him by the hand, and leading him off from all other persons, said to him—"My Lord of Bayard, it is very sure that the traitor will always, in the end, be betrayed. Thus it happens that the treachery which the Pope has conceived against us, will fall upon him. This fellow have I won to our cause, so that he will do unto the Pope that which he desired to have done to you. Messire Augustino Guerlo hath assured me that the Pope can not, at farthest, live eight days longer."

Bayard, in his innocence and simplicity of character, did not really comprehend the meaning of the duke, or desired to discourage him in the proceeding by a refusal to understand or to conceive of such a treachery. His answer, which declared his astonishment, must have astonished the subtler Italian. "Now, how can he know this, my lord? Is he in the secrets of Providence? Hath he spoken with God?" The duke answered him, significantly—"Never you mind—so shall it happen!" Then, as Bayard pressed

him farther, he told how the emissary of the Pope had engaged to poison him within the designated space of time. The whole heart of Bayard recoiled at the revelation. His idea of policy and stratagem was of that only which should obtain a fair field, and no favor from his enemy. To beguile him from his fortress,—to gain entrance within, or to persuade him to forego his advantages,—these were objects, to attain which, chivalry and war equally justified a resort to ordinary artifices—to the employment of the secret agent—to the corruption of a sentinel; but these artifices themselves were only sanctioned by a readiness, on the part of him who employed them, to incur the perils of the actual conflict to which they were expected to conduct. Poisoning and stabbing were not among the virtues of such a warfare. The stern honor of Bayard instantly spoke out with all the eager impetuosity of his character, as he found, not only what was the stratagem designed by the emissary, but that the Duke of Ferrara was really anxious to employ its agency.

"My lord duke, I can not suppose it possible that a prince so honorable as yourself will consent to so black a treachery. Could I believe it possible, I swear by the life of my soul, I should, ere this night were over, reveal it to the Pope myself."

The duke expostulated. "He would have done as much for us."

"I care not for that. I, at least, will not consent that he be murdered thus."

The duke shrugged his shoulders, then spitting upon the ground, said, "My Lord of Bayard, would that I could dispose of all my enemies as easily as that! Howbeit, since the thing is not to your liking, it shall be given up; but, God help us! we shall both repent of our forbearance hereafter."

"Not so, please God!" answered Bayard. "Nay, farther, my lord duke, you will do well, and I entreat you,

to deliver into my hands the fellow who proffers to do this beautiful piece of work; and if I have him not hanging from these battlements within this hour, let me hang there in his stead."

But the duke had given to Messire Augustino Guerlo a promise of safety, and he dismissed him after formally releasing him from the engagement which the virtuous spirit of Bayard had refused to sanction. He returned to the Pope, who was suffered to survive the period to which his career was limited—who never appears to have conjectured the deep treachery of his embassador, and how much he was indebted to the honorable courage of our hero. It does not appear that the Duke of Ferrara felt less kindly to our "good knight" because of the inevitable rebuke which was conveyed by the disagreement of the latter to the criminal policy which the former was prepared to adopt. We are not told how long he remained in Ferrara after this event. The place was relieved from present dangers, the Pope repairing to Bologna, for the purpose of meeting embassadors from the different potentates, with whom he was to officiate as mediator. He was not the person for such an office, and his presence only served to kindle new animosities. The negotiation failed entirely, and, as soon as the result was known, the Marshal Trivulzio, at the head of a large body of troops, hastened toward Bologna. With these troops went Bayard. Mirandola was captured and restored to the noble and gallant countess who had fought for it so well. Bologna was yielded, a bloodless victory, to the arms of the French; the Pope narrowly making his escape to Ravenna. He had faith neither in his own troops nor in the people of the country. The former were by no means prepared to fight the French, and the latter were pleased to welcome them. So worthless were the men-at-arms of the Pope, that one Frenchman captured five or six, and carried them off safely; while an instance is given of one La Bauline, an invalid soldier, with a leg of

wood, who took three prisoners and safely bound them together. The only fighting that was done, took place under Bayard, who led the horse, and who distinguished himself greatly by the surprise and in the assault. The Marshal Trivulzio declared at supper, on the evening of the victory, that, under God, the success was all due to the Lord of Bayard. The Pope lost every thing,—bag, baggage, tents, arms, artillery, and ammunition.

In Bologna, our good knight was not suffered to remain idle. The Emperor Maximilian was once more in trouble and needing assistance, or rather once more ambitious of conquest, and anxious to spare his own levies. The country of Friuli, a beautiful region, held by the Venetians, lay temptingly before his eyes. It was easily accessible from Germany, and was desirable on many accounts. The King of France had no reason to censure the cupidity which sought its gratification at the expense of his enemies; and, in answer to his entreaties, Chabannes, lord de la Palisse, was sent to his assistance with eight thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. Chabannes knew too well the resources of Bayard to fail to procure his companionship. The French found the army of the emperor at Verona, from which place they proceeded to besiege Treviso, where nothing was effected. From this place, taking with him the gendarms of the Duke of Lorraine, and a company under Fontrailles, Bayard was sent against Gratz and Goretz, which he captured. Having garrisoned these places for, and with troops of, the emperor, he returned to the camp, where, through the imbecility of Maximilian's officers, or of himself, nothing had been done, and all was distress and confusion. The troops were neglected, and left to starve for six days, without bread or wine, and in a sickly country. Four thousand of the French perished through disease. Chabannes, at length, grew impatient of inactivity and at the condition of his troops. He became earnest to return to Bologna; but this was resisted by the emperor's officers, between whom and

the French captain high words followed. The result was the withdrawal of the French troops, who removed to St. Bonifacio, a village which we remember as one from which, during the previous campaign of the German emperor, the Venetians were wont to make their most vigorous sallies. Here they remained a short time before rejoining the main army of France in Italy. This they found in great distress on account of the recent death of the generalissimo, the Grand-Master de Chaumont. He was reputed to be one of the ablest captains in the French army. He was succeeded in command by the famous Gaston de Foix, duke of Nemours, then no more than twenty-one. The renown of this remarkable youth, who perished before his prime, is matter of history. His bravery and sagacity, his chivalrous spirit and acute intelligence, have secured him an enduring reputation. That he cherished, loved, and deferred to Bayard, whom he might well have chosen as his model, is not the least proof of his sagacity and worth.

It was during a brief respite from the actual pressure and emergency of war, that the Duke de Nemours paid a visit of state and courtesy to the Duke and Duchess of Ferrara, in their city of that name. He was accompanied by Bayard and other of his captains, and was received with those civilities and entertainments which nobody knew better how to give than the noble Lady of the House of Ferrara. Among these entertainments was one of a less festive character and occasion than the rest. This was a duel between two Spaniards, one of whom was named Santa Cruz, and the other the Señor Azevedo. The former had been a colonel of foot in the service of the Pope; the other had held a command in the same troops and service. The duel arose from an assertion, made by Azevedo, that Santa Cruz had endeavored to compass his death by treachery. They were both of good blood and honorable fame; and the application to the Duke de Nemours, to sanction the fight by his presence and that of his gentlemen, was graciously an-

swered in the affirmative, after the cause of quarrel had been duly made known. The lists were prepared before the palace of Ferrara, and the champions appeared at the appointed time, both well attended by men-at-arms and gentlemen, from one to two hundred in number. Though the terms of the fight were "*to the uttermost*," in other words, though the fight was a deadly one, the fair dames of Ferrara were spectators. The opponents were provided with poniards, rapiers, and *secrettes*, which are described as a kind of axe. Both fell upon their knees, making their prayers to God, and—a commentary upon the faithlessness of the age—their persons were examined to see if they bore any secret armor or weapons beyond those with which they had been furnished. This done, the field was cleared, none remaining but the combatants, their seconds, and Knight Bayard, whom, as one that understood such matters much better than any man living, the Duke of Ferrara had appointed master and keeper of the field. Then the herald cried aloud, making the usual proclamation, that no one was to interfere between the combatants, or in any way to counsel, assist, or advise them—and this warning extended even to an order against spitting or coughing, or the slightest signs, by which either of the parties might be supposed to be influenced, favorably or otherwise.

These preliminaries at an end, the champions confronted each other for the deadly combat. Deadly, with such weapons, it might well be looked to be, as neither of them wore defensive armor of any kind. Azevedo held his rapier in his right and poniard in the left hand. Santa Cruz kept his poniard in the sheath, wielding the rapier only. And thus they began the fight. Both were active, alert, and good swordsmen, and the conflict promised to be a vigorous one. After several thrusts, Santa Cruz made a dextrous pass at the face of his adversary, which Azevedo as dextrously parrying, his rapier in descending pierced the upper part of his enemy's thigh to the bone. Santa Cruz

would have darted forward to avenge his hurt, but fell in doing so. Azevedo then approached him, and, in the language of a conqueror, cried to him, "Yield Santa Cruz, or I slay thee." The latter made no answer, but, sitting upright, with sword extended, betrayed a settled determination to perish rather than surrender. Azevedo, magnanimously, then proposed that he should rise; for that he could not strike him in that position. The wounded man accordingly struggled once more forward on his feet, and made at his enemy; but the latter putting by his thrust, Santa Cruz fell again, and this time, with his face to the earth. The victor raised his sword to smite off his head, which he might easily have done, but his generosity arrested the blow. Still, though summoned, Santa Cruz refused to submit or declare himself conquered. This stubbornness would have been fatal to him, as, according to the custom of the time, the successful champion was required to bring the matter to an issue, either in the confession or the death of his foe. The Duchess of Ferrara then interposed with the Duke de Nemours, with clasped hands and pleading eyes, that the warder should be thrown down and the combatants withdrawn. But this was not within his jurisdiction. "Madame," said he, "for your sake I should be well pleased to do so; but I can not rightfully, and ought not to interfere with the conqueror."

Meanwhile, Santa Cruz was losing all the blood in his body, and, though his conqueror forbore any farther stroke, the wound would be fatal if he were not instantly relieved. The Prior of Messina, one of his seconds, then said to Azevedo, "Señor, I know the spirit of Santa Cruz will not suffer him to surrender. He will die first, and, since there is no other remedy, I yield myself your prisoner in his place." The pledge was accepted, and, falling upon his knees, the successful duellist uttered his thanks to the Deity for having spared and crowned him with triumph, for having—violated his most righteous laws.

The surgeon was now permitted to approach the wounded man. The flowing blood was staunched, and his people bore him from the field to his lodgings. But, in doing so, they violated one of the laws of the combat. They carried with him the weapons of war, which were properly the prize of the conqueror. This seems to have been the case even where the combat was on the point of honor, and when it was urged *à l'outrance*,—a seeming anomaly, since the objects of the tournament were essentially different, and since the spoils of the combat can scarcely be a consideration with him who goes into it to rescue his good name from reproach, and with every sensibility outraged by indignity and wrong. Such, however, was the rule at this period in the courts of chivalry, and it was one which the successful party tenaciously insisted upon. Azevedo sent to demand the arms of Santa Cruz, but his followers refused to give them up. He complained, accordingly, to the Duke de Nemours, who referred it to Bayard, by whom it was ruled that if the weapons were not yielded, the vanquished was to be brought back within the lists, his wound again laid open, and he restored, in all respects as nearly as possible, to the condition in which he lay when his second made the surrender in his place. This necessity, which was communicated by our good knight, soon brought the stubborn party to his senses. The arms were given up to Bayard by whom they were delivered to Azevedo, who went on his way rejoicing to the sound of clarion and trumpet.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Pope's assumption of the helm and spear of Mars, and his consequent desertion of the office, if not the chair, of St. Peter, led to a bold desire on the part of the Emperor Maximilian and the King of France to deprive him of his authority. A council of the Church was called, to be held at the city of Pisa, from whence, however, it was removed, through fear of the populace, to Milan, where it sat securely under the protection of the French. This measure was the result of long deliberation between the two princes by whom it was planned, and several cardinals were prevailed upon to unite in an alliance against the Holy Father. Against this alliance, which threatened to be formidable, the Pope bestirred himself with his usual diligence. He appointed a general council of the Church to be held at Rome, warned the disobedient cardinals to return to their duty within sixty-five days, under pain of

the forfeiture of their dignities and revenues; and succeeded, by certain concessions made to Ferdinand of Arragon, in beguiling him, in the teeth of recent pledges made to France, into a union with himself and the Venetians. The Holy League was the imposing title given to this alliance, into which Henry VIII. of England was drawn by the influence of his father-in-law, the King of Arragon. The latter agreed to furnish twelve hundred men-at-arms and ten thousand foot, under the command of Don Raymond de Cardona, viceroy of Naples, with a train of artillery and eleven war galleys; the Pope contributed six hundred men-at-arms, and the Venetians their whole forces, by land and sea. Henry VIII. was to send an army into Guienne, which province was to be the reward of his services. A large body of Swiss was also subsidized by the Pope, for the purpose of making a descent upon the Milanese while the allies were engaging the attention of the French in other parts of Italy. A judicious plan of concert brought most of the allies into the field at the same moment, and demanded the instant employment, by the French, of all the resources in their power. Fortunately, they had the first and most necessary of all in their famous leader, Gaston de Foix, duke of Nemours. He first turned his attention upon the Swiss, who descended from their mountains about the close of the year 1511. They bore on this occasion the famous standard which had so often been the terror of their enemies, upon whose folds was inscribed in letters of gold, "Domatores Principum. Amatores Justiciæ. Defensores Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesia;"—an inscription, the tenor of which, they had not always shown themselves anxious to observe. The results of their present invasion were in no respects commensurate with the imposing language of their standard. They marked their progress in the destruction of the hamlets through which they passed, and, while the great body of the French were employed in garrison at Verona, Bologna, and other

towns, they gained some advantages over detachments which the Duke de Nemours sent forward, rather to watch and to retard their progress than to join with them in battle. Skirmishes were frequent between the advance-guards of the Swiss and these patrolling parties, the French gradually retiring before their enemies, until they found shelter in Milan. From this place, the Baron de Conti, going forth with an hundred horse to make an incursion, was unfortunate in meeting with a vastly superior force, by which he was roughly handled, losing several of his men, and he himself retiring wounded to the death. This was a severe loss to Bayard, who was the bosom friend of this nobleman. But Bayard better loved to avenge than to mourn the death of his comrade. Such, indeed, is the usual mode of expressing sorrow, among men of war, in all ages. He buckled on his armor and sallied forth the very next day after this event, seeking the very spot where the Baron of Conti had met his death. Here he encountered five hundred of the Swiss, whom he overthrew; and, the blood of his friend still before his eyes, we may well suppose that he did not too suddenly withhold the arm of slaughter.

The leaguer of Milan was not long maintained by these capricious mountain mercenaries, who carried the proud inscription upon their standard, rather for the eyes of others than their own. Their provisions beginning to fail them, they were not unwilling to listen to terms of composition; and having his hands full of other arms, with whom hard blows only would avail, the Duke de Nemours found it politic to buy off with money these excellent defenders of the Holy Roman Church. Their leaders were soon persuaded to retrace their steps across the Alps; and the states of Milan being thus put in security, the French general proceeded to the relief of the city of Bologna, the siege of which had been commenced by the allied army on the 26th of January, 1512. The Papal troops were en-

trusted to the Cardinal Medici, as legate of Bologna, under whom Marc Antonio Colonna acted as general of the Church. Don Raymond de Cardona, who led the Spaniards, was assisted by Fabrizio Colonna and Pietro Navarro. The city was held by Annibale and Hermes Bentivoglio, with a powerful Italian party, which had adhered to the fortunes of the French; and a strong body of troops of the latter nation, under the command of Lautrec. The allies had made considerable progress in the siege. Their approaches were carried on in due form, and the walls were gradually crumbling under the continual fire of the artillery. A mine, meanwhile, had been sprung in an excavation, which was meant to lay the city in ruins. But, fortunately for the inhabitants, the explosion only lifted from its foundations a chapel of the Virgin, which, after making certain evolutions in the air (which afforded the besiegers a momentary view of the interior of the city), settled down quietly upon the spot which it had formerly occupied, and closed the breach with its own massive ruins. These, as the chapel stood immediately against the walls of the city, served the purpose of a sufficient temporary barricade. The besiegers were somewhat discouraged by this result of their exertions. The besieged, on the contrary, found something in it auspicious to their hopes of a successful defence. That the chapel of the Holy Virgin *del Barracane* should have so appropriately occupied the breach made by the enemy, was surely something upon which true believers might base the most flattering hopes of the future.

Meanwhile, the Duke de Nemours, hearing of the approaches of the Spanish army, to the leaguer of the place, repaired to a village nearer Ferrara, named Finale, where he employed himself in assembling his forces for its relief. While on his advance to this place, he stopped for two days at the little town of Carpi, where he was entertained by Alberto Pico, count thereof, a nobleman who had

he reputation of being a great master of ancient as well as modern literature. Among the subjects which at that time greatly interested the politicians of this little town, was the presence among them of a great astrologer—a soothsayer, whose revelations of the past, and whose predictions of the future, were the topics in every mouth. The wise, in that day, were not superior to those superstitions which spelled the ears of the vulgar. On the contrary, while the Church forbore to disavow, science and nobility somewhat insisted upon them. An astrologer was still kept by princes even after the fool had been discarded; and pride and pomp had their faith in prophecy even while forgetting religion. When the gentle Duke de Nemours heard of the astrologer of Carpi, he became exceedingly anxious to behold him, and his host was not unwilling that the curiosity of his guest should be gratified. A certain degree of faith in what he should declare was inspired in the minds of the French gentlemen by what they had heard already of his predictions. "Surely," says the "Loyal Servant," "the true Christian must believe that God alone can look into futurity; yet did this astrologer of Carpi show so many things, and to so many people, which afterward proved true, that he turned the heads of a great number."

The soothsayer readily obeyed the summons of the count, and appeared before him and his guests. He was lean of person, of middle stature, and about sixty years of age. His aspect commanded respect, and his manners secured it. The Duke of Nemours received him graciously, shook hands with him, and was answered with the propriety and dignity of one who knew equally well what was due to himself and others. Much conversation passed between them, before the duke began his inquiries. He then asked of the astrologer if the Viceroy of Naples (Don Raymond de Cardona) and the Spaniards would stay to join battle. He answered in the affirmative, and added that the engagement

would take place upon Good Friday, or Easter Sunday, and would be a very bloody one. When asked which side would gain the victory, he replied thus: "The French will keep the field; the Spaniards will sustain the most grievous loss they have experienced for an hundred years; but the French will gain little by it, for their losses will also be great, particularly in men of distinction. He spake so that it was wonderful to hear. Chabannes, the Lord de la Palisse, then demanded of him if he should perish in the battle. He told him that he would not—that he would survive twelve years longer, and be slain in another engagement. The answer to a question of the Lord of Humbercourt was similar. Captain Richbourg, he counselled to beware of lightning, and his answers, to all who sought, were equally confident and particular.

Bayard seems to have treated these predictions of the astrologer with no great reverence, and made no inquiries at his hands. Seeing the smile upon his lips, the Duke de Nemours urged him to look also into the womb of the future. "Come, my Lord of Bayard, come, my friend, do you interrogate the master also."

"And why?" answered Bayard; "it is surely needless, since I well know I can never come to any thing very great; but, since you desire it, so be it." Then turning to the astrologer, "Pray, good master, shall I ever become a greatly rich man?"

"Greatly rich in honor and virtue as any captain of France that ever lived; but of the goods of fortune you will always own but few. These, indeed, you do not covet. You will serve another king than him who now reigns in France, and will be much loved and honored by him, but the envy of rivals will keep him from bestowing upon you the wealth and the honors which you merit."

"And shall I escape the battle which impends, and which you say will be a very bloody one?"

"You will, but you will perish at last in battle, and by artillery, within twelve years at farthest. But for this, you would never end your days in the field, as none who follow you would ever leave you in jeopardy."

"It was as good as a comedy," says our chronicler, who seems to have been present, "to hear the interrogatories, as they were put to the astrologer, and to remark his answers." At the close of the interview, observing that, of all the captains, Chabannes and Bayard were the most intimate with the Duke de Nemours, he drew these two aside and said to them—"There is something, my lords, which I have not said to this prince whom you follow, and who seems to be very much beloved among you. This will I say to you —for he merits to be loved and honored. Give heed to him, therefore, on the day of battle, for he is very like to fall therein. Should he survive, he will become one of the greatest and most exalted personages that France hath ever produced. But it will be scarce possible for him to escape this danger; for, on my head, it is a peril as great as ever threatened mortal!"

"Cursed!" exclaims our quaint and simple chronicler—"cursed be the hour, alas! whereof he so truly prophesied!" The two knights turned, and probably with grave looks, to the assembly; when the Duke de Nemours asked, with a smile, of what the astrologer had spoken. Bayard answered promptly, with a happy evasion, at the expense of Chabannes, "Sir, my Lord de la Palisse hath been enquiring of him whether he be as well beloved of Reffugé as Viverôt. He is not over happy that the answer should be 'nay.'"

The laughter of the duke followed the jest, and, just then, the arrival of a new-comer still farther served to lessen the gravity which the revelations of the soothsayer might have wrought on every face. This person was one of those, who are probably to be found in every camp, whose valor is the only virtue to compensate for a thousand vices. Jacquin

Caumont held the office of standard-bearer in one of the bands of Captain Molart. These bands belonged to the class of "free-lances." They were, in fact, mere mercenaries, such as the wars in Italy particularly encouraged—though having in their ranks numerous persons of good family and blood and of high distinction. Notoriously vicious among his bands, Caumont carried with him no very honorable odor. But he was brave and audacious, and these are always redeeming virtues in an army. Disposed to share in the pastimes of his superiors, this adventurer drew the astrologer aside, and, using some offensive appellation, demanded of him his fortune also. The manner of Caumont, and perhaps his well-known character, provoked the other's indignation, who angrily refused to answer any of his questions. Apologizing for his rudeness, Caumont finally persuaded the astrologer to examine his hand—palmistry and physiognomy being among his modes of divination. But the examination only determined the astrologer to answer none of Caumont's enquiries. "Ask me nothing," said he, "I can tell you nothing good."

The company laughed aloud, and the adventurer becoming disconcerted, now insisted upon his revelations. Thus urged, the astrologer answered: "Then look to your soul in good time, for in less than six months you will be hung and strangled."

Little did the hearers fancy that this prediction was to be verified. They took for granted that the soothsayer sought nothing farther than to revenge upon the irreverent Caumont the insulting language with which the other had addressed him; and was emboldened to speak thus, as he saw in how little respect the adventurer was treated by the company. But such, verily was the fate of the fellow, who fulfilled his destiny after the battle of Ravenna, of which more hereafter. He was secure, meanwhile, against drowning, thus realizing the truth of a famous proverb; to illustrate which, says our ancient chronicler, "I will now proceed to

tell you what soon befel him;" and thereupon he tells the following story, which, as illustrative of the manners and conduct of the time, we repeat for the benefit of the reader. It was two or three days after the scene with the astrologer that the Duke de Nemours, with his forces, arrived at Finale. This was a great village, through which ran a deep canal which emptied into the river Po. The canal was daily traversed by hundreds of vessels bringing supplies and provisions for the French. It was crossed by a wooden bridge, the dimensions of which, ample enough in the day-light, and for sober people, were perhaps somewhat circumscribed at midnight, and for wayfarers who had been pledging their comrades like hearty fellows. Jacquin Caumont was a frolicsome blade, who no more shrunk from his bottle than from his enemy. He had supped late and drank deep with his pot-companions, and the demon seized him, about the ninth hour of the night to do something handsome, in emulation of such knights as Bayard. Taking with him a number of Swiss, bearing torches and timbrels, he dashed forth gallantly, with gay music and glittering lights, toward the lodging of his captain, the Lord of Molart. He was armed at all points, mounted on a very fine courser, and equipped like a St. George, at least—his pay and plunder, it may be mentioned, sufficing not only to keep him in good suppers, but to furnish him with a variety of splendid apparel and several great horses. His great ambition, we should add, was to be enrolled among the ordinary men-at-arms of France. These, we have already mentioned, were generally select persons, of the best condition; it being a great favor, on the part of the king, to admit the candidate to this class of his warriors. It was, probably, with some view to commending himself to the gendarms of the Duke de Nemours that Messire Jacquin Caumont sallied out on this midnight expedition.

When the Lord of Molart beheld the adventurer in this

gallant trim, and at that late hour of the night, he laughed loudly, for he saw that the malmsey had been more than usually potent. There was no such rigid discipline among these *free companions*—as they were called—such as the regular military service in our times demands, and which would have caused such an offender as Caumont to be consigned to the guard. The Lord of Molart laughed merrily at the sight of his lieutenant's ecstacy, and cried to him, "How now, Captain Jacquin, are you minded to leave off trailing the pike?"

"By no means, my lord," was the answer, "but I come that you should conduct me to the lodging of my Lord of Nemours. I would have him see me break the lance I hold, that he may know whether a *saulte-puisson* will not run at a tilt as well as a lean jade."

Molart, himself tickled with the prospect of a merry jest, never doubted that the duke would find a source of pleasure in it also. Under his conduct, therefore, Captain Caumont crossed the wooden bridge and proceeded to the duke's lodgings. This nobleman came forth with his guests at the summons of the Lord of Molart, and seeing them appear, surrounded by the glare of torches, that made the scene as bright as day, the captain placed himself within the lists. "For whom would you break a lance, Captain Jacquin," demanded the duke, "for the love of your lady, or of me?"

Swearing a trooper's oath, which was, of course, of ample dimensions, the ambitious adventurer answered by saying, "that it was for the love of him, and that he was a fit man to serve the king either on foot or horseback." Thus speaking, he lowered his visor, and tilted as well as he was able—inexperience and a skinful of wine making the whole exhibition appear very ludicrous to the accomplished men-at-arms among the French. But with all his tilting he found it impossible to shiver his lance, and, sobered somewhat in the shame of his discomfiture, which soon provoked

the indignation as well as laughter of the spectators, he wheeled about to return to his lodgings, but in no proper mood for riding. His horse partook of his bad humor, being goaded perpetually by the spur of his rider, who, perhaps unconsciously, contrived that it should tickle and offend his flanks with every plunge in his progress. It so happened that this irritating application became more vehement just as our Captain Caumont was about to cross the bridge. The steed leapt aside from the torture, the planks of the bridge had been rendered slippery from a recent rain, and the result was that steed and rider were wallowing in the waters of the canal before any of his attendants could interfere. They waved their torches and cried aloud for help with sufficient lungs, but as the canal was a flat-bottomed ditch, with abrupt sides, and no convenient ascents, they could give him no succor from above. He must have perished but for the numerous boats that crept along the stream. Horse and man were both saved—the latter with more difficulty than the former. The excellent captain, taken out of the water, was hung up by the heels until he had disgorged much more than he had willingly imbibed. That he should have been rescued and saved, thus immersed, at midnight and in midwinter, armed, as he was, at all points, only served, in the opinion of all, to establish the wonderful felicity of the proverb. He was reserved for a still more ignoble fate.

But we must take the road to Bologna. The Duke of Nemours was now apprised that, unless immediately relieved, it must fall into the hands of the allies. The season was unfavorable for such a progress, but the case was urgent and it was resolved on. The march was begun and conducted with such secrecy that the French entered the city of Bologna, sixteen thousand in number, without having made the besiegers at all conscious of their approach. The allies were as effectually disgraced by this event as if they had been discomfited. They were discom-

fited. The siege was raised, the town reinforced with men and supplied with provisions, and the Duke de Nemours ready to pursue such other enterprises as were suggested by his duties or his fate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

But while the French were thus deservedly fortunate in one enterprise, the Venetians were quite as successful in another, which more than compensated for their failure at Bologna. They succeeded, by availing themselves of a domestic faction within the city of Brescia, in repossessing themselves of this fine and famous town—at that time one of the most beautiful and strong in Europe—in the language of one of the chroniclers, "the darling daughter of St. Mark." The events by which they were thus successful, merit recital rather by their results than because of their own interest, which, in a narrative like the present, must find only partial development. Brescia had been held by the French for nearly three years. It was one of those lovely and desirable places for which its original owners might well be supposed to repine. A strong party in the city were favorable to revolt, but they were kept in check through fear of the garrison, and, in consequence of certain rigorous measures which had been adopted, on a recent occasion, by Bayard and his associate, the Baron de Conti. These, detecting the Count Giovanni Marla *Martininque*, a member of one of the first families of the place, and one of its most eminent men, in a conspiracy against the French authority, did not scruple to take off his head, and to cast certain of his confederates into prison. The place was now held by the Count de Lude as governor, and the castle was under the command of a gentleman of Biscay, named Hérigorge. These officers probably slept securely over their trusts. At all events, treachery was busy within the walls. There were two houses in the city of Brescia,

between which there existed a mortal feud;—a thing by no means uncommon in the Italian cities. These were the houses of Garubara and Avogadro. The former favored the French; the latter were hostile. The sons of the two heads of houses having a personal encounter, young Avogadro was severely wounded. Count Avogadro sought redress from the Duke de Nemours while he lay at Milan, but without obtaining it. The duke probably thought the young men equally censurable, and possibly inclined to favor the party whose sympathies were with the French. But the anger of Avogadro was not thus to be appeased, and his personal resentment brought about an event which his patriotism had never aimed at. Under color of a visit to an estate in the country, he stole away to Venice, and there schemed with the Seignory for restoring Brescia to their keeping. The plan was well digested between the parties, and the revengeful count, subduing all appearance of choler, re turned to Brescia, and quietly drew his faction to a head. According to arrangement, the Venetians sounded an alarm at the gates of the town, in great force; the French gallantly encountered them; and, while engaged with the enemy, the party of Avogadro rose in arms within. The gates were thrown open to the Venetians; and, assailed on all sides, the Count de Lude was compelled to take shelter in the castle with as many of his people as survived the conflict, or could escape the pursuit of their foes. But these were few; and all the French who were detected within the town were put to the sword without mercy. The siege of the castle then followed, but it was stubbornly defended. The walls were battered into great breaches, and the Venetians, under the provveditore, Andrea Gritti, were making ready for the assault, when the tidings of the affair reached the Duke de Nemours, in a despatch from the Count de Lude; who warned him that he could only hold out for eight days, and must yield to the enemy

unless relieved within that space of time. Gaston de Foix was not the warrior to hesitate. It was one of the valuable points in his military character, that his promptness and decision were equal to his skill and valor. He had just repossessed himself of Bologna; but this good fortune gave no justification to repose. He called his captains to counsel, and it was unanimously agreed that Brescia was to be retaken, and might be if the castle had not already fallen. Orders for the march followed instantly, and the French army was soon upon its way.

The Venetians, meanwhile, were far from idle. The leaguer of the castle still continued; but, ere it had well begun, the sagacious provveditore had sent his despatches to the Seignory, apprising them of the capture of the town, demanding succor, and counselling that, to secure their conquest, it was not only necessary that they should keep the town, but be prepared to give the French battle in the field. In compliance with these suggestions, they despatched two bodies of the allied troops, several thousand in number: one of them under the command of Gian-Paolo Baglione, the other under that of the Count Guido Rangone. The former general encountered the advance of the French army in a narrow pass, where he necessarily had them at advantage. This pass he occupied with five or six pieces of artillery. The movements of the Duke de Nemours were executed with great rapidity; but he was not sufficiently near the advance to take part in the action. This was led by the light-horse, under the command of Bayard. It so happened that our hero had been all night suffering from the ague; and, not expecting the meeting at this point with enemies, of whose approach their scouts had left them unadvised, he was entirely without his armor, wearing only a riding-dress of black velvet. The discharge of artillery apprising him of the presence of the enemy, rendered necessary a change of costume. But his own was not convenient, and borrowing a corslet from one

of the adventurers, he put this beneath his cloak, and mounting a highly-mettled courser, dashed to the point where the standard-bearer of the Count de Saligny had just been shot down. The main body of the French vanguard was still a considerable distance in the rear, but the circumstances were such as would admit of no delay; and the good knight, regardless of the inequality of numbers, at once led his troopers to the charge. A rough conflict ensued, which had lasted for a quarter of an hour, when the French troops began to appear in force. At this sight the Venetians were seized with a panic. They had found the conflict sufficiently fierce and doubtful with no other assailants than the light-armed cavalry of their opponents, and might very well suppose the case hopeless when fresh troops, and in larger bodies, came to their relief. The rout was complete. The pursuit was keenly urged, and the sword reaped an ample harvest from the flight. The Venetians lost all their artillery. Their infantry, abandoned by their cavalry, were cut to pieces; and but few of the latter escaped in the bloody chase which followed upon the desertion of their comrades. The victory was ascribed to Bayard, as the only leader of the French upon the field. His associate in the command of the advance guard was slain at the first discharge of the Venetian artillery, and the Duke de Nemours never reached the field until the victory was won.

The defeat of the Count Guido Rangone, who led the other body of the allied troops which the Seignory had sent forward to arrest the progress of the French, followed upon this event; the obstacle in both cases exhibiting a singular feebleness in the generals employed, and a lack of that steadfast courage in the troops which alone can achieve successes. Both defeats were signal; and, without farther interruption, the Duke de Nemours made his way to the castle of Brescia, which he rejoiced to find was still in possession of the French. Into this, penetrating with all his

captains, he called an immediate council as to the best method for making the assault upon the town. He was not one of those, says our chronicler, who loved to dream over their affairs; and he felt, in this instance particularly, all the importance of immediate action. The town was strongly defended by eight thousand regular troops, and some twelve or fourteen thousand peasantry who had flocked into the city. Add to these the residents of the place, and you have a force in Brescia sufficiently formidable to task all the energies and ingenuity of the young and accomplished leader by whom the arms of France were led. The town itself was very strong, but without fosse or ditch between the castle and the city. There was a good rampart between the two, however, for the defence of which the Venetians had posted their best troops. The summons of the French general, who promised a pardon to the citizens on their submission to his arms, and who threatened the town with sack in the event of their refusal, produced no compliance. The inhabitants declared themselves ready to defend themselves to the last extremity. The French had been no favorites with the citizens, as perhaps no foreign garrison can well be in any country; and they exhibited a manly and determined aspect of defiance which seemed prepared to look upon the worst. The women and children were conducted to the monasteries; their money and all other valuables, which might easily be concealed, were put away with all possible despatch and secrecy; and they stood ready for the fatal issue. This, from the well-known celerity of movement and great skill and courage of the Duke de Nemours, they well anticipated would not be long delayed.

The forces under Gaston de Foix did not exceed twelve thousand men. He had left some five thousand of his troops in charge of Bologna. If, however, his numbers fell greatly short of those who defended Brescia, there was this to be claimed in their favor, that they were picked men, a vet-

eran force, having with them the very flower of French knighthood. The conclusion of the council, held in the castle of Brescia, determined that the assault should be made on the morning of the next day, between the hours of eight and nine. The plan of the attack assigned to the Lord de Molart the bringing on of the battle. He was to commence the assault with his infantry, while Captain Hérigorge, with his men, was to skirmish on the advance. He was to be followed by Captain Zemberg with two thousand German lansquenets, which were retained under the banner of France, ignorant that their prince had despatched his orders for their withdrawal. Seven thousand other troops, led by the Bastard of Cleves and others, were to accompany this force, and were to be succeeded by the main body of gendarmerie. The gate of San Giovanni, the only one which the Brescians kept open, was to be watched by the Count d'Alegré, to prevent all egress from that quarter. The other gates of the town were all walled up securely.

Such was the general disposition of the assailing forces, to which, after all the captains had agreed, Bayard opposed a single objection: "With your lordship's leave," he said to the duke, "and that of the other gentlemen, there is one thing necessary to be attended to, of which nothing has been said. You propose to send my Lord of Molart to force the first barrier. Now, while I feel quite sure that he will do his devoir as well as any of us, yet if the enemy understand fighting, and this we are always to suppose, he will be sure not only to put his best men forward to this encounter, but his arquebusiers along with them. Now, on such occasions, it is of the last moment never to give back. If, then, it so happen that the Venetians repulse these, our infantry, great disorder would ensue among them if they are left without a sufficient body of gendarms for their support. I am of opinion, therefore, that the Lord of Molart should be accompanied by an hundred or an hundred and fifty horsemen, who will sustain

the shock better than infantry, who are armed after a different fashion." The answer of the duke can only be understood by a due regard to the very different duties which in those days were assigned to the separate orders of troops in an army. The cavalry were a nobility. Their duties involved that species of daring and adventure which chivalry had assigned only to noblemen and gentle blood. The infantry belonged to a wholly inferior service. We may remember the ambition of the adventurer, Captain Jacquin Caumont, belonging to these very foot-bands of Molart, to prove to the Duke de Nemours that he merited promotion to the horse. We shall shortly see something more of Captain Jacquin, and shall be reminded of the prediction of the astrologer of Carpi. Meanwhile, the reply of the duke to Bayard, while acknowledging the justness of this representation, avowed the difficulty of its being complied with. "Truly, you are right, my Lord of Bayard; but where is the captain of gendarms who will expose himself to the fire of the arquebusiers?" "I will undertake this duty, an it please you," was the reply of Bayard, "and will venture to assure you that the company of whom I have the command will do no discredit to the king or to the service."

Verily this was a hazardous adventure, and the captains regarded each other in some amazement at a proffer which involved so much peril. The duke hesitated to comply with the proposal; but Bayard, insisting upon the charge, finally obtained it. The reply of the garrison to the summons of surrender being a defiance, De Foix exclaimed to his captains—"Now, gentlemen, we have only to perform well, and show ourselves gallant comrades. Let us march upon the enemy in the name of God and St. Denis!" The words enflame the ardor of our ancient chronicler, who tells us that, with their utterance, the trumpets, the tabours, and the clarions, sounded long and gloriously to the charge; "so that the hair of the cowardly stood on end, while the

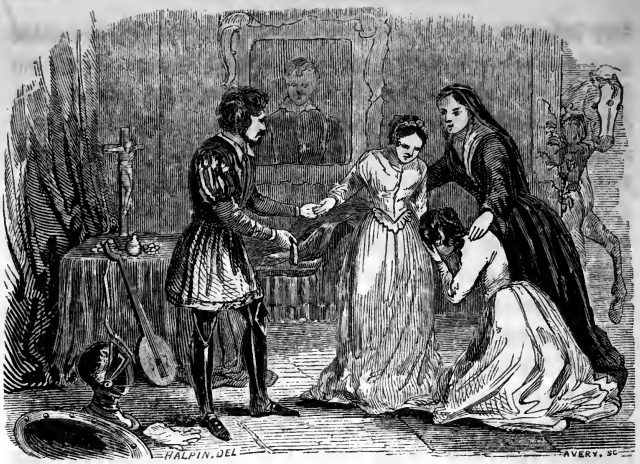
hearts of the brave swelled in their bosoms." In the morning of the 19th day of February, 1512, the garrison, in all its force, darted from its citadel to the attack; while the Duke de Nemours advanced with all his army against the ramparts. With their shouts came the shots from the town, one of which is described as passing miraculously through the troop, which immediately surrounded the French general, without harming a single person. A slight rain had fallen the night before, which made the ground—which sloped from the castle to the town—exceeding slippery, so that it was difficult for the assailants to keep their feet. The Duke de Nemours found a remedy against this annoyance by throwing off his shoes; and many of his chief captains did the same. Such an event as that of a generalissimo going barefooted into battle is new to modern chivalry. Meanwhile, the Lord of Molart, with his infantry, attended by Captain Hérigorge and his skirmishers, pressed forward to the first barriers of the town with sufficient spirit. They were accompanied by Bayard, with his men-at-arms, *on foot.* These were no ordinary infantry. They were not only veterans, but many of them were captains, or had been so; but who preferred the lead of the "good knight" to being in command themselves. They drew nigh to the ramparts under a shower of bullets, that came thick as hail from arquebuse and artillery. Here the fight began most fervently. The Venetians fought passing well; and, for awhile, the cry of "San Marco," sounded as cheerily from within as that of France and Bayard from without. The provveditore, Andrea Gritti, found his true position here. He encouraged his men with all his eloquence and by the bravest example.

"Be firm—hold your ground, my men," said he to them in his native tongue. "Only be firm, and these Frenchmen will soon be weary. But for that Bayard, they had never approached us so nearly!" But the Frenchmen did not tire so soon as the Venetians. The thunder of the assault

drowned the noise of the arquebusiers, and, hailing the moment of their increased feebleness, Bayard leapt the ramparts first, crying out to his comrades to follow. "In upon them, gentlemen—they are overcome, they are ours." More than a thousand men followed the daring cavalier, and the first barriers were quickly won. But Bayard himself had fallen. The thrust of a pike, which greeted him as he bounded over the ramparts, pierced his thigh. The stroke was so well delivered, the shaft had penetrated so deeply, that the wooden part was shivered, and the iron remained in the wound, causing him such anguish that he believed the hurt to be mortal. Even as he fell, he cried to the Lord of Molart to march forward. "The town is gained, companion—on with your people—as for me, I can go no farther. I am slain." The blood gushing from his wound in a torrent, after the withdrawal of the pikehead, seemed to confirm his words. He was borne out of the press of battle by two of his archers, who tore off their shirts that they might get cloth to stanch his wounds. Bitterly lamenting the fall of his friend and comrade, the Lord of Molart nevertheless hurried forward in obedience to his orders. As the rumor spread that the Lord of Bayard was slain—the "Good Knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*"—the "Flower of the French Chivalry"—the "Mirror of Knighthood"—for such were the titles to fame that his name had already won—it aroused the fierce desire for vengeance on the part of his followers, who, so far from being discouraged by the event, soon forgot all their fears in their fury. Gaston de Foix, by whom Bayard was greatly beloved, felt the blow as severely as if it had fallen upon his own breast. "Ah! gentlemen, my friends," said he, "shall we not avenge upon these wretches the death of the most accomplished knight in the world? Let us do our best for it!" This spirit enflamed the bosom of the meanest foot-soldier. The force led on by Molart and Hérigorge, meanwhile, had penetrated to the great square of the city; where a terrible

conflict succeeded. Hither followed the German lansquenets of Captain Zemberg; while the Count Luigi Avogadro, despairing of the event, rushing, at the head of two hundred horse, through the gate of St. Nasaro, opened a passage to the rest of the troops under the Duke de Nemours, of which the latter promptly took advantage. The combat was still waged with fearful terrors within the city. The citizens and the women fought from the housetops and the windows, casting stones, bricks, and scalding-water upon the assailants. But the timely appearance of De Foix finished the struggle. Brescia was taken after a dreadful struggle, and the vanquished were subjected to all the horrible penalties which usually followed, in those days, the excitement of such a conflict. Seven or eight thousand of the Venetians perished in the great square alone, and every street and avenue diverging from this centre were strewn with the corses of the slain. Andrea Gritti, the provveditore, was made prisoner and admitted to mercy; but such was not the fortune of Luigi Avogadro, who, captured in the effort to escape, paid for his treason with his head. More than twenty thousand persons perished in the defence and taking of this city. It is to the credit of the Duke de Nemours that he strove sincerely and earnestly to arrest the horrors which followed upon the capture of the place. These continued, in some degree, for several days, in spite of all his endeavors. The mercenaries of the army were too numerous to be restrained without great delay and difficulty; and were quite too adroit for easy detection. The monasteries were forced and plundered; and though several of the soldiers were summarily executed for these and other crimes, the evil scarcely found any mitigation in their seizure and final punishment. Rapine and brutality were only arrested by removing the army from the city to its former encampments. The conquest, from these circumstances, was perhaps quite as injurious to the fortunes of the French in Italy as a de-

feat would have been. The odium with which they were regarded, armed the inhabitants against them; while the spoils with which they were enriched by the plunder of the city, beguiled thousands from the army, to their own homes, at a moment when their presence was most necessary. Of the conduct and valor displayed by the French in this engagement there has never been but one opinion. That the path was first opened by Bayard is equally admitted; and there can be no doubt that, had he not been stricken down in the moment of his successful entrance over the barriers, his courage, humanity, and vast influence over the troops, would have tended greatly to the prevention of those excesses by which the French arms were dishonored. But for the wrong done to humanity, the successes of Gaston de Foix would have been among the most admirable examples that heroism has ever furnished to mankind. In fifteen days this young conqueror had raised the siege of Bologna, had defeated several bodies of the allied troops, and, in the teeth of a vastly superior foe, had regained, after a carnage the most terrible, a populous and strongly fortified city. Well might the Venetians begin to tremble. The city and district of Bergamo, without waiting for the approach of the French, apprised of the fate of Brescia, at once declared for the conqueror; and it was with reason that the allies feared that the whole continental possessions of the Venetian republic would follow the example. Let us now return to our wounded chevalier.



CHAPTER XXIV.

Bayard was supposed to have received his mortal wound when he fell after the conquest of the barriers. He himself was at first disposed to think that such was the case; but while the storm of battle was still raging, he very unwillingly submitted to the restraints of his attendants who bore him out of the press of danger. A door, torn from one of the contiguous houses, formed a rude litter upon which he was laid. In this manner, he was borne by his archers to a goodly mansion in the neighborhood, which was opened at their summons. This house was the residence of a rich gentleman who was absent, and whose fate was as yet unknown. His wife, a noble matron, having two fair daughters, was concealed with them, after a simple fashion, in a hayloft and beneath the hay. At the knock of our archers, commending herself to God, the good woman proceeded to open the door. This was an act of the greatest peril, in that mo-

ment of storm and rapine; since it was easy to suppose that those only would desire entrance into such a mansion as it would be most important to keep out. It is not improbable, however, that the wife thought upon her husband. It might be his knock that she heard, and the danger might be imminent. Arming herself, therefore, with the courage of a Roman matron, she threw wide her portals to our wounded knight. He had fortunately retained his consciousness and sense. His gentle accents reassured her. As soon as he was admitted, he caused the doors to be once more fastened, and assigned to a couple of his archers the duty of guarding it. "On your lives," said he, "see that none enter here but my own people. I am sure that when it is once known that this is now my abode, none other will presume to enter. Your spoils have been lessened by your attendance upon me, but let not this concern you. You shall lose nothing by your devotion to my service."

Our knight was conducted by the lady of the house into a very fine apartment, and lodged with as much comfort as splendor. When his case had been well considered, she fell upon her knees before him, and addressed him in the French tongue. "Noble sir, to you belongs this dwelling and all therein. It is yours, I well know, by the laws of war. But O! sir, be merciful, and spare the lives and honor of the weak women who are left to keep it, myself and my two virgin daughters!"

The noble knight, her guest, who, says our chronicler—never once harbored a thought of evil—though suffering grievous pain from his hurts, yet reassured her in the tenderest manner. "Madam," said he, "it may be that I shall not recover from this wound by which I am sorely stricken, and I may promise nothing for your safety when I shall cease to be conscious of your danger; but as surely as I live, and while I live, no harm shall befal your daughters or yourself Let them keep their chamber—expose them not unnecessarily to evil eyes—and I may assure you confidently that

while I am your guest, no man shall presume to enter any apartment against your pleasure. Let me tell you that you have one beneath your roof who will not only not plunder you himself, but will not suffer other hands to do so. You shall know him by nothing but the courtesies and civilities of the gentleman."

Verily, the noble dame was greatly comforted when she heard this language. There was that in the frank, ingenuous countenance of our suffering knight, to satisfy her that his words were sooth—the native utterance of a noble soul, and not simply extorted from him by a sense of weakness and anguish. She felt, then, how important to her and to her young daughters was the safety of one who could promise so confidently for her protection, and upon whose words she felt so willing to rely; and, under the conduct of one of the archers, she hurried to a neighboring house, in search of a skilful surgeon, that the wounds of her lodger might be dressed. Fortunately, she succeeded in soon finding him. The inspection of Bayard's hurt showed it to be large and deep, but not mortal; and, at the second dressing, the surgeon of the Duke de Nemours was present and confirmed the decision of the Brescian. The duke himself found out the place of refuge of our good knight, and went to visit him daily, for a week, saying to him at the end of that time, that he must hurry with all despatch to get himself cured, as it was highly probable that he should have to give battle to the Spaniards within the month. "And," added the duke fervently, "I had rather lose my whole estate than lose you from that battle. My faith is in you, my friend—in you and your fortune."

"If there be a battle in that time," was the answer of Bayard, "you will see me present, though I am carried thither on a litter."

Many presents from the duke accompanied or followed his visits—among them a purse of five hundred crowns, which our good knight divided between the

two archers who had kept his house while he lay wounded.

The city being at length relieved from the desperate adventurers by whom the worst ravages had been committed —though only with great difficulty and after several terrible examples—and order being somewhat restored, Bayard called his hostess to his bedside, and inquired after her husband. The poor lady, bathed in tears, answered that "she knew not whether he was alive or dead." Her hope was that he had found concealment in a certain monastery where he had many acquaintance. Bayard immediately obtained the necessary directions and despatched his archers in search of the husband. He was found, and conducted in safety to the dwelling where our good knight played the host graciously, and gave the still trembling citizen a cheerly welcome. "Be not cast down, my friend," said he, "your wife has lodged none but friends."

For nearly five weeks was Bayard confined by his wound in Brescia, without ever leaving his couch; not suffering from inferior surgery, or bad attendance, for of neither of these things could he complain. But his hurt, though not mortal, was a severe and dangerous one, requiring time and patience, as well as proper treatment. Now, time and patience were, of all things, those of which, just at this moment, our captain had the least to spare. Each day brought him tidings from the opposing arms, which fretted his soul, at the expense of his wound. King Louis of France, delighted with the conquests of his nephew, the noble Gaston de Foix, was yet eager that he should follow them up. He saw that, while the Spaniards continued to occupy the plains of Lombardy, his State of Milan would never be secure. His policy was to remove the seat of war from this region, and throw the expense of supporting the struggle upon the enemy. It was, also, essential that his troops should find their way back to France, with all possible despatch; the coasts of that country being

threatened by great preparations which were making by the King of England. Gaston de Foix was not unwilling to respond to the wishes of his uncle. His own genius required rapidity, as well as boldness of execution, in his warlike progresses. He, too, had resolved upon doing his utmost to bring about a rapid finish to the war. Assembling his troops, therefore, horse and foot (having left a sufficient garrison in Brescia), he returned to Bologna, where he was joined by the Duke of Ferrara, with a large body of troops and an extensive train of artillery, making his army amount to a splendid force of twenty-five thousand men. With these troops he pushed rapidly forward to the meeting of the allied forces. The Pope and the Seignory of Venice, though necessarily alarmed at the fearful progress which the French had recently made, yet continued to maintain a firm and unyielding aspect. The former had succeeded, by a bribe of fifty thousand florins, in buying off, from the alliance with Louis, the mercenary Emperor Maximilian, who, thus tempted, concluded a truce for ten months with the Venetians. This event furnished an additional motive to De Foix, in pressing the war to a final issue, particularly while the *morale* of his troops was heightened by their fresh and frequent victories. The allied forces were scarcely less numerous than those of France. They were commanded by the Cardinal Legate de Medici, and the Viceroy Cardona, and formed one of the best appointed armies that had ever been seen in Italy. Fifteen hundred men-at-arms, eight hundred of whom rode *barbed* horses,* of the best and most select condition, and were clad in gold and azure, made a sight to ravish the very soul of the lover of chivalrous sights. Three thousand light-horse, and eighteen thousand foot, rendered the allied forces a power to be approached with respect; and made it doubtful whether, even in the face

* Richly clad, and partially armed with breastplate and points, as in the tourney.

of such a foe as Gaston de Foix, it was proper to avoid the conflict. But such was the issue of the deliberations among the captains of this host. It was thought more advisable to harass the French forces, and cut off their supplies, than to risk the fate of Italy on a single battle. They retired, slowly, before the face of their enemies, and avoided the conflict which Gaston de Foix as earnestly continued to seek. At this play of hide-and-seek the two armies continued for three weeks, or longer. Frequent skirmishes ensued between their outposts and scouts; scarce a day passing which did not afford prisoners for ransom to one or the other party. But, for any general engagement, the allies were averse. Encamped strongly, they baffled all the attempts of the French to bring them to action; and, in despair of them, at last, and not to remain inactive, the eager and impatient De Foix turned his arms in the direction of Ravenna, which the Spaniards and Italians had strongly occupied. In his progress in this direction, he stormed the fortress of Russi, putting more than a thousand persons to the sword; then, without waste of time, he pressed forward to the prouder quarry, upon which his eagle eye was fixed.

Such were the tidings that came to Bayard in his weary chamber, and they stung him into a defiance of his surgeon. He resolved within himself, that, if not cured of his hurts, it was high time that he should be so. Leaving his couch accordingly, he tottered over his room to see whether he could walk or not. He found himself very feeble, but the spirit striving within him determined that he should be strong. He sent for his surgeon, and said to him—"Prithee, my friend, say to me, honestly, what will be the danger of my setting forth upon a journey. I seem to myself quite cured, or very nearly so; and in my own judgment, believe me, to tarry longer here in this durance, which frets me exceedingly, will do me much more harm than good."

The surgeon had long since been aware of the good knight's impatience. His servants had already apprised him how extreme was his solicitude about the events of the war, and how intense was his anxiety lest he should fail to be present at the meeting of the opposing armies. He took these things into the account, and, after due reflection, concurred somewhat in opinion with his patient. "Your wound is not yet entirely closed, my lord; but all within is healed. We will dress it once more, and I will provide your barber with an ointment which will keep it from exasperation. The worst part of the wound is at the top of your thigh, and does not come in contact with the saddle. With care, therefore, there is little danger."

The answer of this oracle, according to the "Loyal Servant," gave our good knight more pleasure than the sudden acquisition of ten thousand crowns could have done. The surgeon was recompensed and dismissed, and Bayard proceeded to make his preparations for departure within two days. His people were assembled for this purpose, and received his instructions, and his excellent hostess was apprised that she was now to lose her captor and protector. According to the laws of war, herself, husband, daughters, and household, were all his property. The goods and chattels which she held were held only in trust for him. He might take them and herself—all—with him, or dispose of them to others at his departure. This had been the fate of her neighbors who had fallen into the hands of the conquerors; all of whom had been compelled to ransom themselves at high prices. It is true she had learned to know our knight, as an exception among his fellows. His fame had already reached her ears, and her own eyes had witnessed his benevolence and nobleness of heart. But she still expected to pay her own and the ransom of her daughters, which, if her guest thought proper, might be assessed at ten or twelve thousand crowns. Her income was but two thousand; and though he had said nothing to

her about a ransom, she yet prepared to make him such a present as she thought might silence him on that subject, particularly as she built, in a great degree, upon his magnanimous and generous nature.

On the morning, therefore, which was assigned for his departure, she entered his apartment, followed by one of her servants, bearing a little casket of steel. Bayard had been exercising his leg by gradual promenading, and was now resting upon a chair. The excellent woman fell on her knees before him, when he instantly raised her kindly, and would not suffer her to say a word till he had seated her beside him. She then opened her business with the following language: "The favor, my lord, which God hath shown me in directing you to this house of yours on the day when Brescia was taken, hath been the saving of our lives and the preservation of my children's chastity, which is much more precious to them than their lives. We have been saved also from all offence, and your people have treated us with the most perfect courtesy. We have lost nothing, and all that has been furnished by us hath been paid for. My lord, we are all your prisoners. This house and these goods are yours, to be dealt with and disposed of as you think proper. But I have learned to know the unparalleled nobleness of your heart, and I am now come humbly to supplicate your compassion, and to implore that you will deal with us with your accustomed liberality. Here, my lord, is a little gift which I have brought you, and which I entreat you to take in good part."

Thus saying, she opened the casket which the servant offered, and displayed it filled with goodly golden ducats. To her surprise, the good knight, to whom money had never yet offered any temptations, burst into a fit of pleasant laughter. "Madam," said he, "how many ducats, think you, are there in this box?" It was now the fear of the worthy matron that he despised the poverty of her gift, regarding the ducats as quite too few to make them ac-

ceptable by way of ransom. She answered hesitatingly—"My Lord, there are but two thousand and five hundred; but if these do not content you, we will bring yet more." But the generous and gentle knight soon disabused her of her fears. "On my honor, madam," said he, "had you brought me an hundred thousand, I should not be so much beholden to you, as I am, for the kindly treatment and the careful tendance which I have had at your hands. Be sure, madam, that, wherever I may be, and while God permits me to live, you shall always have a gentleman at your service. As for your ducats, I will have none of them. I thank you, but take them back. All my life long, I have loved men better than money; and I shall leave you quite as well satisfied as if you had placed all this goodly town at my disposal."

The heart of the good woman was deeply touched and somewhat wounded, as well as astonished, by this rejection of her gift. She again threw herself at his feet, and he again raised her to his side. She urged her present upon him, with a new form of entreaty. "My lord, I implore you to receive our gift. I should for ever esteem myself the most unfortunate of women, if one to whom I owe so much of courtesy, forbearance, and great goodness, should scorn to take this poor tribute of our gratitude and affection." This pleading changed the character of the proceeding. The heart of the woman was now so clearly in her gift—it was so evidently proffered by her esteem and love, and not extorted by her fears, that Bayard replied—"Well, madam, since you so earnestly desire it, I take it for love of you; but go and fetch your daughters, that I may bid them farewell."

Overjoyed that she had thus attained her object, the lady disappeared, and returned almost immediately with her daughters. These virgins were arrived at womanhood, and were exceeding comely to behold. They were amiable damsels, and had been well taught in the various arts

which belong to women. They, as well as their mother, had attended our knight during his sickness—had watched beside him, and solaced his sadness and weariness with those sweet attentions which none can bestow so well as the gentle sex. They wrought with their needles beside him, as he lay upon his couch, and sung to him songs of chivalry, in which he took great delight, to the music of lute and virginal, which they knew deftly how to finger. They did not, therefore, come before him as strangers, when they came to receive his adieus. Before they appeared, however, Bayard had busied himself in dividing the money which the mother had given him into three parts,—two of a thousand crowns each, and the third of the remaining five hundred. When they came, they threw themselves on their knees before him, but he immediately raised them. The mother said, "My lord, these two maidens, who owe all that is dear to them in life to your generosity, now come to declare their thanks and gratitude, and to take leave of you. They, as well as I, shall be always bound to entreat the blessing of God upon your head."

The tears gathered in the eyes of Bayard, as he remembered their kindness, and beheld their humility. "Dear young maidens," said he, "it is I who have to return thanks, and not you. How much do I owe you for the solace of your sweet company, and most grateful attentions! I shall be your debtor as long as I live. Alas! I have no exquisite toys, such as become young ladies to retain as tokens. We, men-at-arms, are not wont to be thus provided. You must, therefore, suffer me to throw a thousand of these crowns into each of your laps, which your good mother hath been pleased to give me, and which I bestow, as a marriage portion, upon you. From you I ask nothing but your prayers in my behalf."

He threw the ducats into their aprons, in spite of all their objections. The five hundred ducats he restored to the mother, to be distributed in his name among the poor

nuns of a convent which had suffered from the pillagers when the city was taken. Then, touching their hands, after the fashion of Italy, as a sign of leave-taking, he was about to turn away, when they all again fell upon their knees weeping bitterly. The matron then, with overflowing heart, thus addressed him with an apostrophe which called the red blood into his thin, pale cheeks: "Oh! flower of all chivalry, with whom none living may compare, may our Blessed Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, who suffered death and passion for all sinners, reward you in this and the coming life!" Here they all left him, but when he was about to mount his steed, the two damsels came down to him, bringing each a present which they had wrought for him during his illness. One gave him an exquisite pair of bracelets, delicately woven of gold and silver threads, and the other a purse of crimson satin most curiously fashioned. The bracelets he put upon his arms, the purse, as was the custom of knighthood, in his sleeve; the more conspicuously to do honor to the givers. These, he declared were more precious to him than ten thousand crowns, and he promised to wear them while they lasted and while he lived. The parting was a renewed scene of tenderness—of the sweetest sympathies, which were treasured fondly by mutual hearts, and precious to each as well because of their purity as their fondness. Bayard left Brescia in company with his friend the Lord d'Aubigny, who, with two or three thousand other gentlemen who had been left in garrison, was now about to join the army of the Duke de Nemours then advancing upon Ravenna.

CHAPTER XXV.

The army of the Duke de Nemours had made its appearance before Ravenna the very day when Bayard reached the camp. His arrival was productive of as much pleasure among the knights and captains as if they had received a reinforcement of ten thousand men. The welcome of the duke himself was such as made the full heart of Bayard forget that he was feeble. He felt more happy at being in the field, and once more among his ancient comrades, than if he had suddenly come into possession of a kingdom. Such is the language of the chronicler, who has written his biography in an equal spirit of truth and fondness. It is very certain that his fame was now so widely extended, and of a kind so superior to that of most, if not all, of his contemporaries, that his very presence in the camp inspired their foes with apprehension, while it armed his friends and comrades with fresh confidence and zeal.

Arrived under the walls of Ravenna, the Duke de Nemours at once assembled his captains for consultation. His own nature demanded prompt action always, and his present necessities seemed to require it. Provisions were beginning to fail in camp. The Venetians on the one hand, and the Spaniards on the other, were rapidly cutting off his supplies and circumscribing the boundaries from which they were drawn. Bread and wine were essential in those days to an army in Italy, and the necessity of subsisting on mere meat and cheese was supposed to be such a hardship as might excuse impatience and discontent among the troops, if not justify defection. There was yet another matter which contributed to render it necessary

that Gaston de Foix should do quickly with his forces whatever he designed. We have seen that the Emperor Maximilian had been bought over from the cause of the French by the money and the cunning of the Pope. Now, there happened to be some five thousand German lansquenets in the army of France, under the command of Jacob Zemberg and Philip of Friburg, both stout and excellent captains. To these, Maximilian had written, to retire from the field, leaving the French to continue the warfare by themselves. One of these letters had been intercepted by the Duke de Nemours; and, with that lax moral which war and the particular circumstances of the case appeared to justify, he had taken care that it should not reach the person to whom it was addressed. But the letter for Captain Zemberg came to that officer's hands. It so happened that Zemberg was personally attached to the French. He had visited France, had received some favors from the noblesse, and probably from the king, whose policy it had been to encourage the German and Swiss mercenaries; and was particularly fond, among other persons, of our good knight Bayard. The intimacy between these two had been of long growth and standing, having originated in the first expedition of our hero, with five or six hundred horse, against Padua, when the emperor, with an army like that of Xerxes, threatened to swallow up the fated city which he in vain besieged. As soon as Zemberg received his letter from his master, he hurried to the tent of our chevalier, to whom he related the circumstance, stating the cause of his disquiet, but giving Bayard to understand that his instructions had not been seen by any person but himself. The contents revealed, he was very sure that the greater number of the lansquenets would refuse to fight, and retire to their homes or to the enemy. For himself, he declared that he was devoted to the King of France—that he had received his pay, and would rather perish by a thousand deaths than desert his banners while they were waving in the face of his foes.

But how to manage his lansquenets—how to keep them from a knowledge of the orders which he had received—nay, would not other commands reach them, and of a more imperative sort, such as would be fatal to himself, and which none of them would dare to disobey? His difficulties were freely declared to our good knight. Bayard seems to have very well understood the moving principle among the nations who in that day drove a mercenary trade in blood. "My friend," said he, "you once gave me to understand that you possess but little in Germany. Now, the King of France is powerful and rich. He can reward with ease and affluence those who serve him faithfully. He thinks much of you, I am well assured. You are a favorite of his already. His esteem for you will necessarily be augmented when he understands how devoted you have been to his interests. And he shall know it from me, God willing, though all other tongues remain silent. But, come with me to the lodgings of the duke. He hath summoned us to council. I will privately lay before him the matter which you have shown me."

The council was by no means a harmonious one. There was great diversity of opinion. There were some who opposed themselves to risking every thing in a battle, in which, if lost, the whole of Italy would be perilled, and their own escape cut off—with three or four difficult rivers to cross, and the forces of the Pope, of Spain, of Venice, the emperor, and the Swiss—all combined for their destruction. Their arguments were by no means wanting in force, and they were felt by those who heard them. In the mean time, Bayard had secretly communicated to Gaston de Foix the intelligence conveyed by Captain Zemberg. This showed the necessity of fighting at once, before the requisition of Maximilian should be known to his lansquenets, since any delay might endanger the loss to the French of at least one third of the army. There was another impelling influence at work to render battle

inevitable. Louis was threatened by invasion in two or three quarters of his own dominions, and needed the succor of his troops from Italy. Bayard was the counsellor who was employed to reconcile the dissenting voices, and to disarm the doubts and fears among the captains. In answer to a question directly proposed to him by the duke (for it may be observed of our "Good Knight" that he was seldom in a hurry to thrust his opinions upon his associates), he replied to the following effect:

"My lord, having but yesterday arrived, I know nothing of the condition of our enemies. These gentlemen, who have met and skirmished with them daily, and who know much more than I can, are divided in opinion. Some are for giving, and some for avoiding battle. Since you are pleased to think that my opinions may be of some use in the discussion, with all regard and reverence for your lordship, and those who have already expressed themselves, I will freely show you what I think. There is no doubt that all engagements have their hazards. It behooves us, therefore, to consider well before we involve ourselves in action. But, as the case appears to stand at present, between ourselves and the enemy, it seems to me the battle is not to be avoided. We shall hardly be suffered to depart without doing battle. Here you have already made your approaches. To-morrow it is proposed that you cannonade Ravenna, and, a breach being made, to enter it by storm. Now, surely, we are all aware that the activity of Marc Antonio Colonna hath at least been equal to our own. He hath succeeded in throwing himself into the place with a powerful body of fine troops, and hath done so with a solemn assurance from Don Raymond de Cardona, viceroy of Naples, and head of the hostile army—of his own uncle, the Lord Fabrizio Colonna, together with that of Count Pietro de Navarro, and of all the captains—that, if he can hold out till to-morrow, or, at farthest, till Easter-day, they will succor and relieve him. Now, it is

very certain that these gentlemen mean to make their promises good. They are already close upon us, and in all their force. Now, suppose we seek to avoid this battle, what shall we gain by the delay? Let us see. Our condition just now is bad enough. Our troops are almost without food. Our horses are obliged to subsist on the shoots of willows. The longer we stay, the less will be our sustenance—the more calamitous our situation. This should be consideration enough to move us to the action. But when, in addition, we know the peril in which the king our master stands at this moment—what his wishes are, and what his necessities—how he urges us to give battle, and how he shows us that it is not merely the safety of the duchy of Milan, but that of the whole realm of France which is now menaced by the enemy—it seems to me that we can not doubt of the necessity for action which is before us. We must fight, and fight discreetly, as well as fearlessly. We have to deal with a crafty people, who are good soldiers also. That we shall incur great danger is very true. But there is one thing which gives me heart in spite of all discouraging circumstances. It is this. These Spaniards have now been living for a whole year in Romagna on the fat of the land—living, I may say, in clover—and have grown luxurious, and fond of ease. They are pursy and proud, and greatly encumbered with fat. We, on the contrary, have been forced to live on what we could catch—on scanty fare, which is still our only resource. By reason of this sort of diet—this forced abstinence—we shall be in better wind for the conflict—we shall be longer-breathed—and this is what we most want in such a struggle as the one before us; for it is very certain that it is that party who can longest hold on in battle by whom the day is to be won."

Bayard usually dressed up his counsel with pleasantry, in moments when the prospect seemed gloomy before his companions. They laughed heartily at his philosophy, and

in their merriment the danger was somewhat lessened in the eyes of those who, before, had been disposed to shrink from the encounter. His reasoning was undoubtedly correct. Had the French, half-starved as they were, avoided the conflict, and shewn any disposition to acknowledge the superiority of their enemies, the *morale* of their army would have been endangered. A retreat never helps the courage of troops, who are already suffering from starvation. The lords of Lautrec, de la Palisse, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, and, indeed, the great majority, concurred with Bayard in the necessity of giving battle, and such was the final decision. The next day, the powerful artillery of the Duke of Ferrara, always irresistible, opened upon the walls of Ravenna. A breach was soon effected, which the impatience of the French, anxious to achieve the conquest of the city before the allies could relieve it, hastened to penetrate. A force, consisting of two hundred gens d'arms, and three thousand foot, were ordered to the assault, and advanced gallantly toward the breach, with the gay demeanor of a bridal party. They mounted the crumbling battlements, when a terrible hand-to-hand conflict took place upon the ramparts. For four mortal hours the attack was persevered in, at an awful expense of life. If the assailants played their parts with an elastic and enthusiastic courage, that never dreamed of peril, the defenders as gallantly maintained their defence, with a hardihood as resolute as that with which they were assailed. Marc Antonio Colonna had placed his best men upon the threshold, and this was quite too small to enable the French to assail them with adequate numbers. Cheered with the conviction of their strength, of the advantages under which they fought, and of the rapid approach of the allies, the courage of the garrison grew with the pressure from without. The French, after five or six glorious efforts, were compelled to relinquish the assault, and to retire from the breach, in which more than fifteen hundred men,

of both parties, had already perished. When the facts in their condition were all known, they drew consolation from their own defeat. The sound of their cannon had reached the camp of the allied forces. The danger to Ravenna compelled them to abandon the temporizing policy which had governed their leaders so long, and forced them to risk a pitched battle, in which their stakes were quite as great as those of the enemy, from whom their recent policy had cut off both provisions and retreat. Had the French obtained possession of Ravenna, by assault, the sack would have left them in no condition to meet the enemy without; and when Gaston de Foix drew off his soldiers from the walls, the former had advanced their camp to within three miles of that of France. But for this near approach of the foe, the assault upon Ravenna would have been renewed, and must in the end have been successful. It was impossible now to persevere, while an army, fully equal in number to his own, lay ready to seize the first opportunity for a favorable attack. His situation was critical. The battle was now inevitable, as Bayard had foreseen; and the only hope of the Duke de Nemours was in assailing the enemy in his trenches, and forcing him to a general engagement.

The night of the day when the attempt was made upon the city, many of the chiefs of the French army were assembled at the lodgings of their general. After supper, discoursing of the events of the action, the duke turning to Bayard remarked,—"My Lord Bayard, before you reached the camp, the Spaniards were continually inquiring after you of our people. They seem, from what I can hear, to have a very high notion of your prowess. Now, if it seem good to you, who have long known their ways of fighting, I would advise that you go forth and skirmish with them to-morrow. Compel them, if possible, to join battle with you, that we may see what sort of show they make."

The object was reconnaissance. It was important to

feel the foe, to sound his spirit, ascertain his strength, and see properly how it was arrayed, in advance of the main attempt which had already been resolved upon. Bayard, who was ambitious of nothing better at that moment than such an enterprise, answered, with spirit and promptness,

"With God's blessing, my lord, I shall take so close a look at them, ere mid-day to-morrow, that I shall bring back all about them which you may desire to know."

There happened to be present when this suggestion was made and answered, a certain Baron of Bearn, one of the duke's lieutenants, a bold knight, who loved a skirmish quite as well as any of his neighbors. He was probably somewhat piqued at the application made to Bayard only; and, in evil hour, he resolved within himself that the "Good Knight" must be in stirrup very early, if he hoped to take the field before himself. Secretly assembling a party of his friends and followers, he made his arrangements for setting forth before break of day; and did set forth, seeking the enemy's entrenchments, long in advance of our hero; who, suspecting nothing of this adventure, took his own course, and, as soon as he had left the duke, called his chief followers together. These were his lieutenant, Captain Pierrepont, his ensign, his guidon, and some others of his company. To these he unfolded his plans as follows:—"I have promised, gentlemen, that we shall reconnoitre the enemy to-morrow, and get certain information in regard to them. The affair is one to be conducted in such a manner as will bring us credit. My purpose is to take the whole command, and to display the banners of the Duke of Lorraine, which the enemy have never seen. They may bring us good luck, and will be more cheering than the sound of cornets. To you, Du Fay"—addressing the standard-bearer—"I assign fifty archers. With these you will pass the canal below the artillery of the Spaniards, and, as far as you can, stir up an alarm in

their camp. When you see that it is prudent to retire, you will run no risk in doing so, supported, as you will be, by Captain Pierrepont, who, with thirty-six horse and the rest of the archers, will be at your rear. He will support you, with the rest of the company. I will be at hand to see that you are not too hard pressed. Manage the affair with caution, and I pledge you that we shall all gain credit by the result."

Having no field-plans, we must suppose that the scheme was one implying some nice stratagem. His officers perfectly understood him, and each knew the part which was assigned him. We must not forget to remind the reader, as the old chronicler frequently reminds us, that there was not one of Bayard's gendarms who was not fit himself to be a captain. Their plans did not keep any of them from sleep that night. Retiring, as soon as their arrangements were made, they were all ready by the dawn of day, when they armed and accoutred themselves. The colors of the Duke of Lorraine were unfurled, for the first time, to the breezes of Ravenna—"a goodly spectacle, which greatly cheered the hearts of the company." They began their march, as previously determined, in three separate bands, each, at a distance from the other, of three moderate bow-shots. Never a bit did any of our good knight's party dream that the adventurous young Baron of Bearn had got the start of them, snuffing the breezes of battle and the morning together, in advance of themselves. They were soon, however, to partake in the game which this young gentleman had so gallantly begun. He had gone forth right valiantly, and succeeded in stirring up a delightful alarm in the camp of the Spaniards. Foot and horse were arranged for battle, and the artillerists, a little more rapid than any other arm of the service, had despatched certain bullets of rock into the ranks of the baron's party, which took off an arm of the Chevalier Basillac, a favorite of the Duke de Nemours, as cleverly as a surgeon could have

done. These shots were seconded by a rush of the Spanish and Neapolitan gendarms, before which our Baron de Bearn thought it only prudent to retire. But his walk soon became a trot, and then a gallop; and even the headlong race, under the spur of *sauve qui peut*, would scarcely have sufficed for the safety of the party, but for the timely coming of the Bastard Du Fay, who interposed his squadron between the fugitives and the pursuers. Bayard, apprised of the luckless adventure of the baron, and of the approach of the Spaniards, soon brought his force up to co-operation with that of Du Fay, but without exposing himself to the cognizance of the enemy. It was with no qualified pleasure that he beheld them urging the headlong chase, until they had fairly crossed the canal which separated them wholly from the support of the camp. Then it was that, putting lance in rest, and plying the steed with the rowel, he cried aloud to his followers to charge the assailants. The fugitives fell into his rear, while he, never looking to see whether he was or was not supported—taking that for granted, as well he might in consideration of the love borne him by his followers—darted fiercely at once into the very centre of the enemy's squadron, consisting of an hundred horse and more, overthrowing five or six of them at the first encounter. The Spaniards fought well but vainly, and at length fairly wheeled about and fled for the camp, which was now every where in commotion and alarm, the whole army being drawn up in order of battle. Never heeding their gallant array, except to note its aspect accurately for the benefit of his general, Bayard continued to drive the party which he had defeated, before him, until they had fairly crossed the canal and entered the camp. Here, as if in the very wantonness of his defiance, he and his company exhibited prodigies of valor, overthrowing all who encountered them, and tumbling not a few of the tents and pavilions of the luxurious Spaniards into the dust. It was only when the vigilant eyes of our good knight beheld

a troop of three hundred gendarms, close ranged for fight, and hurrying toward him at a quick trot, that he gave orders for the retreat. They repassed the canal without the loss of a man. The Spaniards did not pursue them, though five or six of them, in a spirit of chivalry, proposed to break a lance with an equal number of Frenchmen. But, thinking it would bring on another skirmish, in which his men, heated and exhausted, would be required to cope with fresh soldiers, Bayard would not suffer one of his people to comply with the wishes of the challengers. The Duke of Nemours already knew what had taken place. Greatly grieved for Basillac's misfortune, he embraced Bayard as he returned to the camp, saying to him, "You, and such as you only, my Lord of Bayard, are fit to head the skirmishers. You can both go and return with discretion." Those who beheld the prowess of our knight, in this rude encounter with the Spaniards at once acknowledged they had never seen one who understood war so well, or met its dangers with such feats of arms. But this spirited affair was one to sink into insignificance in regard to that which was at hand. It was a taste, only preparatory to one, which French and Spaniards had equal reason to deplore for several seasons after

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was not to inquire whether a battle was to be fought, but *how* it was to be fought, that, after this reconnaissance of Bayard, Gaston de Foix called his officers again to council. The skirmish of the good knight with the Spaniards had not only enabled him to see somewhat into their arrangements, but had revealed the spirit with which they would be likely to meet the final issue. The very fat feeding to which Bayard had alluded, and which he supposed might render his enemies scant of breath in the action, would yet, of itself, furnish sufficient impulse to make them eager for the excitements of the strife. To infuse his own people with the proper spirit, and to plan the mode of attack,—fór the French general was resolved upon taking the initiate steps in the business,—was the subject matter of the conference in which we find our good knight once more counselling the mode of procedure, with the satisfaction of finding his opinions adopted by the rest. His discoveries of the morning, in the camp of the Spaniards, and his views of what should be done by the assailants, in great measure determined the order for the attack, which was arranged for the ensuing day, being Easter Sunday. That night a bridge of boats was thrown across the river Ronco for the passage of the infantry and artillery, the esplanades on either bank being such as to enable the horse to ford the stream without assistance. The keeping of this bridge was assigned to the Bastard Du Fay, the standard-bearer of our knight. The council separated for the night, each having his post assigned him, and all properly impressed with the

duties and the dangers which awaited them on the ensuing day.

This memorable day, in which the flower of both armies was destined to perish, dawned at last, the eleventh of April, 1512. Conspicuous among the leaders, on each side, were men distinguished as the legates of the most high God. Clad in complete armor, towering in his pride of place, full of a wrathful and imperious spirit, and of martial and imposing aspect, the Cardinal Sanseverino, legate of the council of Milan, marched among the captains of the French. On the other side, the Cardinal de Medici, as legate of the Church, held the chief authority in the allied army. His aspect was more peaceful, whatever his spirit might have been. He still, though at the head of a warlike array, appeared in the habiliments of peace; to which, indeed, his temper naturally inclined much more than that of his brother cardinal. The Spanish troops, on whom the allies placed their chief reliance, were led by the Viceroy Cardona, the Italians by Fabrizio Colonna; and the command of the light-armed cavalry was entrusted to the young and accomplished Ferdinando Davalos, marquis of Pescara. On the French side, the lansquenets and foot-soldiers, to the number of six thousand, were led by the several captains Molart, Bonnet, Maugiron, the Baron de Grammont, and others; and this force, with two thousand Gascons under the immediate command of Captain Odet, and the Cadet Duras, were instructed to take post within cannon-shot of the enemy's camp, which they were to watch, availing themselves of every movement to ply them with the artillery, by which they were to be accompanied. The vanguard was commanded by the Duke of Ferrara and Jacques de Chabannes, lord de la Palisse, with their companions. With these came the gentlemen under the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, the Master of the Horse, the Lord of Humbercourt, La Crote, the Lord Theodore de Trivulzio, and other captains, with

some eight hundred gendarms. With the command of the Duke de Nemours, himself, were associated his cousin, the Lord of Lautrec, D'Alegré, Captain Louis d'Ars, and Bayard, with a force of four or five hundred horse. The Italian infantry, to the number of four thousand, were left in charge of the camp before Ravenna, for the double purpose of insuring the safety of the baggage, and of preventing any sallies from the forces within the city.

With the opening of the day the French army was in motion. The Duke de Nemours left his tent among the first, armed at all points, but without his helmet, which, before the necessity for its use, was probably carried by a page. He wore a most gorgeous dress, exceeding heavy, and richly embroidered with the arms of Navarre and France. Looking out upon the horizon, he remarked that the sun, which was just risen, wore a red and fiery appearance. One of his gentlemen, named Haubordouin, of whom he was very fond, remarking this appearance also, said to him, "Know you what this bodes, my lord?—the death of some great prince or captain to-day. It must be either you or the viceroy (Cardona)." Gaston de Foix gayly laughed at the prediction, and rode away to the bridge of boats, over which his army was then crossing; but his men remembered at this moment the predictions and warning which were given to Chabannes and Bayard by the astrologer of Carpi, and his intimations that the day of greatest danger to the duke would be this very Easter Sunday. After this comment of Haubordouin, which a modern captain would think exceedingly mistimed at the moment when an engagement was drawing on, another instance of the *naïveté* of chivalry took place, which our chronicler has deemed it worthy to preserve. While the Duke de Nemours was inspecting the passage of his troops, Bayard approached him, and said, "My lord, while the forces are crossing the river, let us divert ourselves by a stroll along its banks." Gaston agreed to this; and he

Bayard, Lautrec, Alegré, and some others, to the number of twenty horse, pursued a course along the edge of the river, on the opposite side of which they could distinctly perceive the confusion and preparation in the camp of the allies. While they walked, the duke remarked, "My Lord of Bayard, we present an admirable mark for any arquebusiers that might be concealed on the other side. They might shoot us where we are with the greatest ease." Just then a troop of twenty or thirty Spanish knights appeared on horseback, among whom was Don Pedro Paz, a distinguished cavalier among them, of whom something has been said in our pages already, and who was the leader of all their horse. Bayard, seeing them, advanced some twenty or thirty paces before his companions, and addressed the Spaniards in the following fashion across the stream: "You are amusing yourselves for the present, gentlemen, and so are we. I pray you, therefore, that, until our sports fairly begin, you discharge no guns from your side, and we will trouble you with none of ours." Don Pedro, as king the name of the person by whom he was addressed, and being told that it was Captain Bayard, was marvellously delighted, and answered him thus: "On my honor, my Lord of Bayard, though I know that we gain nothing by your presence here, but, on the contrary, hold your force to be the stronger thereby, by some two thousand men, nevertheless I am right glad to see you. Would to God there were peace between your king and mine, that we might know more of each other, for I have loved you for your prowess all my life." Bayard, who was never surpassed in courtesy by any man, answered the Spaniard in a strain of similar compliment, which he might well do, as Don Pedro, though something of a dwarf, had a most noble and gigantic spirit in a rude and contracted bosom. The latter, seeing the distinction with which all parties joined to treat the Duke de Nemours, asked, "Who is that nobleman, my Lord of Bayard,

to whom your people pay so much honor?" "He is our commander-in-chief," replied the knight, "the Duke de Nemours, nephew to our prince, and brother to your queen." Scarcely had he spoken when Don Pedro and all his knights dismounted, and, addressing De Foix, said, "Lord Duke, saving what is due to the honor and the service of the king our master, we declare to you that we are, and always will remain, your servants." We still retain some of the stately and artificial courtesies, which originated in those periods, in which the struggle between ferocity and civilization engendered many peculiarities of conduct between friends and foes, which we can only comprehend, now, by a due regard to the conventional strife of castes and classes which belongs to every transition period in society. The Duke de Nemours acknowledged, in similar terms, the complimentary address of the Spaniards; and the parties, thus really full of respect and admiration for each other, separated to engage in the deadliest struggles of a mortal combat. This little episode will serve to illustrate some of the characteristics of that school of civilization which chivalry founded, and which, at the period of which we write, was dying out rapidly, chiefly in consequence of the progress of commerce and the use of gunpowder.

The German lansquenets in the French army were the first to occupy the bridge in passing. The adventurers, a motley crowd, under the command of the Lord of Molart, impatient of being in the advance, readily yielded to his suggestion when he cried to them, "What! comrades, shall the lansquenets lead us to the enemy? I would rather lose an eye than we should submit to this reproach. Follow me!" and, armed as he was, he dashed on foot into the river wading gallantly through in advance of the Germans. The passage of the whole army was safely made, the allies offering no obstruction; and, relying on the obvious design of the French to force their camp, which they had laid out

judiciously, and had strengthened, as far as possible, with all the appliances of art. Their forbearance came from the counsel of Pietro de Navarro, who had great reputation as an engineer, and who earnestly recommended that the army should remain in its entrenchments and should trust for success in the first instance to the artillery, which had been advantageously posted in front of their ranks. Fabrizio Colonna alone opposed this advice. He counselled more wisely, as the sequel would seem to show, that the assailants should be met while crossing the river, and attacked as they approached in detached bodies. But the advice of the Spaniard prevailed. The French were permitted to pass the river, and to approach unmolested within a short distance of the allied camp, where they formed their line, and having spread out their artillery in front, opened upon the entrenchments of the allies with a tremendous cannonade. This was answered fiercely by the batteries of Pietro Navarro, which brought terrible havoc upon the exposed infantry of the French, having played freely upon them during their advance. More than two thousand of these devoted people fell early in the action. The valiant captain, the Lord of Molart, whom we have seen so eager to get ahead of the Germans, fell by the same cannon-shot which slew Philip de Friburg, one of the chiefs of the lansquenets. The Spanish infantry, meanwhile, lying flat behind their entrenchments, escaped, in some degree, that fearful havoc which their artillery had produced among the French. Their pieces were twenty in number, cannon and long culverins, and they had about two hundred arquebusses-a-croc, which seem to have been heavy hand-guns worked upon a rest or pivot. The intervals between their guns they had occupied with a sort of armed cart or wagon, on two wheels, to be worked by the hand, which were barbed on all sides with spears of three prongs. These carts were to be rolled forward upon the foot-soldiers whenever they advanced to the assault. At their wing was the vanguard,

consisting of eight hundred gendarms, commanded by Fabrizio Colonna. The viceroy, Cardona, stationed above this force, had with him four hundred horse and about two thousand Italian foot. The horse was spoken of as being of the first order, as well in their experience and courage as in their equipment. Thus formidably entrenched and supported, with all the advantages of fighting from an entrenched camp, upon an advancing and unprotected foe, the day appeared to be going against the assailants; when its aspect was changed by the artillery of the Duke of Ferrara, who, having obtained an advantageous position, by which the entrenchments were commanded, now tore his way with his iron messengers through the flanks of the allied army. For two dreadful hours had this cannonade continued, when the mingled slaughter of men and horses, who fell without a struggle, without an opportunity of resistance, stung Fabrizio Colonna with fury. His men, maddened by the murderous discharges, were no longer restrainable. "*Cuerpo de Dios!*" was their cry; "*Somos matados del cielo*"—"we are slain as from the sky;" "*Vamos combater los hombres*"—"let us go forth and fight with men!" The passionate resolution which they expressed was that of Colonna. Bitterly denouncing the policy which had governed the Spanish generals, he rushed from the entrenchments, and was followed with more or less rapidity by all the allies. As the van of his gendarms appeared in sight, the keen eyes of Bayard and D'Alegré immediately beheld the danger to which they lay open, and bringing up a couple of pieces of artillery, to a point by which their approach was commanded, swept the track with bullets, mowing down, in successive discharges, more than three hundred of the advancing troop. Thirty-three men were swept away by a single cannon-shot. This brought on a general action. The force led by Fabrizio Colonna, avoiding the vanguard of the French, which was commanded by the Duke of Ferrara and Chabannes, lord de la Palisse, made for a little squad-

ron of French horse which surrounded the Duke of Nemours in person. This prince commanded in the centre. Seeing the approach of the Spanish horse, though nearly twice the number of his own, he lowered his visor and advanced to meet them. As the Italian captain approached, he divided his force into two bodies, in order the more completely to enclose the smaller body of the French. Bayard perceiving this, counselled the duke to make a like division of his force, by which both parties of the Spaniards should be encountered at the same moment. This advice was promptly followed, and the Spaniards rushed on with a shout, crying to each other as they approached, "España! España! Santiago! *a los caballos! a los caballos!*"—"Spain and St. James! upon the horses! upon the horses!" In other words, according to a Spanish proverb, "*Muerto de caballo, perdido l'hombre d'armas*"—Slay the horses—"When the horse is dead, the horseman is sped." We have not forgot the effect of this policy in the famous duel, already recorded in these pages, of thirteen against thirteen. The shock was terrible between these parties. The Spanish cavalry under Fabrizio Colonna, nearly half as many again as that under the prince, continued the fight for more than half an hour, and still the result was doubtful. Seeing this, D'Alegré, who spied at distance the band of Robert de la Marck, whose uniform was black and white, cried to them with a loud voice, "Black and white, march! march! and bring up the archers!" These, well knowing that the matter was pressing, or such a summons would never be made, at once hurried to the rescue, and at once decided the event in this part of the field. The archers, with the small hatchets which they carried at their saddle-bows, dealt very rudely with the Spanish cavalry, and the Lord Fabrizio Colonna was compelled to retreat, retiring in great disorder and after heavy loss, more than four hundred of his gendarms being left between the fosse of his entrenchments and the river.

Meanwhile, the action had every where become general. The shock of battle in every part of the field had proved equally bloody with that to which we have chiefly confined our attention. The hostile encounter of two such armies, enflamed by national enmity and mutual resentments—stung by a protracted endurance of loss from the opposing artillery, which could not be met—and exasperated to the highest degree by the preceding events of a fierce and capricious warfare, was necessarily of a kind the most terrible and destructive. Never, says the chronicler, was seen a more desperate conflict; but the Spaniards at length yielded, and fled for their entrenchments. The French were about to pursue, but they were arrested by Bayard, who stayed them. He approached the Duke de Nemours to exhort him to forbearance at this moment, in regard to the Spanish infantry, who still lay concealed behind their entrenchments. Seeing the duke covered with the blood and brains of a knight who had been slain at his side by a cannon-shot, he feared that he had been wounded. "No; but I have wounded many others!" cried the exulting prince,—the rapture of the strife still glowing in every eager feature of his face. "Now, God be praised!" cried Bayard, "for the battle is yours—your fame is sure—you have covered yourself this day with glory. But you must proceed no farther, my lord. Assemble your cavalry in this place, that they may not begin to plunder the camp before we are yet sure of it. Captain Louis d'Ars and myself will pursue the fugitives, so that they shall not retire behind the foot-soldiers. Meanwhile, my lord, do you stir not hence for any man living, till the said captain or myself come to fetch you!" We may justly suppose that Bayard was not wholly uninfluenced by the counsel which had been given him, in regard to the safety of the duke, by the astrologer at Carpi. Gaston de Foix was neither too proud nor too vain to hearken to the advice of a soldier so experienced. He promised compliance with the counsels of our knight;

but it would appear that he was not in this manner to elude his fate. He suffered himself to forget his resolution, and he paid for his error with his life.

The Spanish infantry, under Pietro Navarro, still kept their ground behind the entrenchments. They were above four thousand in number, and the policy of Bayard was so wholly to isolate them from their cavalry, as to make it easy to take them at disadvantage hereafter. This would have been almost a matter of certainty. The pursuit of the fugitives placed all the chief men of the allies in their power. Among the prisoners were the Cardinal Legate de Medici, Fabrizio Colonna, the Marquis of Pescara, and many others; and, subsequently, Pietro de Navarro was himself added to the list. The farther particulars of the fight, by which this plan was discarded, and the glory of the victory rendered gloomy, by the disastrous losses of the French, are differently told by the historians. It would seem that an unwise attempt upon the Spanish foot, who were retiring in good order, together with the premature excesses of some of the French adventurers, who grew busy with the wine-casks of the Spaniards, before the latter had fairly left them, led to some small reverses, which were greatly exaggerated in the ears of the Duke de Nemours. At all events, he was prompted to desert the spot where Bayard had left him in safety, and, with but a thousand horse, to throw himself across the path of a body of the Spaniards, consisting of three thousand infantry. At first, his fierce assault was successful, and he made terrible havoc among his enemies; but the shot of an arquebuse at length brought him to the ground, where he was immediately surrounded by foes, who fell upon him with their pikes, and slew him with innumerable wounds. Thus perished, by an untimely fate, at the early age of twenty-four, one of the most distinguished of French heroes. His fate damped the ardor of his countrymen, and more than compensated the allies for the terrible defeat which they had sustained. The

French confess to a loss of three or four thousand men, chiefly infantry. The Italian historians make their losses more than ten thousand. Of the allies, upwards of nine thousand lay upon the field. All their standards, equipage, artillery, and numerous prisoners, distinguished and obscure, fell into the hands of their enemies. The Viceroy Cardona effected his escape to Cesena. Among those who perished on the side of the French were many whose names have been made familiar to us in the progress of this history. After the death of the Duke de Nemours, they lamented in particular the fate of Ino d'Allegri, and his son Viverot; Zemberg and Friburg, the leaders of the German lansquenets; the Baron de Grammont, Maugiron, Bardasson, Monsacre, Captain Molart, La Crope-Daillon, Auber, and many others. Lautrec received twenty wounds in defending the Duke de Nemours, was left for dead upon the field, but finally recovered. The victory was a great one, but dearly paid for.

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was late in the day before Bayard returned from the pursuit of the fugitives, and bitterly did he deplore the fate of his friend and commander which his prudence had labored to avert. His biographer, the "Loyal Servant," describes him, on his return to the camp and before he had learned the death of the Duke de Nemours, as meeting with a portion of the retreating infantry of the allies, in the midst of whom the duke had fallen. Bayard, at this moment, had with him but thirty or forty gendarms, all of whom were marvellously spent and weary. Still he prepared to charge the enemy, who was retiring in good order; when one of the captains, advancing at the head of his men, cried to him, "Sir, what is it that you would do? You can not, surely, suppose yourself strong enough to conquer us. Be satisfied with what is already done. You have won the battle. You have killed or scattered our

main army. Be content with the honor you have gained, and since, by God's mercy, we have escaped so far, suffer us to go with our lives." Bayard felt the good sense of what the Spaniard had advanced, and, with scarcely a horse fit to stand upon his legs, he was satisfied to receive the colors of the enemy, and to suffer them to depart in peace. Alas! exclaims the chronicler, had he but known that the Duke de Nemours was slain, and by these very men, he would have died ten thousand deaths sooner than have left him unavenged. A letter of Bayard to his uncle, Laurent Alleman, describing this battle of Ravenna, has been preserved.* Its details may serve to supply some of the omissions in our narrative. He writes:—

"My lord, I commend myself, with all possible humility, to your good favor.

"My lord, since I last wrote you, we have had a battle with the enemy, as, by this time, the tidings may have reached you. The events, fully to acquaint you of them, happened after this manner:

"Our army drew nigh and lodged hard by the city of Ravenna. Hither our enemies repaired, almost as soon as ourselves, to put the inhabitants in heart. Now, by reason of some rumors, which increased daily in the camp, touching a descent of the Swiss, and in consequence of the great lack of provisions which we experienced, my Lord of Nemours resolved to give them battle. Last Sunday, accordingly, we passed a little river which separated us from our enemies and engaged them. They marched out in very good order, and consisted of seventeen hundred horse, the most glorious and splendid that ever were seen, and full fourteen thousand foot, as gallant soldiers as could be met with. About a thousand of their cavaliers,† enraged at being so galled as they were by our artillery, rushed upon our middle squadron, where the Duke de Nemours was in

* By the President Expilly.

† The cavalry under Fabrizio Colonna.

person, together with his company, that of the Duke of Lorraine, of Louis d'Ars, and others,* to the number of four hundred horse, or thereabouts,† who received the foe with so stout a heart that better fighting never was beheld. Between our vanguard—which consisted of a thousand gendarms—and ourselves, there were great ditches, and, even were these no impediments, they had enough to do elsewhere, and could render us no assistance; wherefore, the said middle squadron was forced to bear the brunt of a thousand men. At this juncture my Lord of Nemours broke his lance betwixt the two battalions, piercing one of the enemy's gendarms through the body, the weapon appearing half an arm's length on the opposite side. Thus were the said thousand men defeated and put to flight, and, as we were pressing upon them in pursuit, we fell in with their infantry close by their ordnance, with five or six hundred gendarms, who were posted there, having in front of them two wheeled carts, whereon was a great piece of iron, with two planks ten or fifteen feet long. These troops soon came to close fighting with our infantry. Their foot above mentioned had so many arquebusiers that they killed, in a manner, nearly all our captains of foot almost as soon as they approached, instead of staggering them or putting them to flight. But our foot were so well supported by the cavalry that, after an obstinate contest, our adversaries were discomfited, lost their artillery, seven or eight hundred of their horse, who were slain, and most of their captains, with seven or eight thousand foot-soldiers. It is not known that any of their leaders escaped except the viceroy. We have prisoners of them—the Lord Fabrizio Colonna, the Cardinal de Medicis, the Pope's legate, the Lord Pedro Navarro, the Marquis of Pescara, Don Juan de Cardona, and others, whose names I know not.

* He is silent in regard to himself.

† A portion of this body of gendarms were detached to hold the bridge under the Bastard Du Fay: hence its smallness.

The fugitives who escaped were pursued for eight or ten miles, and are scattered among the mountains, where, it is said, the peasantry have cut them in pieces.

"My lord, if the king hath won this battle, I swear to you that the poor gentlemen have lost it; for, while we were engaged in the pursuit, the Duke of Nemours, falling in with some foot-soldiers who had rallied, chose to attack them; but the gentle prince was so ill supported that he fell in the fray, whereat the sorrow and mourning that hath been and is still displayed in our camp, is such as hath never been equalled. You would think, indeed, could you behold our grief, that the battle had been lost instead of won. No prince's death, for an hundred years, hath been so great a calamity as this.* Had he but lived, he would have done such things as prince never achieved before. All here declare themselves as if they had lost a father. As for me, my lord, I suffer more than I am able to express, and shall henceforth lead a melancholy life.

"My lord, in other places fell M. d'Alegré and his son, M. de Molart, six German captains, among them Zemberg, their colonel; Captain Maugiron, the Baron de Grandmont, and above two hundred gentlemen, all of name and reputation, not to mention two thousand of our foot-soldiers. The kingdom of France will not for a century repair the losses which we have sustained in this action.

"My lord, the body of the late duke was yesterday morning carried to Milan,† under an escort of two hundred

* The memory of Gaston de Foix was held in great esteem, and his death lamented even by the Italians themselves. He has been accused of acts of barbarity in his conquests; but these are rather chargeable to the times than the individual, and many were committed by those under his command whom he had not the power to restrain.

† The body of the Duke de Nemours was conveyed in great state to Milan, attended not only by the gens d'arms, as above stated, and the flags of conquest, but by the prisoners taken in the battle. The inhabitants of the city came forth in deep mourning to receive it; and amid the blaze of a thousand torches it was deposited in the consecrated vaults of the cathedral. But there it was not suffered to remain. When, subsequently, the French

gens d'arms, in the most honorable manner that could be devised. Eighteen or twenty banners gloriously gained in this battle were borne before the corse. Now that he is laid low, I believe that we shall cease from warfare. The Swiss, however, are still making some clamor; but when they hear of this defeat, they will, methinks, abate somewhat of their ardor. As soon as matters are fairly adjusted here, I shall come and see you. Praying God to give your lordship a very long and happy life,

"I am your humble servant,

"BAYARD.

"Written at the Camp of Ravenna, this 14th day of *April*."

The battle of Ravenna gained, the victorious army returned to the siege of the city. Marc Antonio Colonna, despairing of the defence of the place, withdrew his forces into the citadel, where he defended himself for a few days, at the expiration of which time he was suffered to quit the city, under a pledge not to bear arms against France for the period of three months. The city was left to make its own terms, and, while a deputation of the inhabitants were arranging with the commander of the French the terms of its surrender, a party of Gascons and lansquenets forced their way through the breaches, and a terrible slaughter ensued of the inhabitants. The chief command of the French had devolved on Chabannes, the sieur de la Palisse. It was some time before he was advised of the enormities of his mercenaries. In the mean time, the massacre had become indiscriminate, without regarding age or sex. Even the monasteries on this occasion afforded no security to the unhappy wretches who had hitherto found shelter in

were expelled from Milan, the Cardinal of Sion ordered it to be disinterred, as the remains of an excommunicated person, and sent for private burial to the church of the monastery of St. Martha. On the recovery of Milan by the French, in 1515, a magnificent tomb was raised to his memory, the monument, surmounted by a statue of De Foix, as large as life, in marble, surrounded by ten other marble figures, being designed and exquisitely sculptured by Agostino Busti, a Milanese.

their sacred privacies. As soon as Chabannes was apprised of what was in progress, he laudably addressed all his energies to the arrest and punishment of the offenders. He hastened through the city with a select body of his troops, and from the windows of one convent, alone, he hung no less than thirty-four of the wretches who had penetrated its walls with violence. In this decisive act of justice he realized another prediction of the astrologer of Carpi. One of the victims on this occasion, and the chief among the offenders, was that Jacquin Caumont, captain of foot in the bands of the Lord Molart, whom we remember to have seen commending himself to the Duke de Nemours as a gendarm, when he fell into the canal at Finale, saved only from drowning by that destiny which he irritated the astrologer of Carpi to declare aloud. In this manner he finished his career, verifying the prediction in full, even to the time limited for the consummation of his fate.

The effect of this great victory was immediate. The cities of Imola, Forli, Cesena, Rimini, and several other places, dreading a like fate with Ravenna, sent deputies to testify their obedience to the King of France, and almost the whole extent of Romagna was once more occupied by his arms. But the allies were undiscouraged. The first panic over, they were soon taught to understand that the victory at Ravenna was quite as unfortunate for the French as for themselves. They had lost many of their ablest captains, many of their best men, and were encumbered with their sick and wounded, and were dreadfully demoralized by the sacking of Ravenna. Continued apprehensions in their camp, with regard to threatened descents of the Swiss, necessarily discouraged their enterprise, and kept them rather watchful for their own safety than eager to engage against their enemies. The war began to languish, and the affairs of France to decline in Italy, at the moment in which her armies had obtained their most brilliant successes. King Louis, entertaining serious appre-

hensions from the invasions of Henry VIII. of England, was now anxious for reconciliation with the Pope. A treaty was made between them; but the Holy Father was too subtle for the temporal prince, and, advised of the debilitated condition of the French army, he contrived, on some slight pretext, to evade its obligations. Meanwhile, the army of Spain was supplied with new reinforcements. A large body of Swiss was subsidized by the Pope, and numerous volunteers, from the same nation, swelled their forces to thrice the number for which he had contracted. It happened, unfortunately for Louis, that he had been heard to speak slightingly of the faith and courage of these mountaineers, whom frequent successes and constant employment, as the soldiery of other nations, had enflamed with insolence and vanity. To these were joined the troops of Venice and of Rome, composing an army of more than thirty thousand men. The lansquenets, still in the army of France, were glad of the orders of their emperor, which enabled them, without discredit, to desert a falling cause; and, menaced with danger on all sides, La Palisse first attempted to fortify himself in Valezzio, but, finding the place too weak for defence, and unable to contend with such superior numbers, he distributed a great part of his troops in the strong garrisons of Crema, Brescia, and Bergamo; and, with the remainder, consisting only of seven hundred lancers, two thousand French infantry, and four thousand Germans, retired to Ponterico. This was a town of considerable strength; but it was here that the lansquenets—all but about seven hundred—forming the largest portion of his force, was withdrawn from him by the imperial orders. This was the ruin of his army. From Ponterico, he retreated upon Pavia. Here he determined to make a stand. At this place, one of his most valuable prisoners, the Cardinal de Medicis, afterwards Leo X., escaped from his custody. The French had scarcely begun to fortify Pavia when the allies made their

appearance, and entered it two days after its occupation by the former. La Palisse, by the advice of Bayard, the better to guard against contingencies, had caused a bridge of boats to be constructed over the Tesino, anticipating the necessity of a flight by some other mode than that afforded by the stone bridge which the city possessed already. It was well he took this precaution. Before the French were altogether conscious of the neighborhood of danger, the Swiss penetrated to the market-place of Pavia. To this point the French captains made their way with all the men they could bring together; and a fierce conflict ensued, in which Captain d'Ars, who had been made governor of the town, La Palisse himself, and the Lord of Humbercourt, fought gallantly, as became their former deeds and the high rank which they enjoyed for courage and command. But none of them equalled the almost incredible things which were performed by Bayard on this occasion. With not more than thirty of his gendarms he stopped the Swiss, and kept them in a prolonged conflict for two hours, while the French artillery was in progress across the bridge. Two horses were killed under him during this unequal struggle, from which he only withdrew when warned by his lieutenant, Captain Pierrepont, that the Swiss were passing the river also, and that he must escape at once if he would not be surrounded by his foes. The order was accordingly given to retreat, which the gendarms did, still fighting at every step. They were closely pressed until the bridge was reached, when the cavalry succeeded, after a boisterous conflict, in passing over. The bridge was kept by a force of three hundred lansquenets. Unfortunately for these adventurers, a heavy piece of artillery, called the Lady of Forli, the last to be transported, sunk the first bark to which it was transferred. This broke one of the connecting links which held the bridge together, and cut off the only means of retreat for the unhappy lansquenets, who were compelled to escape as they might. Some of them

did so; others were slain by their enemies; and not a few perished in the waters of the Tesino.

Bayard was one of the last to suffer in this very narrow escape. He had nearly fallen a victim to his hardihood. Always the last in the retreat, as the first in the advance, he had taken his post at one extremity of the bridge which his comrades had already passed, when a falcon-shot from the town grazed him between the shoulder and the neck, tearing away the flesh and laying bare the bone. Those who witnessed the blow, concluded that he was finally sped; but he, never dismayed, though conscious that he was desperately wounded, encouraged his companions, who were looking on aghast, and doing nothing for his relief.—"Gentlemen, this is nothing." They proceeded to stanch the blood as well as possible, with moss gathered from the trees and with fragments torn from the shirts of his comrades. And this rude surgery was the work of simple soldiers. The French, in the exigency of the retreat, were unprovided with a surgeon. In this condition, the good knight was borne to Alessandria, where they were not long permitted to remain. Still pressed by their eager enemies, the *debris* of the French army abandoned Lombardy altogether, those places excepted which have already been mentioned, and in which strong garrisons were maintained. In all other places the people rose against them with the same brutal levity with which they had risen against their native masters. Their capriciousness was only to be gratified with blood. In the city of Milan, the French inhabitants, chiefly merchants, were indiscriminately butchered, to the number of fifteen hundred. In other towns, similar massacres followed the departure of the troops, by whom the native ferocity had been kept in subjection. The peasantry watched for the straggling soldiery, on the retreat to the Alps, and wo to the feeble and infirm who fell in the rear, or the thoughtless who wandered away from the support of their companions

The French succeeded in their escape across the mountains, and all that remained to them, after this disastrous war, in which so many precious lives were lost, and so much treasure was wasted, was the glory of Gaston de Foix and the famous deeds of Bayard. These make their monuments, and fill their chronicles, and furnish them with models and with morals, which have endured, perhaps equally for good and for evil, for successive centuries.

Suffering from his wounds and from the protracted fatigues of a long and perilous campaign, in which the service was hard and urgent, and the comforts few or none, Bayard proceeded to Grenoble, where he was received most affectionately by his venerable uncle, the bishop of the place, whom he had not seen for many years. He was lodged within the episcopal palace, where he fell grievously ill in consequence of his hurts and previous ailments. For seventeen days his life was despaired of, and he himself became reconciled to a fate which was thought inevitable, only lamenting that he had not perished in the saddle. His wailings in regard to this disappointment have been preserved by his attendants. "Alas!" said he, "oh, my God, wherefore, since it is thy pleasure that I should leave the world so soon, didst thou not vouchsafe that I should die in the company of that gentle prince, the Duke de Nemours, and with the rest of my companions on the field of Ravenna. Why didst thou not suffer that I should end my days at the assault of Brescia, where I was so perilously hurt? Ah! how much happier to fall, as my ancestors have ever done before, upon the field of battle. Have I, oh merciful God, who have passed through so many and such great dangers from the shot of artillery, the thrust of pike, the stroke of sword and battle-axe; in assaults, in encounters, in all varieties of conflict,—have I escaped, by thy grace and mercy, from all these dangers, only to expire like a girl upon her couch. Nathless, though I would it

were otherwise, thy will be done. Great sinner as I am, I build my hope on thy infinite mercy. Alas! my Father, I have in all times past grievously offended against thy holy laws. It had been my hope, as it was my resolution, hadst thou spared me a little longer, with the aid of thy grace, to have amended my evil life. But, to thy mercy I yield myself. Do with me as thou wilt, and let the close of my mortal life be the expiation of its sins."

The prayers of Bayard were seconded by those of his uncle and his friends. Nobles, and priests, and citizens, nuns and monks, joined in the general supplication in behalf of a knight so beloved and so renowned. "Among so many," piously remarks the "Loyal Servant," "it was not possible that there should not be some one just person, whom the Lord would be pleased to hear; and this was plainly manifested in the gradual diminution of his fever, and the improvement of his condition." His fever left him, his nights were crowned with the blessing of sound, unbroken sleep—he regained his appetite and spirits; and, under good treatment, and cheered with the affectionate solicitude of friends, our hero was soon perfectly restored to health, and with a heart as buoyant and happy as ever. The ladies, in particular, strove with one another to minister to the delight of one who had always been so devoted to the sex. They extolled his virtues, and sought his company, made fêtes in his honor, and abashed him by the warmth of their praises. Whether this was the fruit of a simple admiration of his prowess, or whether, in those days, as it is supposed to be the case in ours, there were some who entertained a lurking desire selfishly to appropriate the excellences which hitherto had been common to the enjoyment of the whole world of beauty, it would not be proper to insinuate; certain it is, that no knight has ever been better favored by the sex, more earnestly entreated, more benevolently smiled upon, or more tenderly solicited, in all the usual walks of society.

Returning health, luxurious ease, and a respite from the anxieties and cares of war, were influences by no means favorable to those virtues, in our good knight, which had so endeared him to the admiration of the sex. The consequence was, that he yielded to those temptations, for a season, which, in most other men, are found seasonable always. Bayard, with all his virtues, was, alas! no saint. His recent dangers were forgotten in the renewed activity and flow of youthful blood. He no longer remembered his penitential prayers and pious promises to the Deity; and, during one of his walks through the environs of Grenoble, struck with the beauty of a young woman whom he beheld at a window, he longed for the enjoyment of her charms. This criminal desire, which he made no efforts to gratify, preyed upon his thoughts. He was perceived to be melancholy and abstracted, and a little painstaking on the part of one of his attendants, named Cordon, enabled him to discover the secret of his master. Bayard's walks were always in the one direction. His eyes still sought out the beautiful features of the young girl who had inspired his passions; and the solicitous inquiries of Cordon extorted from our good knight the expression of a desire, upon which the ready valet was only too well pleased to act. There are always at hand some convenient creatures, when a vice would find its way into commission; particularly where the wrong-doer is a person of any consequence. Cordon reminds us of what King John remarks, when Hubert tells him that he has slain Prince Arthur:

> It is the curse of kings to be attended
> By slaves, who take their humor for a warrant,
> And, on the winking of authority,
> To understand a law.

Cordon was one of these persons. Bayard did but wink, and the submissive lacquey was ready for the vice. We do not propose, in this, to shield our good knight, hitherto *sans tâche*, from any of the shame which belongs to the

event. If his creature was ready for the task, his master's weakness furnished him sufficient prompting; and if there were no apology for him, his employer was equally without excuse. But we shall see how nobly the latter converts a fault into a virtue, and redeems his nature from reproach. Our hero had been absent at a convivial party in the town, and returned to his lodgings late at night. Entering his chamber, he encountered the beauty upon whom his thoughts for several days had been set. She was a beautiful virgin, scarcely sixteen years of age, the only daughter of a wretched woman, a widow, who, in her poverty, was prepared to sell her child. The eyes of the girl were red with weeping. The big tears were yet hanging on her cheeks. Her whole aspect was full of grief and terror, and her breast swelled and heaved with emotions which were too evidently those of sorrow and bitterness, to leave any one deceived as to the purity of her soul. Bayard looked at her with equal pleasure and astonishment. Her tears could not conceal her beauties. Her grief did but heighten her charms. These he could not help but feel; but he felt her sorrows also. "My child," said he, tenderly, "was it only to grieve that you came hither?" Encouraged by his kind looks, his gentle accents, and the delicacy of his manner, the poor girl flung herself at his feet and, with a bursting heart, declared her own horror at the condition to which she had been brought—announced the destitution of her mother as the necessity for her proposed cruel sacrifice; and, in a passion of tears, implored his mercy and forbearance. She spoke with loathing of the fate to which her mother had devoted her, and, not only persuaded the good knight that her heart was pure, and her virtue without blemish or spot, but that she entertained within her bosom a tender affection for another. Bayard, charmed as much with the simplicity as nobleness of her sentiments, raised her from the floor, saying, "God forbid, my child, that I should wickedly seek to banish such honorable feel-

ings from your heart; come with me, you shall sleep to-night where you will not suffer shame."

Thus saying, he wrapped her carefully in his cloak, and commanding his guilty valet to bring torches, he conveyed the damsel to the house of a gentlewoman of Grenoble, a near relation of his own, who dwelt not far from his own lodgings. There he placed her for the night.* The next

* Mr. Bulwer has made this anecdote in the life of Bayard the subject of a ballad, which, as the story is one of exceeding difficult handling, in any form, it may please the reader to see. He prefaces his poem by a remark that the avoidance of the literal fact is an imperative condition of the art, whether of poet or painter—a rather vague enunciation of the simple principle that the literal is not the province of the imagination. But here is his version of the narrative.

BAYARD.—A TALE.

Love ofttimes in the haughtiest knight
  His easiest conquest sees;
The plume that leads the foremost fight
  The toy to ev'ry breeze.

More fair than rose at dawning day
  When May her zephyr seeks,
The blossom of the human May,
  The rose on virgin cheeks.

If Love has charms, why, wealth has pow'r,—
  Her sire the slave of gold.
Alas! that for the glittering show'r
  The Danae should be sold!

She stood before him at the night,
  Unfriended and alone;
And o'er her charms the tempting light
  From silver cressets shone.

She stood,—above her bosom's snow
  The modest hands were prest,
And voiceless heaved, in ebb and flow,
  The deeps within the breast.

She stood;—the ivory shoulders down
  The glittering tresses stray'd
Like light that from a martyr's crown
  A halo round her made.

morning he sent for the mother. "Woman," said he, sternly addressing her, "art thou not the most wretched creature in the world that, having a daughter who hath hitherto led

So fair a form, in holy cell,
  The saint I ween might see;
And o'er that form his glances fell,—
  "No saint, alas! was he!"

He moved, he spoke, he knelt, he sued—
  The noblest of the land;
With gentlest words the master wooed,
  And clasp'd the victim's hand!

Then o'er the marble cheek there flush'd
  The hues that went and came;
And to the lip, in trembling rush'd
  The words of hope and shame.

"Oh! spare me,—spare me, noble knight,
  The child a sire could doom,
And leave to life the stainless light
  That sanctifies the tomb!

"This morn mine eyes could greet the sun,—
  Ah! shall they loathe the ray,—
To-morrow, scorn'd by every one,
  Whose love approved to-day?

"This morn, methought the voice of pray'r
  The gates of heaven could ope!—
To-morrow,—O! how prays Despair,
  When naught is left for Hope?

"This morn—why should I blush to speak?—
  I loved, beloved again;
Nay, not the love that fires thy cheek—
  A love that could not stain!

"This hour, unconscious, sad, alone,
  His lips repeat my name;
To-day his pride;—to-morrow grown,
  Oh, God! into his shame!

"Before thy thousand wreaths of bay,
  One leaf how poor and dim!

an honest life, a pure and beautiful creature, with a heart set upon a virtuous affection, thou should'st go about to corrupt her!"

A thousand flowrets glad thy way,
  But *I*—am all to him.

"Turn not, O! turn not!" From her eyes
  His hands his aspect hid!
Perchance the thought the speech denies,
  The startled conscience chid!

Perchance the haunted Past along
  Th' accusing memory stray'd,
And woke the pale repentant throng
  By young Desire betray'd;

Perchance, to that blest hour the birth
  Of holier thoughts was given,
And wings, no more to stoop to earth,
  Regain'd their native heaven!

"No mail like innocence secure!
  Await, and tremble not;
The angel-buckler guards the pure,"
  He said—and left the spot!

The midnight hour the church-bell toll'd,—
  Oh! heart, more loud thy beat;
A step—a voice—a form—behold
  Thy lover at thy feet!

"Look up! look up!—I claim my bride!
  The evil days are past;—
The gold my fate till now denied,
  Is mine—is ours at last!

"By Bayard's side my father fell,—
  The son the hero found;
And—" ere the rest his lips could tell,
  They heard the bugles sound;

They heard the ringing hoofs depart;
  Aloft the pennon flow'd,
And from the town, with lighter heart,
  The noble Bayard rode!

The mother, who was a reduced gentlewoman, shrunk and trembled before the severe aspect and language of the knight. When she found her utterance, she pleaded her necessities and the poverty of her condition; but to this plea Bayard gave no ear.

"That you have been a gentlewoman makes your guilt the worse, and should increase your punishment. But what is this person who seeks your daughter in marriage? Is he a proper man? Is he worthy of her love?"

The answer was affirmative. The obstacle to their marriage was their mutual poverty. Six hundred florins were required as the marriage portion of the damsel.

"That shall be no longer an obstacle. Here, madam," said he, giving her a purse,—"here are three hundred crowns, two hundred of which are equal to six hundred florins of Grenoble. The remaining hundred you will give to your daughter that she may procure her bridal garments. Go now, and see that she is married."

The good knight paused not to listen to the thanks and praises of the wretched mother, whom he thus deprived of all motive to the commission of a most unnatural crime. But his eyes were not withdrawn from those he served. One of his followers was entrusted with the charge of them until the marriage was over, an event which followed within three days. Certainly, Pierre Bayard was no saint; but what mortal, not positively a saint, was ever sweeter in his courtesy, purer in his passion, and more generous, with no other motive save that of love for human nature. And love was sufficient motive; for never has it been that human being more universally acquired the affection of those who came to know him, than himself. His conquests of the heart were even more numerous than those which he made in battle.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Those were not days of repose, and the "tangles of Næera's hair" could not long detain the soul of knighthood from the fields of war. Recovered wholly from his wounds, Bayard obeyed the requisition of the king, his sovereign, to resume his place in his armies. The provocation this time came from Spain. The small kingdom of Navarre lies on the frontiers between France and Spain. John d'Albret, its monarch, was an ally and friend of Louis. With Louis and John under the ban of the Church — with the armies of the former, discomfited in Italy,—it seemed a fitting opportunity for Ferdinand of Arragon, whose arms were at this time greatly strengthened by an English force under the Marquis of Dorset, to possess himself of a very desirable, contiguous territory. On various pretexts, he urged such conditions upon the King of Navarre as the latter, without discrediting his royalty,

could not submit to. The consequence, as Ferdinand had determined, was an invasion of the territories of the former, by the Duke of Alva, who soon possessed himself of Pampeluna and many other towns of the kingdom. The King of Navarre, whose indolence would have lost all the kingdoms that could be confided to him by the most indulgent bounty,* applied for succor to the King of France, who willingly listened to the application. The command of the French troops was confided to the Duke de Longueville and the Count de Montpensier; but they, differing in some respects, chiefly because of the ill success which distinguished their prosecution of the war, the title of generalissimo was subsequently conferred upon the Count d'Angoulême, afterward the celebrated Francis I.

In this army, which did nothing in this war for the defence of Navarre, we discern the most famous captains of the time—the Viscount Lautrec, La Palisse, with whom we are already so familiar, and our own Chevalier Bayard. They penetrated the seat of struggle, and approached the forces of Spain, under the Duke of Alba, who had encamped near Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port. Here, the Count d'Angoulême, according to the custom of the time, formally sent a cartel to his enemy; but the Duke of Alba replied, that though very much honored by the invitation, nothing could persuade him to fight, except when it was his humor to do so. This, if not the actual language, was the amount of his reply. Meanwhile, the king of Navarre, penetrating his kingdom by the Val-de-Ronçal, captured several small places, and proceeded to march upon Pampeluna. This drew the eyes of the Duke of Alba upon him, who instantly struck his tents at Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, and took the same direction. The king of Navarre, who had it in his power to seize upon the defiles by which the duke would

* His queen, a woman of high spirit, is reported to have said to him, "Had *you* been Mademoiselle Catherine, and *I* Don John, we had never lost our kingdom." And she no doubt spoke the truth.

be compelled to pass, committed the error of neglecting them entirely; the consequence of which was, that the garrison of Pampeluna received ample succors, and the Spanish general took a position sufficiently contiguous to afford farther assistance to the place, should it be needed. In spite of this blunder, and the evil results which followed it, the King of Navarre persevered in pressing the siege of the place. In doing so, it was found that there was a castle some four leagues from Pampeluna, which, as a source of annoyance, it was necessary to conquer. It is with the division of the French army, led by La Palisse, and accompanying the King of Navarre in person, that we find the Chevalier Bayard. To him it was confided, to make himself master of this castle, which was strong, rather because of its massive works and its position, than because of the number of its defenders. Bayard took with him, on this adventure, his own company of horse, a small troop of adventurers from that of Captain Bonneval, and some eight hundred German lansquenets, with four pieces of artillery. A portion of this force was designed to overawe the inhabitants of a neighboring town, called Puente de la Regna, who might otherwise have been inclined to help the castle in the moment of conflict. His troops, properly disposed for the two objects, of keeping the town in order, and capturing the castle; Bayard summoned the latter to surrender; offering to deal mercifully with the garrison, leaving them in possession of life and property, if the place was yielded without a struggle; and threatening them, on refusal, with all the terrors of a storm. But the captain of the Spaniards stoutly answered with a defiance, and the artillery promptly opened upon the walls. The garrison, meanwhile, fought stubbornly with their arquebusses-a-croc and falconets, but could not prevent the artillery of the besiegers from effecting a breach in the space of an hour's cannonade. The opening was sufficiently large, but as it required to be ascended, it was thought a rather inconve-

nient one. Such, at least, was the opinion of the lansquenets, who, on being required to advance to the assault, put forward a spokesman, who averred, that it was a custom among them, whenever a place was to be taken by assault, to require double pay. They added, that if this rule were not complied with in the present instance, they should not go to the attack. Bayard replied, quietly, that he knew of no such rule; but said to them, that, if the castle was taken, he would answer for it, that they should receive all that they required. He yielded, against his will, to their requisitions, simply to avoid the loss of time. But his concession did not satisfy these mercenaries, and all his arguments failed to persuade a single lansquenet to mount the breach. The French adventurers, from the foot-soldiers of Captain Bonneval, showed a better spirit, and resolutely advanced to the assault; but their numbers were quite too few for the object, and, after two or three repulses, Bayard saw that other processes were to be tried. The besieged had shown him that they knew something about fighting. Bayard had resources, however, within himself, of which neither the lansquenets nor the garrison had dreamed. Causing the retreat to be sounded, he withdrew his adventurers from the breach, and proceeded to renew his cannonade, ostensibly with the view to widening the breach; but, while the artillery was playing, he called to his side a very gallant fellow, one of his gendarms, named John de la Vergne, whom, on account of his diminutive size, they called familiarly Little John de la Vergne. Bayard knew his man. He directed his eye to a tower at one of the corners of the castle, opposite to the side which he was battering. "Take with you," he said, "some thirty or forty men, and when I shall recommence the assault, lead them aside, and, with two or three ladders essay to mount that tower. My life on it, you will find none to defend it. They will be here fighting with us. Away now, and win yourself great credit as you win the tower."

Little John admirably comprehended the duty assigned him. The signal, for the assault in front, was that for his movement also. While the main body of the adventurers rushed to the breach, he stole aside with the companions he had chosen, and succeeded, unseen and unsuspected, in making his way to the foot of the tower. There he planted his ladder and began the ascent. The conflict, meanwhile, was fiercely urged in front. The garrison, as Bayard predicted, had crowded from every quarter of the castle to that which was threatened with the greatest danger. The clamor at their gates drew all their attention. The clash of their own weapons silenced all other sounds. Little John de la Vergne executed his mission successfully. Man after man ascended the tower, to the number of fifty, and it was only when they took the Spaniards in the rear, with the cry of "France and Navarre"—cries which scarcely fell upon them more suddenly than the blows which followed them—did they dream of any foe but those in front. Daunted as they necessarily were, the besieged fought bravely, but their efforts availed them nothing. The assailants at the breach, encouraged by the cries from within, took new heart, and made their way in, also, in spite of every obstacle. Between the two enemies the brave garrison were very soon knocked upon the head, or admitted to terms of mercy. The place was then rendered dismantled, and given up to sack and pillage.

But now came the lansquenets forward. They had the impudence to demand of Bayard the fulfilment of his promise, that, if the place was taken, they should receive double pay. Our "Good Knight" could not suppress his indignation. These mercenaries had done nothing.

"They are more likely to receive a halter at my hands, than any other compensation!" was his fierce response to their captain; "away to your worthless scoundrels, and

say to them that I shall indeed speak of the matter to my Lord de la Palisse, and to their captain-general, but it will be to have them cashiered. They are not worth a single sous!"

This answer occasioned loud outcries among the lansquenets, who began to exhibit symptoms of a spirit which led Bayard to apprehend that he should be compelled to fight his way through them, as well as through the walls of the Spaniards. He accordingly made his people sound to horse; and, arranging his gendarms and the adventurers, in anticipation of their assault, he prepared, if they made a show of hostility, to do his best in cutting them to pieces. But the courage which required double pay, as a stimulant to valor after the battle had begun, was not likely to assail those who, in spite of them, had proved the conquerors on the occasion. The lansquenets were quieted by their officers, and followed with the rest, to rejoin the main army before Pampeluna.

The affair was destined to have a somewhat ludicrous termination. Bayard that night gave a supper, at which he had many of the chief men of the army, among whom was the Duke of Suffolk, the captain-general of all the lansquenets in camp, and they numbered some six or seven thousand. The repast was nearly over, when a lansquenet, who had been drinking pretty freely, made his appearance at the entrance of the apartment, and was somewhat staggered at the imposing presence in which he found himself. When asked whom he sought, he answered,

"Captain Bayard—whom I come to kill."

This was said in broken French, which Captain Pierrepont sufficiently understood to report.

"Here, my lord," said he to Bayard, "here is a lansquenet, who seeks you that he may slay you."

Bayard was no martinet. With a mirthful countenance, and with the greatest good-humor in the world, he started instantly from the table, sword in hand, exclaiming, "Oh!

does he?" Then, approaching the lansquenet, he said,—"Is it you who seek to slay Captain Bayard? Well!—here he is,—and now defend yourself!"

The proceeding was quite too prompt for our lansquenet, who, between bad liquor and bad counsel, had gone badly to work, and, terribly frightened, in broken French, proceeded to say that the determination was not entertained by him alone, but by all the lansquenets in the army. "Mercy upon us! What!—all the lansquenets!" exclaimed Bayard. "Then it is time for me to cry peccavi. Quarter, my comrade! You shall give me quarter. I might fight against you, or any other one man; but against seven thousand, the case is altered. Comrade, we must come to composition!" With these words, scarcely containing his laughter—that of the company was uncontrolled—he conducted the drunken mercenary to the table, and seated him at the board, *vis-à-vis* with himself, to the satisfaction of his nobler guests. Here he plied him with attentions. The fellow's goblet was filled and refilled, and the good knight drank with him, proceeding, as he had begun, in such playful wise, with so much grace, good-humor, and adroitness that, while the company were convulsed with the scene, the redoubtable lansquenet became ravished with his tormentor. So far from killing him, he swore that he would become his champion—that nobody should kill him—that he was the worthiest man he had ever met, and kept the best of liquors. The story was a three days' amusement for the camp, and effectually disarmed the hostility of the lansquenets.

The siege of Pampeluna was urged unsuccessfully. The place, reinforced by the Duke of Alba, and encouraged by his proximity, was kept by that "gentle Spanish knight," Hernandez de Cordoba, Alcayde de los Donzeles. He maintained the defence with a steady valor and an undeviating prudence, which gave the leaguers no advantages. He had sustained gallantly, and

with success, one terrible assault, and repulsed his enemies. They were preparing for a second, when a new army of Spaniards made its appearance, under the command of the Duke of Najàra. This compelled the King of Navarre to raise the siege, and begin a retreat in season, from a power which was accumulating very far beyond his own. Other circumstances contributed to this necessity. The besieging troops were suffering great distress for want of provisions. They had unwisely ravaged the country, and carelessly and wantonly wasted its resources. A famine threatened them even while they were preparing for a second assault, looking for their supplies to the granaries of the garrison. Disappointed in this hope, they raised the siege at noonday, with a melancholy prospect before them, abandoning their artillery at the foot of the rugged passes of the mountains, over which, in their enfeebled state, it was something of a trial to make their own way. To the providence, the vigilance, the skill, and courage of Bayard, on this retreat, the safety of the army is ascribed. But for him, it is admitted, they had never regained their country. His renown was increased accordingly. His intrepidity and *sangfroid* seem to have been equal. He indulged in his pleasantries—which were always graceful, and those of the gentleman, never degenerating into horse play—at the moment of greatest distress and danger; and thus frequently succeeded in soothing the aspect of that distress which it was not possible in any way to overcome. The "Loyal Servant" tells us an anecdote of this retreat, which displays the graceful and even temper of his mind, and the cheerful elasticity of his moods. The enemy were hanging on their flanks, galling them in their flight by constant alarms and assaults. On one occasion the day had been spent in skirmishing, and no time had been allowed for food or refreshment. With night only did they find a respite; and, late in the evening, covered with sweat and dust, the Duke of Suffolk, surnamed, among the French, "The White

Rose,"* went in search of Bayard. When he saw him, he said, "Captain Bayard, I am dying of hunger, and my people tell me that there is nothing at my lodging. Let me sup with you."

It is probable that the captain of gendarms, sweeping a considerable extent of country on horseback, was better able to provide a supper, under existing circumstances, than even a general of foot.

"Ay, marry, my lord, I shall entertain you well," was the pleasant reply. "You shall sup as well as if you were in Paris. Ho! there, Master Inghien," addressing his steward—"see now that you despatch our supper, for your own credit as well as mine."

The idea of supping as they might have done in Paris consoled the duke while provoking his laughter. He probably contemplated such a feast as that of the Barmecide in the Arabian Tales. He had fared, for two days, on nothing better than bread of millet. What the material of the repast was, on this occasion, has not reached us; but if Bayard had a Parisian cook, it is not improbable that, even in the present exigencies of the army, he might astound the heavy islanders by the resources of his genius, if not of the commissariat. Of the horrors of this retreat, chiefly because of famine, some notion may be gained from the fact that numbers of the wretched infantry destroyed themselves on reaching Bayonne, by a surfeit of food. The expedition had proved altogether disastrous, yielding neither spoil nor honor to those who had yet gone forth in support of the oppressed. The redeeming circumstance in their progress was their return. The retreat of the French, it is admitted, was admirably performed, the credit of which was almost wholly due to Bayard. Meanwhile, the

* Richard de la Pole, brother of the Earl of Suffolk, whom Henry VIII. beheaded. The former attempted to revive the York faction, and to instigate them against the existing government—baffled, he fled to France, and made an officer in the French service, was, as we have seen, allotted the command of the lansquenets

death of Pope Julius had relieved France from an implacable enemy. His successor, the world-renowned Leo X., at an early period of his reign, declared himself free from any hostile feeling toward the French, and thus opened the door for a pacification. But Louis could not forego his designs upon the Milanese, and the new Pope was sufficiently patriotic to desire the expulsion of all foreigners, who came as invaders, from the Italian territories. It was while the King of France was preparing to renew his attempts upon the duchy of Milan that a fleet and army of English made their appearance upon the coast of Brittany. This fleet was of forty-five sail, under the command of Sir Thomas Knevet. He carried with him Sir Charles Brandon, Sir John Carew, and a cloud of young courtiers, anxious to win their spurs and display their valor. But nothing was achieved by the expedition, which was remarkable for a single sea fight, in which the heroism of a French captain was distinguished. While the English were committing some small depredations upon the coast of France, a French fleet commanded by Primaugay, issued from Brest, and boldly gave them battle. The flagship of the French admiral was La Cordeliere, a large vessel which the Queen of France had built at her own expense. She selected, as her particular antagonist, the vessel of the English admiral, the Regent, a ship of very great size. La Cordeliere taking fire, Primaugay found it impossible to save her. He bore down accordingly upon the English admiral, and succeeded in grappling with her. Fastening the two vessels together, he doomed them to a common fate. His design was successful. The opposing fleets hauled off from the contest, paralyzed at the sight of a conflict which was so terrible. They saw the devouring flames spreading on every side, and heard the mingling cries of fury and despair which came from the doomed and suffering combatants. Primaugay, having thus decreed the fate of his foe, did not shrink from his own. He

avoided the flames by leaping, in full armor, into the sea. When the explosion came, which tore the two ships asunder, in blackened fragments which covered the deep, the opposing fleets, as if by mutual consent, drew apart in consternation, and they separated without farther fighting.

With this event concluded the efforts of Henry VIII., for the present season, against the dominions of the French king, and afforded to the latter an opportunity of resuming his long-cherished passion for the conquest of Italy. Leo X., whose family had found protection and favor in France, when expelled from their native place, was anxious to avert all causes of collision with the country where he had found refuge. He was, besides, of a pacific spirit, and loved better the triumphs of arts than arms. He perceived that Louis had succeeded in persuading the Venetians from their former alliance, and in uniting their efforts with his own. He addressed himself in a friendly appeal both to Louis and the Seignory of Venice, entreating them to spare Italy from a renewal of those terrible calamities of war from which she had not yet recovered. At the same time, not confiding very much in the result of these entreaties, and the argumentative suggestions by which they were accompanied, the Pope proceeded to the adoption of more effectual measures of defence, if not of prevention. Maximilian was subsidized with money beguiled from Henry VIII., and both of these readily entered into a new alliance against France, to which Ferdinand of Arragon was naturally a party as well as the Pope. A large body of Swiss mercenaries were also engaged to unite with the Spanish forces, and to second the efforts of Maximilian Sforza, in the defence of his duchy of Milan. This alliance did not discourage Louis from the prosecution of his enterprise; and an army consisting of fifteen hundred men-at-arms, eight hundred light-horse, and fourteen thousand foot, among which were the celebrated *bandes noires*, under the command of the Duke de la Tremouille, assisted by the Italian general,

Gian-Giacopo Trivulzio, marshal of France, descended from Susa into Lombardy. In their progress they possessed themselves of Asti and Alessandria, while their adherents in Milan, succeeded in throwing into the citadel of that place, which the French had continued to hold, additional troops and ample supplies of provisions. Genoa was recovered about the same time by a French fleet, and in consequence of a popular rising in their favor. The Venetians, their allies, were busy, also, attacking the city of Cremona; they reinforced the citadel, which the French still garrisoned. Bergamo opened her gates to the banner of St. Mark, Brescia followed the example, and all the auspices seemed favorable to the new war of conquest which, so far, had been waged by France and Venice with equal unanimity, vigor, and good fortune. The whole of the Milanese was now in their possession, except Como and Novara. These places still adhered to Sforza, who, with his Swiss allies, had retired to the latter. Hither the French advanced, elated with success; and, laying siege to Novara, they battered it with a formidable train of artillery. At this critical juncture the approach of a rather large body of the Swiss was announced to the French commander. This intelligence prompted him to retire from before Novara, and to encamp at the Rotta, two miles distant. The Swiss, newly arrived, having formed a junction with the forces in Novara, it was resolved among them to proceed to the attack of the French, without waiting for other forces which were known to be upon the road. Before the break of day, on the 7th of June, 1513, they made a furious assault upon the French in their entrenchments. The latter, though scarcely prepared for the attack at that moment, had not been regardless of the spirit and the numbers of their enemy. An engagement ensued which was supported on both sides with great constancy and courage for several hours. The artillery of the French, brought to bear successfully upon their assailants, disordered their advance and thinned their

numbers, but could not subdue the spirit or discourage the audacity of these fierce and hardy mountaineers. Fighting for pay, they had yet another motive, and were anxious to show their hardihood and superiority when fighting against the French monarch. Louis had spoken slightingly of their prowess, and had striven to raise an infantry from his own peasantry. This was a loss of employment to a people who had become the mercenaries of all Europe. Besides, the main body of foot-soldiers in the French army were hirelings like themselves, but they came from Germany; and a rivalship in trade naturally provoked an intense ambition on the part of the Swiss to show themselves the better soldiers. They made the most astonishing efforts, and, in spite of the slaughter of their van, they beat down opposition, crossed the entrenchments, and succeeded in seizing on the artillery of the French, which they now turned upon its former owners. This event decided the fate of the day. The rout of the French became general, though only after the most admirable exhibition of valor. It was their misfortune that, from the unwise position which Trivulzio had taken, the cavalry could not be brought into action; and this constituted the chivalry of the whole army, and was tolerably numerous besides. The slaughter was very great among both the combatants. More than one half of the Swiss perished in their murderous desire to prove their superiority to the German lansquenets. And they did so most effectively. The latter, deriving but small support from the cavalry, were nearly cut to pieces. In this battle, which exhibited many noble instances of courage and valor, one in particular is recorded of Robert de la Marck, who, at the head of a small body of cavalry, piercing the ranks of the successful Swiss, succeeded in liberating his two sons, both of whom, being wounded, had been made prisoners. The French army recrossed the Alps, a portion of it being despatched to carry on the war in Navarre; from which, however, it was soon withdrawn to make head against a more serious dan-

ger, the descent of the English upon Calais. Thus ended, in defeat, the favorite hope of Louis XII. to possess himself of Milan. It was reserved for one of his successors to renew the bloody conflict for the attainment of this too-much desired prize.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Henry VIII. of England, eager, passionate and young, was readily beguiled by the King of Arragon and the Pope, into the appropriation of his money and his troops in a cause which they persuaded him was common between them. He had found the means for subsidizing Maximilian; and, by a poll-tax which he imposed upon his subjects, in due proportion to their wealth and dignities, he succeeded in levying a powerful fleet and army for the invasion of France. His army he designed to command in person. The vanguard of this force, amounting to eight thousand men, was sent forward to Calais, under the Earl of Shrewsbury; another body of six thousand soon followed, commanded by the chamberlain, Lord Herbert; and the king himself, not long after, attended by most of his nobility, and bringing with him the main body of his troops, and the vanguard, crossed over to Calais. He was soon joined by Maximilian, who was base enough to wear the colors of his brother monarch, and to take pay, at an hundred crowns per diem, for himself, as one of Henry's subjects and captains. Before the arrival of the two kings in the camp, the English earls had formed the siege of Theroüenne, a town situated on the frontiers of Picardy. They attacked the place with vigor. It was held by two intrepid captains, Francis de Teligni and Antonio de Crequi. These brave officers opposed to their assailants a most glorious defence. The post was well fortified, but had not a sufficient supply of provisions and munitions of war for sustaining a protracted leaguer. The garrison consisted, along with the companies of these two captains,

of a small body of French infantry, and a similar force of lansquenets under the charge of Captain Brandrec. These were all hardy and experienced soldiers, to whom the town might well be confided, with every assurance that they would honorably maintain it so long as the means remained to them of doing so.

While the cannon of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Lord Herbert were rattling against the walls of Theroüenne, the King of England commenced his march from Calais for the camp. The French monarch had sent against him a considerable force, commanded by Louis de Halucui, the lord of Piennes, and governor of Picardy. Bayard, with his company, was attached to this army. He succeeded in giving a severe fright to the English monarch on the line of march, and might have realized a much more satisfactory success, but for the timidity of his commander. The French horse were twelve hundred in number. The English and Germans, whom the king led, consisted of twelve thousand men, of whom four thousand were lansquenets. They had no cavalry. The French horse hovered about their flanks, watchful of every opportunity to pounce down upon their prey. They approached within cannon-shot of the English, and so confident was their deportment, that Henry began to fancy that he was betrayed. Dismounting from his horse, he placed himself among his lansquenets, who were, from frequent and recent service, better practised in arms than the English at that period. Bayard eagerly demanded permission to make the attack. He urged, to the Lord de Piennes, that no evil results could follow—that, if repulsed, they could not be pursued, and, if successful in breaking through them, the rout of the enemy and the captivity of their king was certain. His companions favored this opinion, but Piennes rejected it. He would incur no responsibility, and if the attempt was made, it should be done without his consent. "I was charged by the king, my master," said he, "on my life, to

attempt nothing, but to guard the country only. Vexed at this denial, Bayard, with his company, yet made a dash at the rear of the enemy, and succeeded in wresting from them one of the twelve pieces of cannon, to which the pious Henry had given the names of the twelve apostles. It was a Saint John upon which the violent hands of our chevalier was laid. He, perhaps, never knew, until afterward, the irreverence of which he had been guilty. The piece was fairly won and carried off by his gendarms, while the English troops pressed forward, anxious to escape the harassing presence of a foe, against which, strangely enough, they had taken no precautions. The Burgundian and Hainault bands, under Maximilian, with whom came the cavalry, followed after him, and soon added to the formidable array by which Theroüenne was invested. The cannonading became more and more earnest, and the besieged were compelled to communicate to the French monarch that they began to suffer from the want of provisions.

Louis was at Amiens, suffering from the gout. From this place he sent despatches to the Lord of Piennes, that Theroüenne must be victualled at all hazards. But this was a duty which it was more easy to desire done than to execute. The besiegers were equally numerous and vigilant, and the leaguer seemed to be complete. Nevertheless, in obedience to the king's mandates, the attempt was to be made. A scheme was devised, to be executed on a certain day, by which, while a certain portion of the French cavalry were to raise an alarm in the camp of the be siegers, another body, eight hundred in number, each of whom carried a sack of gunpowder and two quarters of bacon behind him, were to make a sudden irruption through another part of the encampment, and thus convey to the garrison the relief for which they famished. The attempt was thoroughly successful. The Albanian horse, under the lead of Fontrailles, darted through the lines of the English,

surmounting all resistance, and advanced to the fosse of the town, where each trooper threw down his burden. Wheeling about, they were quite as successful, at full gallop, in making their way back to a place of safety. In this brilliant, but dangerous attempt, they suffered but little loss. But it soon became necessary again to supply the garrison, and in the same manner. The siege was a tedious one, lasting more than a month; and the obstinacy of the defence, which delayed the progress of the invaders through France, was an object, in itself, which justified any degree of hazard in its attainment. But a second attempt upon the patience, or the vigilance of the besiegers, did not prove quite so fortunate as the first. There were certain spies employed by the French, whom the English succeeded in buying over to their purposes. These betrayed the scheme, and advised the enemy of the day on which it was to be put in execution. The event which followed has been frequently reported, to the discredit of the French chivalry.

The English laid an ambush for them on one side of the river Lys, at a place called Guinegatte. Here, with six thousand archers, four thousand lansquenets, and eight pieces of artillery, they lay in waiting for the approach of the French gens d'arms. These, some four hnndred in number, were despatched to the heights of Guinegatte, so as to draw upon themselves the attention of the besiegers, while Fontrailles, with the Albanian horse, should again penetrate, with their supplies, to the fosse of the besieged city. The gens d'arms were given to understand that their object was not to fight with the enemy, but to employ and divert his attention. When, accordingly, they encountered the ambush, they naturally wheeled about to retreat. But not allowed to do so at their leisure, by the pressure of the English cavalry, the retreat became a flight, and, though composed of some of the best gentlemen of France, who had long before, and frequently, distinguished themselves in

battle, a panic took place among them, and they flew in such wild haste, as to throw into similar disorder the rearguard of their own body, which was drawing nigh to their support, under the conduct of the Duke de Longueville and the Sieur de la Palisse. With these came Bayard and other captains, such as were not to be frightened easily; but, maugre their presence and all their efforts, the panic-stricken fugitives continued their flight to Blangy, where the infantry lay. The brave men paid the penalties of the timid. They threw themselves between the pursuing cavalry of the enemy and their fugitives; and, by opposing themselves to the unequal struggle, they succeeded in saving the army of the French. It was at their own expense. The Duke de Longueville was already a prisoner, with many more. Bayard, first among those who sought to arrest this disgraceful flight, was the last to bring up the race. Forced to retire, as the others had done, he did so slowly; and, with but fifteen knights, succeeded still in repulsing the assaults of the pursuers, and keeping his forlorn squad together. Reaching a narrow bridge, where but two men could pass abreast, he stopped short, and told his companions that it was possible to secure the passage for half an hour. Then, sending one of his archers at full speed to the camp, he bade him say to the captain, that they must put the army in order of battle, and make a prompt but stealthy march toward the spot which he occupied. His scheme was, when the enemy came down upon him in all the disarray of the pursuit, to encounter them unexpectedly with the army of the French, cool and properly prepared, and take them at surprise and disadvantage. Meantime, the cavalry of the Burgundians and Hainaulters drew nigh; and, finding themselves so stoutly and successfully withstood by such a handful as that upon the bridge, were exceedingly enraged. Some were sent back to bring on the archers, while a couple of hundred cavaliers, following the course of the stream, at length found a crossing-place near a mill,

which brought them round in the rear of our hero. Fighting gallantly with the foe in front, he found himself suddenly enclosed on both sides, and by a force, with which, even with fresh steeds, and unwearied arms, he would not have found it possible to contend. While he meditated surrender, in order to avoid the certain death which must follow the arrival of the archers, the enemy set upon his little troop with cries of "Burgundy! Burgundy!" The French sped across the bridge, and each trooper, at the advice of Bayard, made his surrender to the individual enemy whom he first encountered. One by one, they yielded themselves—all but Bayard, who, as he left the bridge for the plain, caught a glimpse of a hostile cavalier, in handsome attire. This person, thinking the fight was over, and not caring to make prisoners, had taken off his helmet, and thrown himself, in heat and exhaustion, at the foot of a clump of little trees. To the consternation of the sluggish knight, our chevalier spurred directly upon him, and pointing his sword to his throat, cried out to him in a voice of thunder, "Yield, cavalier, or you die!" Never was good knight so thoroughly dismayed and confounded. To be made a prisoner by one of a party, whom, at that very moment, his own followers were capturing on all hands, was certainly an event which it had never entered his imagination to conceive. But the case was urgent,—and very much chagrined, he answered,

"Well; since I am taken thus, I suppose I must surrender! But who are you?"

"I am," said our good knight, "Captain Bayard, and it is I, sir, who surrender to you. Be pleased to take me with you. Here is my sword;—but do me this kindness, to let me have it back should we meet with any English, who may offer at my life."

The gentleman, whom, by this time, we may suppose perfectly cool, was highly delighted at this new relationship between himself and the stranger, and readily promised

every thing. It was well that the condition had been required; for both of them, before the English camp was reached, were compelled to use their weapons upon some of the stragglers, whose chief occupation seemed to be the destruction of those who, as the captives of others, could no longer do them hurt, or pay them ransom.

The knight by whom Bayard had been taken, lodged him, with great respect and distinction, in his own tent. Here, after the lapse of four or five days, his captive said to him, "My good sir, I shall be right glad if you will give me a safe conduct to the camp of my own people, for I am truly wearied with remaining here."

"How say you?" said the other. "We have not yet treated of your ransom."

"My ransom!" exclaimed Bayard, with a look of astonishment, whether he entertained the feeling or not. "*Your own ransom*, you mean. It is *you* who are *my* prisoner. *You* surrendered to *me;* and if, after you gave me your word, I then yielded myself up, it was to save my life from *others*, not from *you*. Your's was at my mercy!"

Here was a *ruse de guerre*. Our excellent gentleman, who had so prematurely paused to cool himself and take his rest before the battle was quite over, was now thoroughly in amazement. He had never quite understood the nature of the proceeding by which our knight had first made his introduction; and when Bayard added to these words the threat, that, if he did not now keep his word, he certainly should make his escape if he could, and hold him personally accountable hereafter, the obtuse islander knew not well what reply to make. The renown of Bayard had reached his ears, and that was of a sort to make him question the policy of risking himself in a conflict with one who had the credit of being such a thorough master of fence. When he found his tongue, he answered, very courteously, that he was desirous of dealing fairly with the Lord of Bayard, but that the case was quite a new one to

him, and must refer it to the other captains. This difficulty, for the first time brought it to the knowledge of the camp that the famous Chevalier Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, was a prisoner. The intelligence was productive of as much delight as if it were in consequence of a great victory. He was sent for by the emperor, who had been one of his admirers in times past, when he served under him at the abortive siege of Padua. Maximilian had not forgotten those times. "My friend," said he, "it gives me great pleasure to see you. Would to God I had many such as you. I should not then fail in requiting the good offices of the king your master." Then, after a pause, he said, playfully, "I believe, my Lord of Bayard, we once made war together. Methinks at that time it was said that Bayard never fled in battle."

The answer of our knight was prompt—"Were I given to flying, sire, I should not be here now."

At this moment the King of England made his appearance, who, on being introduced to Bayard, treated him with great cordiality. Henry was then but a young tyrant. His claws had not fully grown. He was ambitious of glory, and took much delight in the graces and the pomps of knighthood. The fame of Bayard was quite as well known to him as to Maximilian, and neither of them was disposed to withhold his compliments and acknowledgments. But this did not prevent them from making merry at the recent defeat of the French knights at Guinegatte—a battle, by the way, which received the curious title in history of that of "the spurs." Henry spoke very scornfully of the spirit which they displayed in this affair, observing that he had never seen men fly so nimbly when chased by so small a number. The emperor seconded these sentiments.

"On my soul," replied Bayard, "the gendarmerie of France ought in no wise to have the blame of this affair ascribed to them, for they had express orders from their

captains not to fight. It was apprehended that, if you offered battle, you would bring your whole force with you, as in fact you did, and we had neither infantry nor ordnance." There was some pride in the spirit in which he added, "That the renown of the French nobility for spirit and conduct was known throughout the world, and was not now to be disputed successfully. I do not mean, most high and mighty lords, that you should account me of their number."

"In good sooth, my Lord of Bayard," said Henry, "if they were all of your mettle, they would soon force me to raise the siege of Theroüenne. It is well for us that you are our prisoner."

"Sire," replied Bayard, "I do not allow *that*, and would gladly appeal on the subject to yourself and the emperor."

Upon this, the gentleman to whom he had yielded himself was summoned to the presence, and Bayard, in his hearing, made a statement of the whole transaction, the other fully confirming his details. The question was full of subtleties. It was a new case for the doctors learned in the law. The two royal personages looked at each other, and the great king, who could argue the case, to his own satisfaction, at least, against a Luther, does not seem to have been quite as prompt in settling this of our captain. The emperor was the first to break the silence. He declared that, in his opinion, our knight was not the captive, but rather the captor. But he conceived that the *quid pro quo* had been fully rendered by the gentleman whom he had so fortunately caught napping. He held the parties to be *quits*, and that our good knight should be allowed to depart whenever the King of England thought proper. This was considered a very lucid decision by that august and reasonable personage, who was liberal enough to determine that Bayard should remain on parole for the space of six weeks, not bearing arms in that time, but permitted to enjoy himself by a stroll through Flanders.

Our good knight seems to have been quite satisfied with the arrangement. It is probable that he himself was not so well content with the force of his own arguments against captivity, until they were adopted and made clear by Maximilian. He thanked the two sovereigns for their condescension and justice! Henry was anxious to win him over to his service; and many offers were made him, which would have proved too persuasive for most of the knighthood of his age; but his heart was with his own land. His reply to these solicitings has been quoted, as a happy instance of patriotic sentiment—made beautiful by its very simplicity. He said, finally, to those who sought him—"I have but one Heavenly Master, who is God—but one master upon earth, who is the King of France. I have no wish to serve any other." His reply, in that day, declared the true military spirit also, and was the just rebuke to the loose morals—to say nothing of patriotism—of an age, when even princes were prepared to hire themselves, and sell their people, to do the battles of other nations. He never forgot the lessons of duty impressed upon his memory by the counsels of his father, and by all the training of his youth.

Bayard used his six weeks profitably, at the expense of his purse. He won the affections of his enemies. Rambling among the Hainaulters and Burgundians, in the dominions of the emperor, he was always surrounded by brave gentlemen, whom he knew how to feast sumptuously. They honored his fame—for his achievements had already grown into fame; and when they found this reputation associated with the most admirable good-fellowship, they were unwilling that he should ever leave them. But he lingered not an hour beyond that to which he had been pledged by the King of England. At the expiration of this time, he returned to France, escorted by a numerous attendance, until within three leagues of the French territories. Meanwhile, Theroüenne had been surrendered to the besiegers,

the garrison having yielded to famine rather than the sword, and being admitted to good conditions. The contest within, and beneath, its walls, was discontinued for a season. Henry found his conquest of very little moment to the grand result. He had harassed the realm of France; he had gained nothing for his own. His measures betrayed a total ignorance of the art of war. He suffered himself to be beguiled by Maximilian into laying siege to Tournay—the conquest of which would accrue rather to the benefit of the grandson of the emperor than to the English—when he should have pressed forward to the very gates of Paris; where, expecting nothing less, Louis had caused the tradesmen and mechanics of the city to be mustered into service, and uniformed as foot-soldiers. Never was France in such great peril, and never so completely relieved by the blunders of its enemies. The Swiss had penetrated Burgundy with a formidable army, and had laid siege to Dijon, at the very moment when the arms of Henry and Maximilian were triumphant in Picardy. They were met by the veteran Tremouille, governor of Burgundy, who seduced them into a negotiation, in which they were completely outwitted. Tournay was conquered by the English, after a short delay; and, with these successes, the King of England returned to his own dominions, and the emperor to Germany. And thus closed the campaign of the year 1513, the army of France being disbanded, and the troops posted in garrison along the frontiers of Picardy.

CHAPTER XXX.

The close of the life of Louis XII. was clouded with misfortunes. We have already seen how melancholy were the results of that ambition which had carried frequent armies for destruction to the seductive plains of Italy. We have shown how narrowly, at the close of this campaign, the territories of France escaped from the common ravages of the English, the Germans, and the Swiss—escaped rather because of the wretched inexperience and inferior judgment of the invaders, than in consequence of the resources of the French monarch to contend against them. Other events accompanied and followed these, which tended still farther to distress this great prince, and to cloud the sunshine in the evening of his life. His ally, James, king of Scotland, was defeated and perished on the fatal field of Flodden, while Louis himself was struggling doubtfully against the English on his own territories. The close of the year brought home the remains of his several garrisons in Italy, and, at the opening of the next, death seized upon his wife, Anne, duchess of Brittany and queen of France. This princess was very justly lamented by her nobility and people. She died young, not having completed her thirty-eighth year. She was meek and bountiful, virtuous and well accomplished. Her pleasure consisted in doing good. Her court was the asylum and the school of purity, so much so, that the most illustrious families of France gladly confided their daughters to her keeping as maids of honor. She was the widow of Charles VIII., and historians, contrasting her history, while his wife, and as the wife of Louis, have observed a great discrepancy in her

character. To the former she is described as mild and obliging, and Charles frequently sacrificed her to his passing fancies. To Louis, who was devoted to her will, she exhibited a more imperious humor; to characterize the effects of which, he was wont to call her "his Britoness." But this did not impair her virtues or his recognition of them. His attachment was justly founded upon her qualities of mind and heart. The discrepancy remarked by the historians, who do not often condescend to analyze the constituents of personal character, might readily be recognized by a proper examination of all the circumstances in her career during the two reigns. Her death was bitterly felt and lamented, but, as our chronicler phrases it, "whoso would have her virtues and her life worthily set forth must pray God to raise up Cicero for her eulogist in Latin, and Master *Jean de Meung* for the same in French, none of the moderns being equal to such performance."* But a royal sorrow is not long suffered to interfere with the wishes of a nobility or the interests of a kingdom; and before the expiration of the year we find the Duke de Longueville—who, taken with Bayard at the battle of Guinegatte, was carried a prisoner to England—negotiating a marriage between the widowed sovereign of France and Mary, the sister of the King of England. She was espoused by Louis at Abbeville. The nuptials were celebrated at Paris by rejoicings the most magnificent. For upward of six weeks, the joust and tourney took the place of those scenes of actual warfare which they were designed to prepare for and to imitate; and in these, as in the latter, we find Bayard, Maugiron, Chandieu, and

* We ask, with wonder, after the works of a modern whom we find, during an age which could appreciate the Latin of Cicero, ranked with the mighty master of Roman eloquence. Jean de Meung, of whom we know but little, was also named Clopinel. He finished the Romaunt of the Rose, which had been begun, in verse, fifty years before by Guillaume de Loris, and afterward turned into prose and augmented with many allegories by Jean Molinet.

others, taking the field successfully against all competitors. But these pomps and festivities, though natural enough to the celebration of a bridal, agreed neither with the physical nor the political condition of the French king. He sickened in the midst of them, and died in two months after, leaving an enfeebled empire, an impoverished people, and many dangerous enemies, to his successor. But he died in the odor of popular sanctity. He had been a protector of the people, upon whom, during his whole reign, he had imposed no taxes. He had been the first monarch of France to protect the peasantry from the rapacity of the soldiery, who were before accustomed to plunder them with impunity. Well might they call him the "Father of his People"—a title which no one would have been found to question, had the prosperity with which his reign had opened been continued to its close. But the fruitless sacrifice of wealth and blood in Italy—the sanguinary victories which brought him glory at the expense of more substantial possessions, and the evil consequences of his vain ambition for conquest, which were entailed upon his kingdom, for the trouble of future years—must necessarily qualify, in some degree, the honorable title which his subjects conferred upon his name. Louis was but fifty-six years old when he died. He was succeeded by Francis I., who was but twenty when he ascended the throne, and the favorite of the nobility, as Louis had been of the people. Francis had but just espoused the Princess Claude, the eldest daughter of Louis, by Anne of Brittany. He was anointed with the consecrated oil at Rheims, on the 25th January, 1514; and went from Rheims to St. Denis, to be crowned. A magnificent entry followed, into Paris; the twelve peers of France, or their substitutes, officiating according to their duties in the consecration, the crowning, and the exhibitions of chivalry, by which the great event was celebrated. Tilts and tourneys succeeded, as a matter of course. Francis was a mag-

nificent king, as well as an ambitious one. In the former respect he differed largely from his predecessor. He made a progress of state through his dominions, which was every where marked by the most extravagant display. We shall not adopt the details of the chroniclers; nor did such triumphs seriously employ his mind. Differing greatly from Louis XII., he yet inherited his hungering desire for the possession of the duchy of Milan, and he already meditated the preparations for its conquest. A peace had been negotiated with England; a treaty was adjusted with the Archduke of Flanders, who was betrothed to the Princess Renée, the sister of Francis. The widow of Louis, Mary of England, much to Henry's disquiet, became the wife of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk; and, while the realm of France exhibited nothing but an aspect of peace and joyance, the arrangements were in progress for conducting her chivalry forth, under the lead of their sovereign himself, once more in pursuit of conquest over the passes of the Alps.

The commencement of the reign of Francis brought forward our chevalier upon the theatre of political events. One of the first acts of the new king was to make him lieutenant-general of his native province of Dauphiny—an appointment which gave quite as much pleasure to the people governed as it gave to the governor. Here he recruited his command, and awaited the preparations and the approaches of the king. He was not suffered long to remain in Dauphiny. The army of France was already in motion for the Milanese. It was destined to defile secretly by the Lyonese, the vanguard being led by our hero. With his own command, with some three or four thousand foot-soldiers, he led the way to the confines of Dauphiny. Here, reaching the territories of the Marquis de Saluzzo—territories now held, with the exception of one strong castle, by Prospero Colonna, lieutenant-general of the Pope—Bayard commenced a vigilant inquiry into the

various modes by which he could expel the enemy. Colonna had the whole country subject to his contributions, while all the strong places were held by his Swiss mercenaries. Bayard soon discovered, by his spies, that, though in common soldiers he was fully equal to his enemy, he was far inferior to him in horse; Colonna having at command a chosen body of three hundred gens d'arms, to say nothing of another force of light-horse, all of which were admirably equipped and mounted. This was the very arm of which Bayard was the acknowledged master; and, feeling himself deficient in this respect, he immediately sent despatches to the king, stating his deficiencies, and requesting an additional force of cavalry, in order to effect his objects. In compliance with this demand, the three distinguished captains, La Palisse, Humbercourt, and D'Aubigny, were ordered to join him with their companies. The first of these was a marshal of France, the two others general officers; all of them superior in rank and length of service, yet all of them willing to fight under his orders! Here, then, is an admirable example and lesson to that wretched self-esteem, which withdraws its strength from the support of its country when its dignity is supposed to be outraged. These brave noblemen had no repugnance to serve under the orders of the younger soldier. We hear of no sullenness—no resignations—no murmurs—no complaints. The truly patriotic soldier regards the claim of his country as the great consideration, and his own as secondary wholly. He feels no jealousy of his more youthful captain; opposes no scruples—no reluctance—to a service which is always honorable if the cause be so, and which, where the duty is present, never regards the agency by which it is commissioned to be done. By the time that these three captains had reached the post occupied by Bayard, he had succeeded in gaining such intelligence of the movements of Prospero Colonna as to be able to employ them in immediate service. They found

him at a little town called Savigliano, in the plain of Piedmont. He received them with equal courtesy and affection; and, after they were sufficiently refreshed, addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, we dare not loiter here. To delay is to endanger the knowledge of our enterprise; and, if once suspected by Colonna, it must fail. He will either retire or summon the Swiss to his succor, of whom there is a goodly number at Pignerol and Saluzzo. We must have our horses well fed to-night, and be prepared to despatch our business with the break of day. A deep water lies between us and our prey; but there is a ford, and I will find you a guide." They were all mounted a few hours after midnight, silently, and while the stars were shining. Colonna was within Carmagnola. His spies brought him news that the French were out; but, ignorant of the reinforcement that Bayard had just received, he felt no apprehension. Still he thought it but prudent to take his departure the next morning, pursuing his way very leisurely toward the little town of Villafranca, seven or eight miles distant, where he prepared to dine. Our captains were greatly disquieted when they reached Carmagnola and found that the bird had flown.

But Bayard determined to pursue. "Since we have come so far," said he, "we may go a little farther. We shall hardly fail to gather some of them, let us find them where we may."

"Perdy," said Humbercourt, "never man spoke better."

La Palisse and D'Aubigny were ready, and the Lord of *Morete* was sent forward in disguise to gain intelligence. He made good speed and soon brought them tidings that Colonna would dine and take his siesta at Villafranca. This information gave our captains a fresh impulse for pursuit. Our good knight sent Humbercourt forward with an hundred archers, he following at longbow-shot with his hundred gens d'arms, while La Palisse and D'Aubigny

brought up the rear. Colonna was not without good spies also. He was on his way to mass in Villafranca, when told that the French were abroad in force. He answered indifferently that "such could not be the case, unless they had crossed the mountains with wings—that it could be no other than the company of Captain Bayard, which was too small for any enterprise." But, as he returned from mass, the report became more circumstantial. One of his spies assured him that he himself had seen more than a thousand gens d'arms pressing on the route to Villafranca. Colonna was now alarmed, and sent out twenty horse to reconnoitre the road to Carmagnola. Meanwhile, he hurried his quartermaster, bade his trumpets sound, and made his arrangements to seek his lodgings at Pignerol. He lingered unwisely to discuss his dinner. The scouts, whom he had sent out on the road to Carmagnola, were encountered by Humbercourt with his archers, dispersed and pursued, Bayard closely following, with his gens d'arms, on the heels of his archers. The chase was so hotly urged that the two parties reached the gates of Villafranca together, and a conflict ensued at the entrance, in the endeavor to close it upon the pursuers. The arrival of Bayard put an end to this struggle. The gate was won, and the French dashed through it. Here they found the quartermaster of Colonna already mounted, with some of his gens d'arms, preparing to set forth for Pignerol. These put themselves on the defensive, but were soon cut to pieces. Meanwhile, Chabannes and D'Aubigny coming up, occupied the two gates of the place, but not before a couple of Albanians had succeeded in crossing the drawbridge and running, as though the foul fiend were at their heels, to communicate the tidings to a column of some four thousand Swiss who were stationed only three miles distant. Colonna, meanwhile, apprised of his danger, hastily buckled on his armor and prepared for his defence; but when he heard by what force he was surrounded, and by what captains it was conducted, he

yielded, under the most poignant anguish, to his misfortune. He could not hide his mortification from his enemies; "but, cursing his fate, that he should have been thus surprised, he deplored that God should not rather have suffered him to meet his foes upon the open field." Bayard kindly endeavored to console him, saying, "Such is the fortune of war, my Lord Prospero, which he who enters upon the game must expect to incur—winning one day to lose the next. But, as for your wish to have met us in the open field, I can safely aver that it is much better for you as it is; for such was the fury and appetite of our men for the combat, that, in such an event, it would not have been an easy matter for you or any of your people to escape."

"I should have been right glad," was the answer, "to have confronted even so much peril, had it been the Lord's pleasure."

The peculiar awkwardness of this affair to Colonna arose from one of his own incautious speeches. He had threatened, while Bayard as yet had no more than his hundred gens d'arms, that he should soon or late have the good knight in his trap, as a pigeon in his cage. Bayard, no doubt, had heard of this boast, but he was too generous to taunt his captive with it.

The booty of this conquest was immense. The prisoners were many of them men of distinction, and they had ransoms to pay. There were, besides Prospero Colonna himself, the Count of Policastro, Pièro Morgante, Carlo Cadamarto, and other persons of military rank and importance. Six or seven hundred horses were among the spoils, four hundred of which were coursers, or Spanish horses, at that time of great value. Colonna was afterward heard to say that his defeat on that occasion cost him no less than fifty thousand crowns in gold and silver plate, coin, and other chattels. The treasure gained by the captors was estimated at an hundred and fifty thousand ducats. The necessity of a precipitate retreat lost them much more which

was otherwise available. They were soon apprised that the Swiss infantry, in the Italian service, were pressing forward, at full trot, for the rescue of the place and captives. Selecting, therefore, the most valuable of the spoils, and placing their prisoners before them, they went forth at one gate of the town, while the Swiss penetrated the other. But the command of Bayard, with their prisoners, being all mounted, laughed at the proximity of their enemies, which was devoid of danger. Francis I. was even then crossing the Alps by a passage known only to a peasant, and by which no army had ever crossed before. The usual avenues were by Mont Cenis and Mont Genièvre, and these were occupied and guarded by the Swiss. The news of the capture of Colonna was as exhilarating to the young monarch as was the mountain of St. Paul, whose summits he then occupied. It was auspicious, he might well regard it, of the future. It encouraged him to press forward with all diligence, and the army of France was in Piedmont and at Turin, while the Swiss awaited them at the ancient passes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The army which Francis I. led into Italy was one of the finest that France had ever sent into the field. It consisted of two thousand five hundred men-at-arms—a force which, fully equipped, implied some fourteen or fifteen thousand horse. Besides these, he had, of mounted troops, the gentlemen of his body-guard, the officers of the household and their several followers, with a considerable number of volunteers, who joined the army at their own charges. His infantry was composed of two-and-twenty thousand German lansquenets, eight thousand French pikes, and six thousand Basques and Gascons, with three thousand pioneers, and a numerous train of artillery. The vanguard was confided to the Constable de Bourbon; the "battle" was commanded by the king himself; the rearguard was led by the Duke d'Alençon. The dukes of Lorraine and Vendôme, D'Aubigny, the Bastard of Savoy, D'Orval, La

Tremouille, Lautrec, the Duke of Gueldres (who had the chief command of the German foot), Claude de Guise, brother of the Duke of Lorraine, with the "Good Knight," Bayard, accompanied the king. Francis had raised this powerful army by the sale of judicial offices and other unjustifiable means. He gained Genoa by the intrigues of the Constable de Bourbon; confirmed a former alliance with the Venetians, and made an offer to treat with Ferdinand and Maximilian; not so much with the hope of engaging their amity as with the wish to compel them to declare themselves. But his overtures, as he anticipated, were fruitless in both instances. The Pope, filled with selfish purposes himself, for the promotion of his own family, and having no apprehensions of so young a prince as Francis, would have remained neutral, but was finally compelled to accede to the league against him, formed by the emperor, the King of Spain, the Duke of Milan, and the Swiss—but this was only after subsequent events had made him alter his opinion of the new French monarch. Thus, with a clear knowledge of friends and foes, and with seemingly ample resources, Francis I. made his way into the bosom of Piedmont.

The Swiss were very much mortified that the French had escaped them. It seemed as if they felt that some disgrace had fallen upon their arms, and they longed for an opportunity not only to punish the latter for the contempt which they had shown for their ancient allies, but to grapple with the Black Bands and the lansquenets, whom they regarded as rivals in the trade of blood. They withdrew from the passes which they had unnecessarily guarded, and retired into the Milanese, plundering whom they could, without regard to the interests of friends or foes. The progress of Francis increased their vexations. Received honorably and joyfully in Turin by his uncle, the Duke of Savoy, he passed through several places which yielded to his arms without the offer of opposition. Novara, the scene

of that terrible defeat, which every soldier of the French army regarded as a personal disgrace, yielded the keys of her citadel. It was at Marignan that Francis made a pause, pitched his camp, and opened a negotiation with the Swiss. This proceeding was adopted at the suggestion of the Duke of Savoy, who believed that every thing could be done with the Swiss by means of money, and who properly sought to prevent the effusion of blood. Had Francis determined rather upon fighting them, he would probably have gained all that he could have done by treaty. Their terms were sufficiently extravagant, but the desire to disarm them was such as reconciled the young and chivalrous monarch of the French to the conditions. But they were not suffered to conclude the treaty. The influence of the Cardinal de Sion, always the bitter enemy of the French, his specious eloquence, and adroit counsels, prevented its ratification. Sounding the tambourine, he gathered the simple but mercenary mountaineers around him, and preached to them as a fox does to the chickens. He succeeded in provoking their hatred and their cupidity together. The negotiation itself had given them great advantages; for while it was in progress their numbers were increased by the arrival of Rost, one of their greatest warriors, with twenty-five thousand men. This reinforcement, with the exciting arguments of the Cardinal de Sion, determined them to reject the treaty, and to resume hostilities. A spy of Lautrec, in the camp of the Swiss, conveyed to the French a knowledge of a treachery which they had determined upon, by which they were to slaughter their enemies, yet realize most of the advantages of the treaty. This put the latter upon their guard; and Francis was now quite as willing to come to an engagement as before he had been anxious to avoid it.

It was the afternoon of the day, on the 13th of September, 1515, when, terribly excited by the arguments of their leaders, the Swiss, with more than their usual impetuosity,

but still in perfectly good order, rushed out of Milan to encounter the French army on the plains of Marignan. Francis was about to sit down to supper, when Fleuranges galloped in with a message from the Constable de Bourbon, who commanded the vanguard, that the enemy was upon them. The king immediately hurried on his armor, put himself at the head of his division, and hastened to the field. The skirmishing had already begun, and with great spirit, between the opposing armies. The constable had committed the guard of the artillery to the lansquenets, not only because they were good soldiers, but because he well knew that the hatred existing between themselves and the Swiss would make them fight with more desperation than opposed to any other foe. In the front of the guns a fosse had been dug to increase the difficulties in the way of an assault upon the artillery; the loss of which, at Novara, had been the loss of the battle. Remembering that event, and the success which had attended their efforts against this arm of their enemy, the Swiss naturally directed their greatest energies to a repetition of the like performance. The French cavalry were so placed as to act upon the flanks. The Swiss, meanwhile, came on with perfect silence and in great steadiness. As if disdaining any other martial influence than that of hatred, they had left behind them their drums and fifes, bringing no other music into the field than the ancient horn, with which their primitive ancestors had been wont to call up equally their flocks and their foes. The artillery of the French opened upon them with a destructive fire, which they bore with unflinching firmness; and still they advanced upon the guns in most admirable order. Bourbon immediately discovered the game they were disposed to play, and saw that they were about to attempt the desperate manœuvre of Novara, seizing the ordnance and turning it upon its owners. He accordingly marched out some companies of lansquenets to the support of the artillery. Upon these, without seeming to regard

the French cavalry, the Swiss darted with all the fury of a hatred that seemed to take the form of insanity. The Germans, it appears, had conceived a most unfortunate suspicion that the treaty between their employers and the Swiss had been completed, and that they were to be sacrificed to their implacable enemies. The attack, thus seemingly made upon themselves alone, contributed to increase their suspicions. They gave ground in dismay, and, retreating behind the fosse, suffered the Swiss to enter with them, and actually to get possession of four of the guns. The constable saw his danger, and the fatal consequences which would ensue, if it was not promptly and adequately encountered. Accordingly, giving the signal to the gens d'arms, they charged the Swiss in flank with great effect. Bayard was one of the leaders in this onslaught, fighting, wherever the necessity was most urgent, and always with success. In the mean time Francis himself came up with the Black Bands, and made a vigorous assault upon the opposite flank of the enemy. These occurrences were sufficient to disarm the Germans of their fears and suspicions. They recovered their courage, and attempted to regain their former position. The Swiss were finally driven beyond the fosse, and the guns once more permitted to open upon their columns. They were shaken, but not dispirited, and though certainly they had lost by the first assault, this event was not important to the final issue. They presented still an aspect the most formidable; their close ranks, from which the long pikes projected, seeming impregnable, and challenging attack. The Constable de Bourbon, at the head of the cavalry of France, charged them repeatedly without being able to disorder or break their array. It was in vain that the chief leaders, furious from disappointment, returned again and again, until almost exhausted, to the assault. The Swiss, baffled in their own first attempt upon the guns of the French, had been taught prudence in their rage, and were now prepared to see that nothing but the most per-

fect steadiness and coolness could ensure them either victory or safety. They beheld unmoved the fierce onset of their chivalrous assailants, their long pikes bristling out at their approach in a levelled line, as evenly and closely as the antennæ of some mighty animal that instinctively protrude for its defence at the coming of the foe. At length, sounding a fierce and final assault of his cavalry, the French king himself advanced with two hundred of his gendarms, charging one of the wings of the Swiss, consisting of a battalion of four thousand foot. With this division came Bayard, and other of the best captains of France. The manœuvre was executed with so much spirit and force, and so opportunely, that the division was wholly routed. The gendarms penetrated the mass on every hand, and it was only by casting down their pikes and crying "France!" that the battalion escaped destruction.

But this decisive success did not necessarily determine the conflict. Night came on, and she sees no cowardice. The battle raged as furiously as before. The uniforms of the French and Swiss were very much alike—each of them bore a white cross; the Swiss being farther distinguished by carrying, as a badge of the Pope of Rome, the keys of St. Peter. The dust which had been raised by the storm of the conflict rendered the twilight still more obscure, and, for a time, the fight was discontinued from the absolute impossibility of distinguishing friends from enemies. But when the moon rose, she afforded sufficient light for combatants resolved on slaughter. The Swiss, having no cavalry, could always find a foe in the gens d'arms. These, however, could not always distinguish their own people. This difficulty nearly lost Francis his life; for, uttering the word "France" before a body of foot, supposing them to be lansquenets, he called up a host of pikes to his breast, one of which penetrated his buff coat. A timely recoil from the point of danger alone saved him. With the renewal of the con-

flict, the Swiss once more turned their assaults upon the French artillery. Upon this point they concentrated all their power, and here the battle raged with its utmost intensity. To this central object necessarily drew nigh all the great hearts of either army. La Tremouille, who had determined that no second Novara should dishonor the arms of France, and his son, the Prince de Talmond, never stirred from this perilous post. Here, too, was Bayard to be found, always foremost where the danger was most imminent, and always making his way triumphantly wherever his sword descended. Terribly earnest was the fight—without cessation or positive result—till the going down of the moon, a little after midnight, left the combatants in utter darkness; and, knowing not where to strike, the parties, with a ferocity still unassuaged, but with limbs enfeebled and exhausted, threw themselves down upon the field, even where the fight had found them, to snatch a little rest, if not repose, until the dawn of another day should arouse them once more to their toils of blood. There they lay, side by side—the Swiss, the French, the German and Italian—not daring to move, or raise a cry, lest it should rouse a foeman rather than a friend, and direct him where to seek his victim. Such a condition of things in battle was probably never seen before. Francis himself endured this very peril. Surrounded by some of the nobles who had kept close all day to his person, he laid himself down upon the carriage of a gun. Greatly exhausted by his fatigues, bruised by numerous blows, and slightly wounded by a pike-thrust, he needed and enjoyed the rest of that field of blood and danger as greatly as any of his subjects. Here he asked for some water. It was brought him in a morion, but so mingled with blood that his sickening stomach revolted as he carried it to his lips. At this moment it was discovered that the place where he lay was within fifty steps of the main body of the Swiss. But it was more perilous to attempt to retreat

than to remain where he was. The torch, whose light had led them to this discovery, was instantly extinguished, and the rest of the night was passed in doubt and darkness. Meanwhile, Bayard had passed through an adventure equally strange and perilous. At the close of the last attack which he made upon the Swiss, in defence of the cannon, he was mounted on a mettled courser, being the second which he had crossed during the combat, the first being killed at the very opening of the action. While closely surrounded by pikes, and hewing his way among them, the bridle of his horse was rent away from the head of the animal, probably by the interposition of their points, or, possibly, severed by the sharp edge of a weapon. The horse, utterly freed from all restraint, and terrified with the conflict, darted headlong through the Swiss as he never would have done under any guidance, and, passing one of their bands, would have carried our knight as recklessly into the bosom of another, had not his career been arrested by some vine-stocks in the field, which were fastened from tree to tree. Bayard, cool and observant, in the midst of his danger, well knowing that to fall into the hands of the Swiss was certain death, quietly glided from the back of the trembling animal, threw off helmet and tasses, and stole along, following the fosse, and guided by the occasional shouts of "France," which told him where to look for friends. He reached the camp in safety, where the first person he met was the Duke of Lorraine, utterly amazed at seeing him in this condition, and on foot. The duke immediately provided him with a horse, one of remarkable character, which Bayard himself had won at the battle of Brescia, and which he had left for dead at the battle of Ravenna, with two pike wounds in his flanks, and more than twenty sword-cuts on his head. It was taken for granted, when the beast fell, that he was mortally hurt. But the day after the battle he was found on his legs grazing; and began to whinny, in joyful recognition, at the approach

of his friends. He was brought, in consequence, to Bayard's lodging, and there tended carefully till healed. Such was his almost human sagacity, that he quietly submitted to the dressing of his wounds; but ever after, it is stated, whenever a sword was flourished before his eyes, he would strive, with the most decided expression of ferocity, to seize it with his teeth. The statement is no ways incredible. Horses have been known to exhibit a like antipathy to men. "Was never seen," says our "Loyal Servant," "a more courageous beast since the days of Bucephalus." He was called Le Carman. This famous steed, which Bayard had formerly presented to the Duke of Lorraine, was graciously bestowed upon him again. Rejoiced at being so well mounted, he began to feel another want, which was not so easily supplied, that of a helmet. To go bare-headed into another brisk action was out of the question. He proceeded, accordingly, to supply himself by a *ruse*, which had its excuse at that moment. Observing the helmet of one of his friends in the hands of a page, he said to the former—"Let me have your head-piece while you rest from it. I am afraid of catching cold, having been so profusely sweated." The innocent gentleman consented, never doubting that it would be restored to him before the time when he should need it. But as Bayard had no intention to forego the battle of the next morning, so he had no idea of restoring the head-piece. He found the fit a good one, and it continued to please him till the close of the battle, which lasted till noon the next day.

With the first flushes of the dawn the combatants were once more astir, both parties being equally soon in order. The battle was renewed by another attempt of the Swiss to possess themselves of the artillery. In this attempt they performed prodigies of valor. The lansquenets and Black Bands finally yielded before their impetuous, self-sacrificing fury, and were driven back. But the well-directed fire of the guns, served by Galiot de Genouillac, opened their ad-

vancing ranks in so destructive a manner, that the gendarms were enabled to pour into the several gaps, and to make terrible havoc in the heart of their several squares and columns. The tide of battle was settling decidedly against them, but the valor of the Swiss was not to be quenched, even in their own blood. They fought on with desperate energy, and, finding it impossible to break through their enemies in front, they detached a part of their force, with instructions to make a certain circuit, and to fall upon the rear of the French. The manœuvre was well performed, but was not successful. The detachment encountered the troops of the Duke d'Alençon, which had not hitherto been engaged, and these, reinforced by the bowmen of Armand de Prie, gave them so warm a reception, as totally to rout and drive them back. The vital struggle was now over. The victory was with the French. The Swiss retired from the field, still in good order, and still showing their teeth, but leaving fifteen thousand of their best troops on the field of battle. The French also paid heavily for their triumph; above six thousand of their force perished, among whom were several distinguished victims—Francis de Bourbon, brother of the constable; Bertrand de Bourbon Carenci; the Prince de Talmond; Pierre de Gouffier Boisy, and the gallant Humbercourt. The king was frequently in great peril, and more than once owed his safety to a select body of his gendarms. A battle more stubbornly contested has seldom been witnessed. Two days and a night were consumed in almost uninterrupted conflict. Trivulzio called it a fight of giants; and said that all the battles which he had ever witnessed were mere children's play, when compared with it. It was the first battle of a youthful monarch, and it made him famous as a warrior.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Swiss dispersed as soon as they lost sight of the field of battle. The French did not offer to pursue them, aware of the policy which should forbear unnecessarily to goad to desperation the still powerful foe. Francis had yet another policy. He did not care to continue the quarrel with the Swiss, which he had inherited from his predecessor. They might be useful to him yet, and this was the suggestion of Bayard. They were left free, accordingly, to retire to their mountain fastnesses. Many of them did so; some went to Milan, and all but two companies escaped. These, less prudent, or more reckless, took up their quarters at a little village but a short distance from the field of battle. Hither they were followed by the advance guard of the French, by whom they were summoned to surrender. They answered, with a ferocity heightened by the bitternes of defeat and despair, that their enemies should by this time have been taught that the Swiss knew how to die, but not to surrender. A conflict ensued which justified, on the part of the vanquished the resolute defiance of this answer. They were not to be overcome—they might be destroyed. The strife was not one in which humanity could be heard. The parties were quite too much embittered against each other to suffer any interposition of mercy. The town was fired over the heads of the defenders, and they perished to a man in the conflagration or the fight. Let us return to the plain of Marignan.

The victory being certain, Francis ordered a chapel to be raised on the field of battle in commemoration of his gratitude to God for his triumph. With the old spirit of

chivalry, of which he was an ardent disciple, he determined to receive the honors of knighthood on the field where he had so gallantly won his spurs. There was a two-fold reason why he resolved that no hands but those of Bayard, the knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, should bestow the accolade. The good taste of the monarch at once indicated to him the propriety of choosing for this duty the most modest hero, and the most perfect model of knightly virtue of the times. Besides, the signal valor of Bayard, and his great services in the field just won, entitled him fairly to this compliment. Our chevalier was summoned to his presence.

"Bayard, my friend," said the king, "I desire this day to be knighted, and by your hands. The knight that has fought on foot and on horseback, in many battles, is justly held as most worthy to perform this duty. Thus hath it been with you—seeing that in divers battles and conquests you have combated against many nations and always valiantly."

The king having thus declared his wish, Bayard modestly hesitated. "Sire," said he, "the king of so noble a kingdom as yours is already a knight above all other knights."

"Nevertheless," replied the king, "you will do quickly what I ask thee. Tell me not of laws and canons here, save those of steel, and brass, and iron. Do what I entreat thee, if you would have me reckon you my good friend and subject."

"In good sooth, sire, since such is your pleasure," answered Bayard, "I will gladly perform this duty, unworthy as I am, not once but many times."

Then Bayard took his sword, and as he laid it upon the shoulders of the king, he said—

"Sire, may this ceremony be as efficacious as if it were performed by Roland or Oliver, Godfrey or his brother Baldwin. Verily, you are the first prince that ever I dubbed a knight. God grant that you never turn your back in battle."

This done, Bayard, lifting his sword to his lips and kissing it, exclaimed, in a sort of sportive rapture, "Certes, my good sword, thou art thrice fortunate this day, in that thou hast conferred the accolade on the bravest and greatest king in Christendom. Verily, my good sword, thou shalt henceforward be kept as a thing sacred, and honored beyond all other relics. Here, upon thy hilt, I vow never to use or wear thee, unless in battle against the infidels; never again will I turn thy keen edge against any people who bear the Christian name!" With these words, and leaping up in the exultation of his spirit, he then returned the consecrated weapon to its scabbard.*

Francis, thus authorized, then proceeded to confer the same honor on such of his young companions-at-arms as had merited his favor by their deportment in the battle. A great number were knighted. Three days were passed upon the field, in the performance of these ceremonies, and the burial of the dead. The army then marched upon Milan, the people of which threw open their gates, while Maximilian Sforza, the duke, retreated to the citadel, which was well supplied with provisions and ammunition, and reputed to be the strongest in the world. The Swiss, who had fled to Milan, shut themselves in with him, and prepared to defend the castle to the last extremity. The siege was instantly commenced and plied with vigor, and,

* This sword has been lost. Charles Emanuel, duke of Savoy, requested it of the heirs of Bayard. One of them, Charles du Motet, lord of Chichiliane, sent him, in lieu of it, the battle-axe which the hero had been wont to use. The duke, writing to this gentleman of Dauphiny, remarked that, "in the midst of the pleasure which he felt at beholding this weapon placed in the worthiest part of his gallery, he could scarce choose but regret that it was not still in the hands of the rightful owner." Some authors suggest that Bayard conferred knighthood upon Francis *before*, and not *after*, the battle of Marignan; but the "Loyal Servant" is explicit, and other writers agree with him. At one time in his life, the period not precisely known, Bayard conferred this honor on the son of the Duke of Bourbon, then in the arms of his nurse. This was done at the request of the prince, whom our knight happened to visit at Moulines.

after a brief defence, the place was surrendered by capitulation, Sforza yielding his castles of Milan and Cremona. and renouncing his ducal rights in favor of Francis, who took him under his protection, promised him a yearly stipend, and pledged himself to use all his influence to procure for him the hat of a cardinal. Sforza retired to France, where he died in 1530. The Swiss in the garrison were paid by Francis the arrears due them by their late employer, and an amnesty was signed including all persons who had taken part with the duke. By this treaty Francis became master of the whole of the Milanese. He made his entry into the city in the ducal robes, accompanied by five princes of the blood, and at the head of two thousand horse and twenty-four thousand foot. Here he received the faithless assurances of the authorities, and heard for a week the clamorous protestations of fidelity on the part of a people, who had violated their oaths quite as often as they had made them. The victory of Francis astounded his enemies. The Spaniards, who, suspecting the good faith of the Pope, had kept aloof from peril, now retired upon Naples. From the timid Maximilian no farther demonstrations of valor could be expected, and, even the Swiss, though growling in their mountains, showed no alacrity in seeking another combat The ascendancy of Francis in Italy was now sufficiently decided to prompt the Pope to yield with a becoming grace what he was no longer in condition to withhold. He proposed a treaty by which he relinquished his pretentions to Parma and Placenza, and withdrew such troops of his as were in the service of the emperor. In return for these concessions, the French king made him a cession of Bologna, and secured to him the exclusive supply of salt from Cervia. This treaty was followed by an interview between the Pope and Francis, which took place at Bologna on the 10th of December. The conference occupied three days, in which Leo succeeded in persuading the

French monarch to postpone for the present any attempts on Naples, and endeavored to engage him in a war upon the Turks, offering him, by way of inducement, the imposing title of Emperor of the East. Francis, though young, was not so weak as to grasp at a shadow, while he had more substantial objects, and more obvious duties before his eyes.

Having accomplished, to all appearances, the purpose for which he had invaded Italy, he returned to France, leaving the Constable de Bourbon at Milan, in the capacity of lieutenant-general. Disturbances were threatened on the part of England, arising from the machinations of the Cardinal of Sion; and Henry VIII., but for the good faith and good sense of the English council would, in all probability, have violated his pledges, broken the treaty with France, and once more embarked in an invasion of the territories of his neighbor. As it was, he could not be prevented from furnishing money to assist in an enterprise for the recovery of the Milanese on behalf of Francis, the brother of Maximilian Sforza.

The money of England, the specious promises of Ferdinand of Spain, and the vehement exhortations of the Cardinal of Sion, soon persuaded the Emperor Maximilian to take the field for this object. To the surprise of every body, this sluggish warrior, and most mercenary of princes, suddenly appeared in the field in person, with an army of sixteen thousand lansquenets and fourteen thousand Swiss, of such of the cantons as were not included in the league with France. Lautrec, with his own and the troops of Venice, was about to reduce the garrison of Brescia, when it was relieved by six thousand Germans, whom Count Roguendolf succeeded in throwing into the town. The French and their allies (the Venetians), who were totally unprepared for any such enemy, retired to Milan, which the constable put into the best possible posture for defence. Succors were demanded from France. They were promptly sent, and, with them Bayard returned once more to the field

of his frequent prowess. He had previously returned to Dauphiny, and resumed its government as lieutenant-general. With the French forces came a large body of Swiss auxiliaries, thirteen thousand in number, under one of their most celebrated leaders, Albert de la Pierre. These presented a formidable foe to Maximilian, the progress of whose arms was by no means so rapid and successful as his prompt appearance in the field had taught the world to expect. But the intrigues of the Cardinal de Sion were more decisive in their effects than the genius of Maximilian and the valor of his army. He succeeded in dissuading the Swiss mercenaries of the French from fighting against their own people; and this resolution encouraged the emperor with the belief that the French were in his power. He sat down before Milan, threatening the people to raze it to its foundations; but, before he had done much toward this wished-for consummation, his own and the money of Henry of England was nearly exhausted. The Swiss demanded their stipends; their officers forced themselves into the emperor's bed-chamber to urge their demands; and, so alarmed him, that he seized an early opportunity to decamp from a proximity so dangerous. Setting off at midnight, with only two hundred horse, he left his army to shift for itself. Before his flight was discovered, he was beyond pursuit. He had performed, as we remember, a similar feat when besieging Padua. His fame depends upon such. The Swiss indemnified themselves by assessing the country, while the Germans fled before the assaults of the Count de St. Pol, Montmorenci, Lescun, Bayard, and other leaders. Bayard, we are told, took a great many prisoners; but the "Loyal Servant," coolly adds that the ransom of Swiss and German was in pike and dagger only. The conquest of the Milanese was succeeded by the death of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Spain. By this event France was relieved of a faithless and vindictive enemy. Nor did the emperor long survive him. Ferdinand was succeeded by Charles V. The death

of the Emperor Maximilian left vacant the throne of the empire, and thus furnished the sovereigns of Europe with a new apple of discord. Charles was the successful candidate, and Francis bitterly felt the disappointment. Up to this period the King of France had entertained the kindliest feelings for Charles. He now prepared to transfer them to Henry VIII. We all have some sufficient recollection of the famous "field of the Cloth of Gold," where these two potentates, long adverse to each other, joined in a fraternal embrace; which, however, implied but a moderate degree of brotherly love. Meanwhile, events were in progress which again threatened to disturb the peace of Europe. The benign dispensation of peace was not destined for a long duration. It was while Bayard was in the quiet enjoyment of his government of Dauphiny, that he was summoned by the commands of Francis once more to put himself in harness of war. The occasion of these new necessities may be told in few words, though these require us, in some degree, to retrace our steps. Among the friends and adherents of Francis, not of his own people, were Robert de la Marck, lord of Sedan, by whom the Black Bands had been commanded; and Francis Sickinghen, a German adventurer, of extraordinary genius and courage, who led an independent corps of his own. Both of these persons, in consequence of some neglect or injustice on the part of Francis, went over to Charles V., and contributed, in considerable degree, to the election of the latter to the throne of the empire. But Robert de la Marck subsequently became reconciled to the French monarch; and, having suffered some indignity at the hands of Charles, was vain and audacious enough to send the latter a defiance, menacing his dominions with invasion. He followed up this defiance by actual inroads into the territory of the new emperor, which brought down upon him a powerful army, at the head of which were the Count of Nassau and the German adventurer, Francis Sickinghen. Charles com-

plained to Francis of the proceedings of his ally, De la Marck, and demanded if they were countenanced by him. Francis disclaimed all sanction of what De la Marck had done, and enjoined him instantly to lay down his arms. De la Marck did so, in the full conviction that his forbearance would disarm the emperor's hostility. But no sooner had he deprived himself of the means of defence, than the Count of Nassau took advantage of his position, to pursue his attack with redoubled activity and fury; and, in a short time, wrested from De la Marck nearly the whole of his territories. This done, he marched a part of his forces upon the territory of France, captured the French town of Mouzon, and hurried on to the siege of Mezieres.

This proceeding could neither be endured with safety nor with patience, and Francis immediately began his preparations to repel the intruder from his domains. His army was so disposed as to cover all the points most accessible to attack. To Lautrec was assigned the government of the Milanese; the defence of Champagne was committed to the Duke d'Alençon; the charge of Picardy was conferred upon the Duke de Vendôme, and the Admiral Bonnivet was sent to Guienne. Mezieres, an extremely weak place, badly fortified and feebly defended, was committed to the Chevalier Bayard at the moment when, Mouzon having been won, the Imperial troops found all the approaches to it open. Its fate would have been sealed without an offer of defence, but for the opinion of our "Good Knight." Francis called a council to determine what should be done. The weakness of the place was urged as a sufficient reason for its abandonment. Bayard alone opposed this decision. "No place is weak," said he, "which has good soldiers to defend it." He was forthwith entrusted with the commission, and threw himself at once into Mezieres. Thus feeble, and thus threatened, the defence could not have been given to better hands. This conviction was universal. The appointment at once

enlivened the confidence of the country. The name of Bayard was already a spell-word for the youthful chivalry of France, the most gallant of whom immediately crowded forward to serve under his banner. Young Montmorenci, afterward the constable, Charles Alleman, lord of Laval, Gaspard Terrail, the lord of Bernin, and many more of noble and gentle blood, sought with avidity a place which they knew must soon become the scene of glory. Bayard, seizing upon the moment of enthusiasm, swore them and the chief citizens "never to speak of surrendering to the enemy—exacting from them a pledge to die one and all in defence of the place. If food failed them, they were to eat their horses and their boots." This spirit extended from the officers to the soldiers. The latter said, among themselves, "And the beasts once devoured, we will eat our lackeys." But this spirit did not endure throughout the siege. Some of them, as we shall see hereafter, were not equal to the privation and danger which it implied.

Bayard proceeded, as soon as he reached Mezieres, to increase and improve its defences. Night and day was he employed, not sparing any of his people, in the erection of the necessary works. No labor, however humble, was forborne—no faculty, or talent, or agent, left unemployed—and more than six thousand crowns of his own money—in all probability all that he had or could command—were expended in making the place tenable. It was the habitual rule of our good knight to sacrifice every thing personal to his considerations of duty—to give himself up thoroughly to the work in hand, well knowing that there is no triumph unless the heart be wholly devoted to its objects, and the whole soul be delivered to the cause which it espouses, at the utter sacrifice of self. "What, sirs," he exclaimed to the young knights around him, as he thus justified the exaction of their physical labor, and gave it his own example, "what! shall this goodly town be lost through our fault and non-performance,—we who, altogether form

so noble a company, and one consisting of so many noble persons? It is only by this work that we may hope to contend with our enemy. Were we in the field, with a ditch of four feet only between us and the foe, methinks we could baffle all their forces for a day at least, and not be defeated. Now, God be praised, we have ditch, and wall, and rampart, on which, before our enemies can possibly set foot, there shall many a band of them lie sleeping in these trenches."

Their very nobility was rendered a reason why they should engage heartily in this labor. It was not taken in vain; a few days were to test its value. These brought the Count of Nassau, with twenty thousand men, and the Lord Francis of Sickinghen, with fifteen thousand, who, occupying opposite sides of the river Meuse, proceeded to the leaguer of the town. The seemingly defenceless place—seemingly defenceless, almost under any circumstances, against so large an army—was summoned to surrender. The herald who brought the demand on the part of the two generals of the emperor, represented to him in considerate terms, how impossible it was to hold the place against such a power as theirs. They were aware that the great and laudable spirit of chivalry which filled the heart of Bayard would prompt him almost to attempt impossible things, but they warned him that the capture of the place by storm would not only be a great diminution of his fame, but might also cost him his life. They urged upon him other tender considerations, and offered him favorable and honorable conditions, to persuade him to surrender.

Bayard smiled as he listened, but took no time to consider the demand.

"My friend," said he to the herald, "I am overwhelmed by the condescension of my lords of Nassau and Sickinghen, in showing such a tender interest for the safety and renown of one with whom they have had so little intercourse. You shall return to them, friend herald, and say that the

king, my master, had in his kingdom many captains much abler than myself, to whom he might have committed the defence of this little town of Mezieres; but since he hath, of all these, conferred the honor of this trust upon me, I shall value it as something too precious to be suddenly abandoned. Tell your captains, that they shall sooner weary of its assault than shall I in its maintenance. I am no child whom horrid words will frighten; and they shall find, that when it shall so happen that we can make this town tenable no longer, we shall then hope to leave it over a bridge made of our enemies' bodies." To Francis of Sickinghen, in particular, Bayard sent the pleasant message, that "The French *Bayard*, while he acknowledged the valor, had no fear of the *German War Horse*—the *nom de guerre* which Sickinghen had acquired.

When this answer was carried back to Nassau and Sickinghen, there was present a captain named Great John of Picardy, who knew the character and the resources of Bayard much better than either of the former. He said to them openly: "This knight Bayard will give you trouble before you take Mezieres. Nay, you need never expect to enter it while he remains alive. I know him. I have often followed him to battle. He is that sort of person, who, if the people under him were the greatest cowards in the world, would be sure to make them brave. Depend upon it, they will die in the breach, all of them, and he among them, ere we set foot in this town. For my part, I should rather he were away from Mezieres, though the King of France should put two thousand good soldiers in his place."

The Count of Nassau was somewhat piqued at this hearty commendation of his enemy. "Captain Great John," said he, "The Lord of Bayard is, I take it, of no more steel and iron than is other men. If he be such a warrior as you speak him, it will need all his fortune to keep Mezieres for the next four days, against the

storm of shot which I shall hurl against him from every side!"

"We shall see," was the answer of the captain from Picardy; "but you will hardly find the upshot of this business such as you look for."

Count Nassau did his best to give the lie to the predictions of this plain speaker, and opened his batteries, which were well served, from both sides of the river. It is said, by Mezeray, that bombs were first brought into practice during this leaguer of Mezieres. Certain it is, that the bombardment was sufficiently terrible and destructive,—so much so, that some of the garrison, whom we have seen taking a solemn pledge, before the siege began, to defy all its vicissitudes and dangers, however extreme, resolved no longer to partake of a defence which was so desperate. In spite of the threats and entreaties of their commanders, two whole companies deserted, in a body, through a breach which the enemy's artillery had made in the wall. This event did by no means discourage or disconcert our hero. He coolly called together the remainder of his troops, and congratulated them on being freed from the presence of those who only encumbered the defence, and who might have claimed a share of the honors which they had not the gallantry to win. "Let them go—such rascals are better far than near. The more the glory to those who remain!"

And the garrison resumed the defence with as much spirit as if they had suffered no loss, and were in no danger. The details of this defence are only credible as they are consistent with all that is known of Bayard's previous career. His resources never seemed so ample as now, when his hopes rested almost wholly on himself. His ordnance was so well served, his sallies so rightly timed and rightly directed, and conducted with such equal discretion and bravery, that the besiegers seemed to gain nothing by all their batteries, though the walls every day betrayed the efficiency of their artillery, and the constancy,

with which it was employed. In less than four days, more than five thousand shots were discharged. But the breaches in the walls were repaired as if by magic. There was no diminution of the spirit or the industry of the garrison. The night served to remedy the mischief of the day; and, for six weeks this little town—which it was not thought possible to hold for twenty-four hours—with a force which did not exceed a thousand men, baffled an army of thirty-five thousand, having an ample supply of heavy artillery. Well might the assailants show a feeling of weariness, if not of shame. It was, probably, about this period that they desired to know what quantity of provisions remained to the garrison. Accordingly, Captain Picart, already mentioned, sent a trumpet to Bayard, as his old companion-in-arms, to ask him for a bottle of wine. The sagacious commandant divined the proper object of the message. He took the trumpeter into a large cellar, well filled with hogsheads, from one of which he drew two bottles, without being at the pains to explain to him that all the rest were filled with water. The garrison, indeed, were in grievous straits. Provisions were failing rapidly. Disease was making fearful ravages among the troops and people, and there was no apparent prospect of relief. It became necessary for Bayard, always fertile in resources, to devise some new expedient for raising the siege. He conceived the idea of sowing dissensions between the two camps of the enemy. This was done by a letter, addressed to Lord Robert de la Marck, then at his castle of Sedan—the only one of which the imperial army had left him the possession—ingeniously worded, to produce an impression on Sickinghen (should it fall into his hands, as it was the purpose of Bayard that it should) that he was about to be sacrificed by his colleague. There were some jealousies already existing between the parties, in regard to the command, an intimation of which had reached Bayard, and of which he promptly proceeded to avail himself. His

letter ran thus, after some preliminaries relating to the siege, of which we are already in possession :—"If I remember rightly, my dear lord, you said to me, some six months ago, that you would find the means to persuade the Count of Nassau, your former friend and ally, to enter the service of the king, my master. He is reputed a very gallant person, and I should truly rejoice if this could be accomplished. You will do well to see him on this subject, and better to-day than to-morrow. It will be well for him, and will please me, should he prove of your way of thinking; for I must tell you that, if not, he and his camp will all be cut to pieces within the next four-and-twenty hours. Within three short leagues we have approaching an army of twelve thousand Swiss, and eight hundred gendarms. To-morrow, at the break of day, they purpose falling upon his camp, while, on my side, I shall make a sally from the town, and he must be dexterous and fortunate, indeed, to escape us both. Make the most of this information, but be sure and keep it secret."

The peasant, to whom the letter was confided, fell, just as Bayard had devised, into the hands of Sickinghen. The artifice succeeded. The heart-burnings of Sickinghen were now permitted to take a voice and declare themselves. He swore a bitter oath that "My Lord of Nassau should no longer carry it as he pleased. He seeks my destruction,"—was his language to his chief officers, to whom the insidious epistle was displayed. They concurred with him in opinion, and, without more ado, he caused the drums to sound a retreat, and prepared to cross the river to the camp of his colleague and superior. Tidings to this effect were carried to the Count of Nassau, who, in great surprise, sent word to him to desist from what he had determined on, until they had first conferred together. "Away to the Count of Nassau," cried the suspicious and indignant Sickinghen, "and say to him that I will not for his pleasure remain here to

be slaughtered. Let him attempt to hinder me from taking up my station near him, and arms shall decide between us who is to be master of the field." This message was of a character to confound the count, who immediately began to array his troops in order of battle. Those of Sickinghen, as they crossed the river, were also put in order for the fight. Bayard and his captains beheld the whole scene from the walls of Mezieres. In the excitement of Sickinghen, or probably with his consent, the peasant, whose intercepted letter had done the mischief, had been allowed to escape, and, in fear and trembling, presented himself to the delighted commandant. His fears were expelled by the undisguised merriment of Bayard, who laughed obstreperously as he beheld the excellent results which had followed the meditations of Sickinghen upon his letter to De la Marck. Nothing could have worked better for his objects. There, before his eyes, were the two camps in hostile array, drums beating and trumpets sounding with great vehemence, and the opposing parties eager to take each other by the throats. "Perdy!" exclaimed our knight, "since they will not begin the battle, I must;" and he opened a cannonade among them. This had the effect of driving them to their tents. The explanation which followed, between the parties, came quite too late to repair the mischief. The delay which was occasioned in the leaguer, by this artifice, enabled Francis to throw a powerful relief into Mezieres, while the Duke d'Alençon advanced the main body of his army to within a few leagues of the place. The predictions of Captain Picart were realized. The assault was never attempted. The siege was raised, and, baffled thus admirably in Champagne, the imperial troops turned their fury upon Picardy, pillaging and destroying wherever they came.

This defence of Mezieres greatly extended, if it could not increase the reputation of Bayard. Francis visited him in his camp, conferred upon him the collar of St. Mi-

chael, and endowed him with the command-in-chief of a company of an hundred men-at-arms—an honor which had hitherto been conferred only on princes of the blood. All France resounded with his eulogies; and, as the winter approached, having followed the king to Paris, he was waited upon by a deputation from the parliament, whose members conveyed him the thanks of the nation. The event which secured him these compliments became, long afterward, the subject of a public fête among the people whom he had so well defended; and which they continued to celebrate on each anniversary of the siege.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

From Champagne the imperial troops proceeded toward Picardy, their progress being traced in outrages of the most revolting kind. Francis pursued them at the head of his army, taking Bayard with him. Mouzon was retaken; and, but for a malign influence which had for some time interfered with the proper councils of the French monarch, the Emperor Charles himself, who had met his retreating army at Valenciennes, would have fallen into his hands. Francis desired eagerly to come to blows with his wily rival and enemy, and threw a bridge across the Scheldt for this purpose. The Count of Nassau appeared to dispute the passage. A thick fog prevented the French from ascertaining the number of the force which the former brought with him, and the hesitation which this doubt inspired, and against which all his tried veterans argued earnestly, prevailed to deprive Francis of a golden opportunity which fortune a second time never offered to his grasp. The emperor discovered his danger in time to escape it, by a precipitate departure from his position. The same evil influence which had led to this disappointment succeeded in prompting an injustice, on the part of the king, to a powerful subject, which contributed to future disasters. De Bourbon, as constable of France, claimed the right to command the vanguard of the army while crossing the Scheldt. It was coldly denied him, and given to the Duke d'Alençon. This, and other wrongs, done to the same noble person, were destined to bring the monarch to a perilous defeat, and the most humiliating captivity. But of this hereafter. The successes of the

French continued. The Duke de Vendôme penetrated into Artois and Hainault, took and dismantled Bapaume and Landrecies, and ravaged the country quite as effectually as the imperialists had done that of Picardy. Bonnivet, who had been despatched with a considerable force of lansquenets to the succor of the young King of Navarre, by a series of rapid exploits captured several places of importance, and laid siege so vigorously to the strong fortress of Fontarabia, as in a short time to compel its capitulation. Meanwhile, an attempt was made at negotiation, and for the reconciliation of the contending monarchs, under the auspices and arbitration of Henry VIII., or, rather, Cardinal Wolsey; but the proceeding came to no beneficial conclusion. The winter passed in skirmishes, which were generally favorable to the French; and no events of present importance requiring him at the seat of war, Bayard attended the king to Paris, from whence, after a brief sojourn, he proceeded to Grenoble, enjoying, in his native province, the affectionate admiration and attachment of his people.

But, with the approach of spring, the affairs of Italy grew clouded. Lautrec, who governed in the Milanese, revolted the people by his barbarities, and the fickle Italians sighed once more for the restoration of the Sforzas. Lautrec was succeeded by his brother Lescun, the marshal de Foix; but this change brought no improvement. The indiscretions of the governor were endless. The principal citizens of Milan were banished, and the number of exiles, voluntary or constrained, became so great as to draw upon them the persecuting regards of Lescun, even in the places where they had taken refuge. Some of them had found shelter in the Pope's city of Reggio. He pursued them thither, and besieged the place, but was baffled by the defence. This proceeding afforded a pretext to Leo X. to break with the French and conclude a treaty with the emperor. The result was a resumption of activity by all those who loathed the French authority, or

were interested in its overthrow. These inquietudes in his Italian dominions, disturbed the security of Francis, and, while he gave his attention to other places, he chose Bayard, as one of the most prudent and sagacious of his captains, to proceed to Genoa, which had betrayed and shown a factious disposition. The commission of the king was couched in the most flattering language. "I entreat you to undertake this charge for the love you bear me. My greatest hopes are in the efficacy of your presence." The commission was as cheerfully accepted as it was graciously conferred. Bayard crossed the Alps, and was well received at Genoa by the governor, the nobility, and the people in general, all of whom showed him the greatest deference and attention. What was the particular charge assigned him in Genoa—what duties he performed, and services he rendered, have been kept from the histories. His commission was, most probably, a secret one. This he seems to have executed satisfactorily. On leaving Genoa, he joined the army of Lescun, marshal de Foix, who was now preparing with all energy to repair, by arms, the evil consequence of his own and his brother's administration of the Milanese government. The forces of the emperor and the Pope were strengthened by those of the Marquis of Mantua, the ancient and firm ally of Louis XII. He, too, had been driven from the side of France by the ill-treatment of her government in Italy. A large body of Swiss had also been subsidized for the army of the allies, by the intrigues of the Cardinal of Sion; and the fertile plains of Italy were again to be made the theatre in which the people of other countries were to play out their parts in blood. To oppose these enemies, Lautrec, who had now resumed the government of the Milanese, had his own army of French, the troops of the Venetians, and a levy of Swiss which had been made on the first aspect of danger. The return of Lautrec was a signal for the renewal of those odious severities, which had already made the

French so unpopular. They were doubly impolitic in the moment of impending conflict. The campaign in the Milanese was begun; and, on the eve of an action near Rebecque, the Swiss were withdrawn from their banners by the artifices of the Cardinal de Sion. This uncompromising enemy of the French had succeeded in intercepting the orders of the Helvetic body to the Swiss in both armies, commanding them to repair instantly to their homes. He suppressed the despatch intended for the Swiss serving among the allies, and suffered those only to be received which were addressed to the stipendiaries of the French. The latter submissively obeyed the order, and, as they left the one army, the cardinal had the address to secure their services for the other, alledging that it was the service under the French banner, only, that was forbidden by the Diet. Lautrec thus deserted, by a large part of his troops, almost in the moment of engagement, was compelled to retreat upon Milan. Closely pursued by his enemy, he continued his retreat to Como, and from Como to the Venetian territories. Italy was once more lost to the French, at a moment when Francis had every reason to believe that he was about to find Henry VIII. arrayed with his numerous enemies against him. The death of Leo X. at the close of this year, was an offset to this evil intelligence. If not always an open, Leo had always been the secret foe of the French. He was jealous of the ambition of Francis, and he had his own. He was succeeded by Adrian, cardinal of Tortosa, a man of feeble will and irresolute character, who soon showed himself the rancorous enemy of France, and the ally of the emperor, of whose boyhood he had been the preceptor.

Francis determined to renew the war. He was not less reluctant than his predecessor had been to abandon his designs upon the Milanese. Lautrec was again unwisely commissioned as the leader of this new campaign. La Palisse marched a levy of sixteen thousand Swiss across

the Alps to his assistance, and the French army was once more in the field, with new hopes and unshaken courage. After several small successes, they laid siege to Milan. But the place was strongly fortified, and admirably defended by Prospero Colonna. It was in vain that the French strove equally against the citadel and the walls of the town. His efforts were unavailing, and, convinced of the hopelessness of the attempt, he withdrew his forces, and found an easier conquest in the city of Novara. Here he was joined by additional forces brought him by his brother. Among these were Pietro de Navarro and our chevalier, Bayard.

Joined by the forces of Sforza, Colonna marched to Bicocca, where he took up a very advantageous post. This place consisted of a castle, situated in a spacious park, which had formerly been used as a chase by the dukes of Milan. It was surrounded by deep ditches, well fortified, and but a league from the city of Milan. Lautrec, after reconnaissance, wisely resolved not to attempt it. But this prudent decision was altered in consequence of the mutinous temper of his Swiss. These troublesome mountaineers were impatient for their pay, which had been withheld by the griping avarice of individuals who virtually wielded the French government at home. Francis had become the creature of his own debaucheries, and the sword of the enemy was but too frequently sharpened for the throat of his country, by some fair minister of his passions. The bad faith of the ministers, furnished Lautrec with only too good an excuse for his ill-fortune and evil management. His Swiss, clamorous for their money, required, failing in this, either to be led against the enemy, or suffered to depart. It was in vain that the French commander pointed out to them the great strength of the post which Colonna occupied. They insisted on the alternative which they had submitted, and rather than lose one half of his army, he concluded to do worse—obey its orders. However reluctantly, he gave the signal for the action at daybreak on the follow-

ing morning. Montmorenci led the advanced guard, Lautrec commanded the battle, and the Duke of Urbino brought up the rear. The Swiss were chiefly with the first division. Montmorenci, having reached a defile near the entrenchments, would have waited for his artillery. But the Swiss despised artillery. They would wait for nothing. They felt their power, and were insolent in its exercise. They would fight only as they pleased; and, tumultuously, with their usual impatience, they rushed forward to the assault. Colonna was every where prepared for them. His spies had faithfully reported events, and he knew where to expect them. His artillery and musketry opened upon their advancing masses with destructive effect. Whole files were swept away as fast as they drew nigh. It was in vain that any of them reached the fosse; since the entrenchments were too high for their pikes, which were vainly thrust up from the ditches against the defenders. The carnage was dreadful. Three thousand of the Swiss perished, and among them their famous leader Albert de la Pierre. Montmorenci was badly wounded. His command paid dearly for their insolence.

Meanwhile, the gendarms, among whom, and at the head of whom, was Bayard—led by De Foix—had forced their way into the entrenchments. They might have maintained themselves in them—might have retrieved the battle—had they been supported by the Swiss of his division. But, insolently rash on the one hand, the mountaineers were insolently cold and indifferent on the other. The devoted gendarms, after a fierce struggle, were either put *hors de combat*, or expelled from the entrenchments. Colonna, seeing the advantage gained, directed a sally to be made for the purpose of taking the Swiss in flank. The manœuvre was fortunately defeated by Pontdoray, who, with another body of gendarms, met the troops sent upon this enterprise and defeated and drove them back with loss. This event, in some degree, saved the credit of the day. Lautrec

would have renewed the battle the next morning, but the Swiss bitterly declared their determination to retire. They would now fight only when they pleased. The French general proposed to attack the fortress on four different points, and offered to relieve the Swiss from the post of danger, by placing the French men-at-arms in the front of the battle. But they had no stomach for the enterprise, and determined to retreat. This they executed in a manner so disorderly that, but for the protection of the French cavalry, they would have been cut to pieces. Their departure naturally dissolved the army of De Foix. With the flight of the Swiss to their native mountains, the greatest portion of his force was lopt away. He could offer no farther opposition to the enemy, and would only peril the wretched remnant of his troops by any attempt to do so. The lilies of France were once more driven out of Italy.

The fortunes of Francis, chiefly in consequence of the perverse administration of his government, through the unworthy creatures of his pleasures, were every where unprosperous. Henry of England concluded a treaty with the emperor, and against France. This was followed by a declaration of war, and the invasion of the coasts of Normandy and Brittany by a force under the Earl of Surrey. Even the Venetians joined the league of the emperor against their ancient allies; and France, in Italy, was almost without a friend. But these events, and this prospect, did not abate the desire of the French monarch to recover the Milanese. Having provided for the defence of his own kingdom, he proceeded to raise a new army for this purpose, in defiance of the powerful confederacy which was formed against him—a confederacy including almost every potentate in Europe. If Francis erred and was feeble as a politician, he was nevertheless a knight of gallant spirit. "I know," said he, "that all Europe is banded against me, but I will make head against all Europe. I do not fear the emperor, for he has no money. I do not

fear the King of England, for my frontier is secure against his assaults. I do not fear the Flemings; they are notoriously bad soldiers. And, for Italy, I will conquer Milan in person! I will, in spite of all my enemies, recover every inch of the territory of which they seek to dispossess me!" But there was another enemy, whom Francis did not include in the alliance against him. This was the Constable de Bourbon, whom his own injustice, leagued with the impatient ambition of the other, had driven into hostility. It was only while upon his march for the frontiers that the discovery of his defection was made. Bourbon was a nobleman of great talents, a soldier of approved skill, a shrewd politician, a man of popular attractions, against whose loyalty no doubts had ever been whispered, in whose faith all parties had the most perfect confidence. It does not concern us here to enquire what were the particular moving causes which led to the sacrifice, on his part, of his high character, and the unhappy desertion of his prince and country in the moment of their greatest peril. It is enough for us to show the fact, and to add, that, of the numerous enemies of France, the Constable de Bourbon was, probably, the most dangerous. He counselled the English to the invasion of Normandy, treated with the Spanish emperor to a like purpose, and effectually disarmed the suspicions of his sovereign, until he had succeeded in making his escape from the kingdom. Francis remembered, when it was too late, the value of the subject whom he had lost. He sent him a special messenger, with a pardon, and an offer of the restitution of his property, the deprivation of which, under circumstances of supposed injustice, had been among the causes of Bourbon's anger. But the answer was sternly in the negative, and we next find him, as lieutenant-general, at the head of the emperor's armies in Italy.

The discovery of Bourbon's treachery, and the invasion of his kingdom by the English and the Germans, prevented Francis from assuming the command of his army for the

recovery of the Milanese, as he had at first intended. His unwise partiality, and the pernicious influence of the Duchess d'Angoulême, induced him to confer this important command on Bonnivet, who was, at the time of receiving the title of generalissimo, a simple volunteer with the army. Bonnivet, without a single requisite for the trust, unless courage, was yet presumptuous enough to accept it. He marched immediately toward Milan, the fortress of which was defended by Prospero Colonna. The forces of the confederates were not yet assembled, and that of Colonna was too small to oppose any decided obstacle to the arms of France. He himself was also suffering from ill health. But his arrangements to retard their advance, and harass their progress, were judiciously planned; and, while he slowly retreated before them toward Lodi, he despatched Antonio de Leyva to keep the city of Pavia. Bonnivet was not the soldier to cope with Colonna. Had he pushed promptly for Milan, while the latter was taking his course for Lodi, it is thought that the place must have fallen. But his caution prevailed over his fortune; and when, at length, he reached Milan, its walls were repaired, its towers manned by Colonna and other captains, and the place so well victualled, that he was compelled to turn the siege into a blockade. While thus employed, Bayard took Lodi, where he had nearly captured the Duke of Mantua. He then went to the relief of the castle of Cremona—a place which, garrisoned by Lautrec on his expulsion from Italy, had still continued to hold out for the French during a period of eighteen months. Having succeeded in relieving and strengthening the garrison, our "Good Knight" made a demonstration upon the city; but it had been well succored by the Duke of Urbino; and the unfavorable weather compelled him to forego his desires.

The blockade of Milan was still continued. Famine had begun to rage in the city. But the condition of the blockading forces was scarcely better. They also suffered from

bad food, the unwholesome dampness of the encampment, bad weather, and want of forage. Colonna harassed them with continued skirmishes, and frequently cut off their supplies. The French general proposed a truce. His object was to retire unmolested from a position which he found equally unpleasant and unprofitable. This the Italian commander declined, knowing quite as well as himself the disquieting circumstances in which his adversary was placed. This determined Bonnivet to withdraw in the face of his enemies. He conveyed his artillery safely across the Ticino, and sent a part of his army into winter-quarters in Piedmont, Provence, and Languedoc. The remainder were lodged in Biagrassa and Rosat, where the provisions were plentiful. Here he determined to remain and wait the reinforcements promised him from France. This interval was marked by the death of Prospero Colonna, who was literally worn out in the harness. He died at the advanced age of eighty. Adrian VI., another uncompromising enemy of the French, died about the same time. He was succeeded by the Cardinal de Medici, who assumed the name of Clement VII. This sovereign had quite as much at heart as his predecessor, the expulsion of the French from Italy. But he made as little display of his passion as he could, and, soon after his election, expressed the most ardent desires for bringing about a pacification between France and the emperor. That, for the present, however, was impossible. The strife was too bitter to be appeased by words;—the prize too precious, in the sight of both parties, to suffer them to estimate the blood and treasure yet to be expended in the insane struggle for its attainment; and the war continued with as much vigor as hate and a selfish ambition could supply, consistently with the unavoidable obstacles of climate, the season, and occasional deficiencies in the several sinews of war.

These sinews, on the part of France, were but slowly

furnished to her captains in Italy. The terrors of an English and Flemish invasion at an end, Francis once more threw himself into the vortex of dissipation and luxury, from which his escape had been only momentary. He forgot his heroic resolution to conquer his Milanese possessions in person; and the finances which should have been devoted to this purpose were exhausted among his creatures in the maddest and most licentious frivolities of a court. Bonnivet looked in vain for the promised succor. With but few resources of his own, for a command so important as that which had been given to his hands, he was made momently sensible of all his deficiencies by the increasing activity of the confederate army. Bourbon, the traitor to his country, had now assumed the supreme command; and, instead of having her best general to oppose him, France sent her worst. The issue may be conjectured.

It was while Bonnivet lay, hoping and dreaming, at Biagrassa, that he conceived the idea of placing Bayard in quarters at the little village of Rebecque, with some two hundred gendarms, and a small body of infantry under Captain Lorges. His object in occupying this village, which lay close to Milan, was to obtain intelligence of, and to arrest supplies on their way to, the garrison. Almost touching the camp of the enemy, without wall, or fosse, or barricade, Bayard at once saw that the place could never for a moment be secure against surprise. He was not the man to murmur at any commission, however perilous, which was assigned him; but this he felt to be one in which he could only be sacrificed, hopelessly, and possibly under circumstances of grievous disgrace. He deemed it his duty, therefore, to expostulate with his commander. "My lord admiral," said he, "I know not well how this matter may appear in your eyes, but in mine, the keeping of this village of Rebecque, so wholly defenceless as the place is at present, would be utterly impossible unless

with half your army. Our enemies show themselves to be vigilant and active, and, if they continue in this activity, it is very certain that I shall find it hard, in such a post as Rebecque, and with such a force as that which you assign me, to steer clear of disgrace. I feel all this, as I well know that if our enemies kept there a band so small as mine, I should be sure, in some dark night, to take them at disadvantage. Let me entreat you then, my lord, to consider well the deficiencies and difficulties of this post ere you send me thither."

Bonnivet was not sensible of the force of these arguments. He was disposed, perhaps, to undervalue and to slight them. The danger from the enemy's enterprise he did not conceive, as he had none of his own. He bade our chevalier be under no concern, as not a mouse should stir in Milan but he should be ready to support him. Bayard was silenced but not satisfied. Bonnivet promised to send him additional troops in a few days—a promise which he forgot the next moment; and Bayard, true to his duty, though greatly troubled in spirit, set off for Rebecque with the force assigned him. He foresaw the fortune which awaited him, and sent his mules and unnecessary baggage into Novara, resolved to lose as little as he could by the perverse ignorance of his superior.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Arrived at this miserable village of Rebecque, Bayard, with his usual vigilance, proceeded to enquire into its defences. He found the place more accessible to an enemy than he had supposed, and less capable of being made secure against him. He consulted with his officers on the subject, and found no means of providing against attack, except by closing up his avenues with barricades. This was done; yet, so inadequate did this sort of defence appear, that entrance might still be effected by an enterprising and courageous enemy, on every side. Bayard wrote instantly to Bonnivet, describing his condition, and urging the promised reinforcements. To this communication there was no answer. Another and another was sent, and equally neglected. Bayard felt that he was isolated—set apart for sacrifice, and that his only hope of safety must consist in his own vigilance and courage. In these he was

not likely to fail. His barricades were strengthened by all the means in his power, and his posts were well watched and guarded. But, with an enemy fifteen thousand strong, within striking distance, commanded by a young and enterprising leader—for such was the Marquis of Pescara—it was not possible to hope for immunity in such a position, and with a force so feeble as that under our chevalier, let his precautions be ever so excellent. His apprehensions were soon to be justified. Pescara soon learned from his spies that Rebecque was held by a very small command under Bayard, and the desire for conquest was heightened by an intense anxiety to overthrow and capture so renowned an opponent. Bayard was to be taken, dead or alive. It was an additional misfortune, in the case of our knight, that he was quite indisposed, and had retired early, on the very night which Pescara chose for his enterprise. His indisposition was the result of anxiety and exposure. For two nights he had not slept, having kept the watch himself, and, until his barricades were closed, his troops, divided into two equal portions, had gone the rounds on alternate nights, for the better protection of the place. Pescara went to work with great caution and deliberation. It was first necessary to gain some certain information, not only as to the force, but the disposition of Bayard—how his men were distributed, and where he himself lay. He was not the warrior to be approached in his lurking-places, unless all the clues were in the hands of those who sought him. The better to effect his object, the Spaniard sent a favorite soldier, named Lupon, upon this service. Lupon was not only a person of immense physical strength, but of great agility and adroitness. He succeeded in stealing upon one of the French sentinels, and, securing his weapons before he could use them; then, throwing the fellow upon his shoulders, hurried away with him to the Spanish camp. Fear of death, astonishment at his situation, and probably a lurking apprehension that he was borne away by no

mortal emissary, kept the poor wretch silent. He was forced to speak in the presence of Pescara, and it was upon his deposition that the latter planned his attack. It is highly probable that he had his creatures also among the villagers of Rebecque.

Pescara took the route for Rebecque, at midnight, with an overwhelming force of six or seven thousand foot and four or five hundred horse. The night was very dark and the rain falling. Well aware, from his own frequent practice, that such a night was the very best for a surprise, Bayard gave particular instructions to his people to watch vigilantly, and ordered several captains out on the guard, keeping extra duty. They left his presence, but soon found the night too uncomfortable, and most of them returned from the watch, leaving this duty to a few wretched archers, who were quite as well satisfied to drowse as their superiors. The Spaniards, meanwhile, were on the march. The better to distinguish one another from their foes, in the dark, they were each made to wear a shirt over his armor. When the cavalry had approached within a bow-shot of the village, they were somewhat surprised at encountering no sentinels. At first they apprehended that their scheme was blown, and that Bayard had returned to Biagrassa. Such, however, was not his good fortune. They continued their march, and soon happened upon some of the few archers to whom the watch had been left. These, taken by surprise, fled without a blow, giving the alarm as they ran. Their enemies were so close upon their skirts that they were slain or captured before they gained the barriers. Bayard, who, with an enemy near him, always slept with vantbrace and tasses on, and with cuirass and helmet by his side, was one of the first to catch the sound of the approaching clamor. He leapt up instantly, and, bridling the steed that was always kept ready saddled, was at least prepared, with sword drawn and in full harness, to encounter the danger. He rushed to the barriers, where he was immediately

joined by Captain Lorges and a portion of their infantry. Here, then, while a portion of the Spaniards were seeking for him in the village, supposing they should find him in his bed, an invalid, we find him fighting fiercely against their companions. Pescara was particularly solicitous for the one captive. Could they have taken him, the rest was easy. They sought for him in the lodgings which were pointed out as his, then scattered themselves abroad in search of nim. While their horse were thus occupied, the drums of their infantry were heard approaching. At the sound, which indicated an overwhelming force, Bayard felt that now or never was the moment for escape. Addressing the captain of infantry, he said to him, "Lorges, my friend, the game will soon be a very unequal one. We shall hardly be able to keep them out, and, if they pass this barrier, it is all over with us. Do you, therefore, draw off your infantry now, while I keep up the struggle with my gendarms. Keep your men close, and march straight and with all speed to Biagrassa. Heed not your baggage; that must be abandoned or destroyed. There is no help for it. But save the lives of your soldiers. I will hold out with my gendarms to the last."

The order was obeyed. The spirited conflict which Bayard maintained at the barriers covered the silent retreat of the infantry. The Spaniards, meanwhile, in their fruitless search after their particular object, had lost precious moments. Seeking the person of Bayard only, their cavalry had mostly dismounted, hurrying in small bodies from house to house. By this time he had succeeded in getting most of his men to horse. He maintained the struggle at the barriers until he thought his infantry were sufficiently in the advance, then sounding the retreat, retired slowly from the defence, he himself, according to his custom, bringing up the rear. The movement was most happily executed, so that he lost but ten men in its performance. Pescara had not so successfully carried out his scheme as he had

devised it. While the search was still continued in the houses of Rebecque for our hero, he was already far upon the road to Biagrassa.

Here he brought the first intelligence of the disaster which his sagacity had foreseen. Bitter was his reproach to Bonnivet, and sharp was the passage that ensued between them. He had saved his men, but had destroyed his baggage; and this was a necessity which was not reconciled to the fastidious sense of chivalry by which he was governed, or by the conviction which all acknowledged, that the masterly defence and retreat which he had made, under such disadvantageous circumstances, was an increase to his already large reputation. He gave Bonnivet to understand, at the close of the interview, that, whenever the king's service should afford him leisure, he should compel him to give him personal satisfaction. And, but for a superior providence which willed it otherwise, he would most certainly have executed his purpose.

But events were at hand, of a character to absorb and silence all personal regrets and reproaches. While Bonnivet was still vainly looking to France for succors, the imperial army was strengthened by a force of six thousand Germans, sent by the Venetians. The Duke de Bourbon was now enabled to assume the offensive. Bonnivet fell back upon Novara, the more readily to effect a junction with a body of twelve thousand Swiss, in two bodies, one of which, he had intelligence, was coming in the direction of Sessia, the other, of Bergamo. This movement prompted a corresponding one on the part of Bourbon. He immediately threw his main force between Sessia and Novara, to oppose one of these bodies, while Giovanni di Medici crossed the Ticino to intercept the other. These movements were successful. The French were thus cut off from their succors, and shut up between two divisions of the imperial army. Biagrassa, the only strong place still in their power, was besieged and taken by Sforza, and the plague, break-

ing out in the town, at length made its appearance in the army. The circle was contracting about the general of the French, the neglect of whose monarch, and whose own inexperience, had devoted to irremediable ruin. His army was thinned by daily desertions, and the Swiss absolutely refused even to attempt the passage of the Sessia. Bonnivet determined to retire into France. But this decision was one full of embarrassments. His enemies were not likely to suffer the attempt to be made without some interposition, and Bonnivet prepared for it as well as he was able. The retreat began at daybreak. The French general, with becoming manhood, took his place in the rear of the march, along with the gendarms, to receive the attacks of the Imperialists, by whom all his movements were closely watched. They followed the retreat with constant assaults, in all of which they had to encounter the skill and valor of Bayard. It would be doing injustice to withhold from Bonnivet the credit of fighting bravely during this march of peril and exposure. He conducted himself with great valor and ability until his arm was broken by a musket-ball. In the first moment of pain and apprehension he sent for Bayard, to whom he gave charge of the army, thus recognizing, when too late, the ability which, at an earlier moment would have achieved conquest instead of suffering defeat.

"My Lord of Bayard" said he, "I pray and conjure you, by the honor and glory of the French name, to defend the ensigns and artillery which I give into your keeping. I confide them to your valor and wisdom. You alone can save the army."

There was a reproach, undoubtedly, but no bitterness in the reply which Bayard made him: "I would, my lord, that you had done me this honor on some more favorable occasion, when our fortune was less unfriendly; it is now, I fear, too late. Nevertheless, happen what may, I vow and promise to defend these ensigns so, that

while I live, they shall never fall into the hands of the enemy."

Bayard, accepting this dangerous commission, at such a moment, is a model of devotion and patriotism. He saw no longer in the man before him the spoiled and presumptuous child of fortune, unwisely placed in the station which belonged only to better men. It was no longer the courtier, Bonnivet, who addressed him—it was the same man, forgetting his own vanities in the hour of danger, and rising into a just appreciation of the person whom he approached.

"My life is my country's," said Bayard on leaving Bonnivet; "my soul I commend to God." He immediately placed himself at the head of the men-at-arms, while the Lord of Vendenesse took command of the artillery. In a short time the latter was killed by a shot from an arquebuse. The road was lined on both sides by the arquebusiers of the enemy. From these the missiles of lead and stone were continually projected upon the retreating French, while the Spanish cavalry pressed upon their heels, combated step by step by Bayard and his gendarms. He, meanwhile, retired slowly, keeping up a firm front and close array, and sometimes relieving his troop by a successful charge, which drove back the assailants to the shelter of their main body. It was after one of these brilliant charges that he was struck by the stone bullet of an *arquebuse-a-croc*, which smote him across the loins, and completely fractured his spine. His first exclamation was, "*Jesus, Mon Dieu! je suis mort!*"—(*Oh, God! I am slain!*) In this moment of mortal agony, he clutched the cruciform hilt of his sword, and lifting it before his eyes, repeated a verse of the *Miserere*. Feeling himself about to swoon, he grasped the pummel of the saddle, and supported himself in this posture, until some of his friends came to his assistance, and helped him to dismount. At his own instance, he was placed with his back to a tree, and his face turned in the path of the approach-

ing enemy. His friends would have borne him away from the mêlée, but he would not suffer it.

"Let me die in peace. It is all over with me. I am mortally hurt.—I know it, and I would not, in my last moments, turn my back upon the enemy for the first time in my life."

Hans Diesbach, a Swiss captain, offered to construct a litter of pikes on which he might be borne with little suffering, and to prevent his falling into the hands of the Spaniards; but, knowing how short was the time allowed him, he entreated that this might be suffered to pass in comparative repose. "Leave me thus," he said, "in quiet, that I may make my peace with God. And let me entreat that you will all depart, lest you be made prisoners, an event which would greatly increase my grief. For me you can do nothing more. Of you, my Lord of Alegré, I entreat but that you will convey my farewell to the king, our master, and say how deeply I deplore that I can do him no more service. Convey my regards to my companions in arms, and take my adieu. Farewell, my friends—and now leave me!"

Bitter were the tears shed by the noble gentleman, and the gallant men-at-arms whom he had so often led to victory, particularly as they were compelled to leave him, in his dying moments, to the doubtful care of his enemies. They would have remained with him and shared his fate or captivity, but this he would not suffer; and, with mournful hearts and tearful eyes, they left him on the field of glory and of death. One of his attendants, his *maître d'hôtel*, a young gentlemen of Dauphiny, named Jacques Joffroi de Milieu, in the absence of a priest, received his confession before he went. To this faithful follower, whose bitter tears provoked his own, he uttered himself thus: "Cease thy complaints, my friend; God wills that I shall leave the world. It was by his favor only that I dwelt in it so long, and enjoyed so many more honors and blessings than were

my due. Shall I murmur, then, that he calls me to himself? There is but one thing which makes me loth to die. It is the thought of evil deeds that I have done—of duties I have left undone—of time lost which is necessary to repentance. And now it is of the infinite mercy of God that I must implore compassion. I am not without a hope that he will hear my prayer—that he will not deal with me after the rigor of his justice." . . . . Then, after a pause, he said, "I prithee, friend Jacques, suffer them not to remove me from this place. When I am stirred I feel the utmost torment short of death; and that will seize upon me right soon."

The approach of the Spaniards dispersed his companions in arms, and he alone remained facing his enemies. The tidings of his mortal injuries had already reached them, and produced a profound sensation of grief among their ranks. The foe whom they most feared, honored by their very fears, and whom they so particularly desired to capture or to slay, now that he could do them hurt no longer, remained before their eyes only as the impersonation of all nobleness, and of the most admirable perfection in arms and chivalry. The first person to approach the dying chevalier was the Marquis of Pescara. "Would to God, most gentle Lord of Bayard," said the Spanish general, "that by shedding my own blood, short of death, or by abstinence and prayer, I could save your precious life, and keep you as my prisoner. Then should you see how highly do I honor your exalted character and prowess. Well do I know the justice of that speech of my countrymen, when I heard them praise you first—'*Muchos Grisones, y pocos Bayardos*'—There are many *grey* horses, but few *Bayards;* for since my first lessons in arms have I never seen or heard mention of any knight who can match with you in all admirable qualities. While I know that in your death the emperor, my master, is relieved from one most formidable adversary, yet, when I consider the

loss which knighthood sustains this day, I would freely give the half that I am worth to pluck you from the clutches of death. But since this is all in vain, I pray to him who hath made us all in his own image, that he will graciously vouchsafe to receive your soul unto his mercy."

The Constable de Bourbon next made his appearance, and was profoundly affected, like Pescara, with the approaching fate of the hero. Bending over his prostrate person, with hands clasped, he exclaimed, with a feeling which was unquestionably sincere,

"Alas! Captain Bayard, that I should behold thus one whom I have always loved and honored for his wisdom, his virtue, and his great valor. Believe me, from my very soul, I weep for your condition."

At these words, Bayard raised his noble gaze upon the face of the unfaithful prince:

"Waste not your sorrows upon me, my lord, but reserve them for yourself. I die as I have lived, an honest man, and faithful to my sovereign. But I pity you—you whom I behold in arms against your prince, your country, and your oath."

The constable would have justified himself by an exposition of the provocations which had forced him into the arms of Spain. He felt the want of sympathies, such as those which a pure, honorable, and unselfish spirit, such as that of Bayard, could bestow. But the latter was too single-minded and too clear-headed to be deceived, even in the moment of his mortal agony, by any subtleties of politics. His simple rule was to sacrifice himself always—his interests, his rights, his vanity, his ambition, to his duties—and his reply to the constable was still the same. He exhorted him to seek the earliest means and moment to confess his errors to his prince, and to implore his forgiveness; closing his exhortations with a prediction, which was fully verified in the sequel, that, neglecting to adopt this course, his career and its close would be equally without

honor. Bourbon turned away, stricken to the heart by the dying words of a man whose stern reproaches were but too keenly seconded by the voice of conscience, which still struggled eagerly in his own bosom.

The Marquis of Pescara did not neglect the dying moments of our hero. Though remarkably apathetic on most occasions, he did not now seek to disguise his sympathy. He had a pavilion raised over the spot where Bayard lay, evincing the most tender consideration of the pain he suffered, and not venturing to remove him. His own surgeons attended the dying man, and he himself sat beside him till the moment when his eyes were closed. A Spanish priest was brought, to whom he devoutly renewed the confession which he had tendered to his squire. His prayer on this occasion has been preserved. "Oh, God! my Creator and Redeemer, who hast declared thyself ever ready to receive into thy mercy and to forgive those who shall return to thee with a contrite spirit, I entreat thee, through the death and passion of thy Son, to have mercy upon me —to pardon my innumerable offences, which I repent with all my heart. Alas! my Father and Redeemer, I have grievously offended thee my whole life long. I have been one of the worst of sinners, and I look to thy grace and bounty only for safety from deserved punishment. Well I know that an hundred years spent in abstinence and prayer upon the desert would not avail to secure me an entrance to thy kingdom, were it not for thy infinite grace and goodness. Be pleased, then, to regard me with that clemency which no virtues in the creature might command. Pass over the many faults of which I have been guilty, and show me, instead of thy rigorous justice, thy abundant and saving mercy."

In the utterance of this prayer he died. The attentions and kindly consideration of his enemies did not cease with his death. His body was embalmed, and conveyed, by the guard which Pescara had assigned him, to a neighboring

church, where a solemn service was performed over him during two days. The body was then delivered to his friends and domestics, who were provided with passports for France, and who conveyed it into Dauphiny. As the escort which bore it approached Grenoble, the public feeling displayed itself in the movements of all classes and orders. The grief of the province was universal. The public authorities, the noblesse, and all the people of the city, went forth to receive it, and formed a mourning cavalcade, by which it was borne to the church of the cathedral, where it was received with the honors usually paid to the remains of a sovereign. The body was then deposited in a convent of Minims, which his uncle had founded, and not in the church of Grignion, where he had expressed a wish to be interred. It was deposited under a great stone, at the foot of the chancel. To the right, above a door by which you enter the convent, is his bust in white marble, adorned with the collar of his order. On another piece of white marble, placed beneath the bust, is inscribed a Latin epitaph, which contains a summary of his exploits, and of the circumstances of his death. This monument was raised by a private gentleman of Dauphiny—one no way related to him—who, through a just admiration of the fame of the hero, executed, at his own expense, what Henry IV. thought to do, and the city of Grenoble vainly projected. The name of this gentleman, Scipion de Pollond, lord of St. Agnin, deserved to have been put upon the edge of the tablet which he raised.

The Chevalier Bayard died on the 30th of April, 1524. He was but forty-eight years when he was slain, in the full vigor of his manhood, and with his intellect, naturally strong and clear, informed by a various experience, and perfectly matured, without being impaired by age. What might not have been anticipated from his farther career? Francis, when a captive, after the battle of Pavia, in which he was made a prisoner by his subtle enemy,

Charles V., thought of Bayard only as his counsellor. That battle had never been lost, had Bayard been in the place of D'Alençon. When Francis, in his bonds, saw no alternative before him, but a humiliating treaty or prolonged imprisonment, he exclaimed to the Lord of Montchener, "If the Chevalier Bayard had but survived—had he been only near me—I should never have sunk to this. He was worth a hundred captains. He could win the confidence of friends, and inspired his enemies with fear. Ah! Bayard, had you but lived, I never had been here!"

The eulogium was just. The reader has not forgotten the moral portrait which we sought to draw at the opening of this history. We feel sure, making due allowances for what belongs to the times rather than to the individual, that nothing of our picture was overdrawn or exaggerated. His merits, as a man and as a soldier, were equally great and remarkable. His delicacy of soul, his genuine piety, charity, and munificence—his utter disinterestedness, and ardent attachment to his country—leave us nothing to regret in the perfect fullness and just balance of his moral qualities. Foibles and faults may be charged to his account, but it would be difficult to reproach him with any vice. At all events, none of these seem to have taken the form of habits. Intellectually, he was equal to any of his associates, judging them, when in contact with himself, and in the performance of similar duties. It is true that he was never entrusted with the functions of a general officer, where the command extended to the operations of an army; but that he was unequal to their performance, will scarcely be believed by those who shall remark carefully the promptness, the shrewdness, and the decision of his counsels, when his opinion was demanded by his associates or his superiors. That he never received the baton of a marshal of France, is due rather to the fact, that he lacked the arts of the favorite—while his native modesty held him back from solicitation, and taught him to express himself

always moderately in reference to his own claims. He was not the man to boast. Of his performances and resources he always spoke most humbly; and yet, in the moment of doubt, whose counsels were more clear, more deep, more comprehensive, whether the interest was the skirmish of a squad, the siege of a citadel, or the plan of battle for a great army? In all the trusts confided to his hands, we never once find him faltering—never once a laggard—never once forgetful of his vigilance. He betrayed, at all times, the rare union of an enthusiastic courage and intrepidity with a cool and deliberate wisdom, such as might well become the general-in-chief of a great army, upon whose movements hang the fortunes of empire.

Bayard never permitted himself to indulge in swearing, a habit which was common during his time, and in all times too much practised among soldiers. He never permitted swearing in his presence where it was possible to restrain or punish it. In rebuking this single practice, he seemed to forget his usual sweetness of temper, and that gentle demeanor which he sought to show to all. Hearing two pages, on one occasion, employ the name of the Deity with irreverence, he turned upon them with a reprimand so sharp and fierce, as to provoke a brother officer to wonder that he should deal so severely with so small an offence.

"So small an offence!" exclaimed Bayard. "You cannot mean it. That is no small offence which is the vice of the age!"

Fierce to his enemies, he was always mild and affable to his friends. With a profound veneration for the truly great, and a becoming deference for all in authority, he fawned upon none, flattered none, and was too great a lover of truth to possess any of the expertness of the courtier. Of noble family himself, and of noble training according to the fashion of his time, he had no disdain of his inferiors. The poorest soldier of his command was

never dismounted, and needing assistance, that he did not come to his relief. He possessed in perfection that exquisite art which enables one to bestow a favor without making the object of his bounty sensible of an obligation. Sometimes, he would exchange a fine horse for a very poor one, to reward a squire who had pleased him; and not unfrequently he left a splendid garment of velvet, damask, or satin, in lieu of a threadbare cloak. In his life, of an hundred thousand crowns, which he received for the ransom of prisoners, he kept scarcely any for himself. Yet most of his gifts were made in secret. His alms were worthy of princes and rich noblemen. He gave marriage-portions to an hundred orphan girls, of gentle and inferior birth. Never sparing of his money, when any good might be done with it, he was wont to say, "Why should we value money, when the gorget wastes what the gauntlet wins—employing an ancient military proverb, "*Ce que le gauntelet amasse, le gorgerin le depense.*"

His piety was as unostentatious as it was fervent. Always, before quitting his chamber, he recommended himself to God in prayer; but he preferred always that his adoration should be made in secret. He loved and feared his Creator in all things—never blasphemed or took the name of his Maker in vain, and still, in all perils and necessities, sought counsel of him first. His conviction that from him and his infinite grace all manner of good proceeded, was an habitual presence to his mind and thought. His love for his neighbor was manifested by a thousand characteristics. Of wealth he took but little account, being at his death no wealthier than he was at his birth. When others dwelt complacently on the treasures of the rich and powerful, he turned a deaf ear; but he was never weary of talking about the virtuous and the brave. Riches, according to his saying, did not often ennoble the affections. When, as was sometimes the case, his companions reproached him for throwing away his bounty on the people of cap-

tured cities from whom it would be wrested by mercenaries, his answer was, "Never mind—I do my duty. Besides, this poor man may hide his money till the war is over, and he will then be able to use it. He will then call upon the Lord for me." Justice was his great ideal. He was never known to uphold, even his best friend, when equity demanded his sacrifice. He was wont to say that the empire without justice in its government, was to be compared only to a forest thronged with robbers.

Bayard always delighted to hear mentioned the names of those who had first taught him the art of war. He honored his teachers always with becoming reverence, and always spoke eagerly in their praise. He had learned the profession in a good school; and, though he had surpassed, he had just reason to exalt his teachers. He was wont to say that there was no one person in whom you are oftener deceived than in him who professes arms. A man will play the hero in a chamber, who, before the foe, will be timid as a maiden. He spoke with scorn of all those who abandoned their ensigns; and the men-at-arms that showed themselves eager for plunder were sure to provoke his aversion. His dislike to the arquebusiers amounted to an antipathy which made him more reluctant to show them mercy than any other of his foes. He is thought by some to have had a presentiment of the implement by which he was to fall. But an accomplished knight, relying upon skill, strength, and individual valor, might well dislike an engine which rendered these of little account. Like Agesilaus the Spartan, who, on seeing a machine for casting darts, called it "the grave of valor," so "it was a great heart-sore to Bayard," according to one of the old chroniclers, "that a valiant man should be slain by a paltry, pitiful ragamuffin." His characteristics as a soldier are thus summed up by the "Loyal Servant:" "He had the three excellences of the accomplished knight—the attack of the

greyhound, the wild boar's defence, and the speed, in pursuit, of the wolf."

In person, Bayard was tall, straight and slender. His countenance was mild and gracious. His eyes were black, his nose inclining to aquiline, and his complexion fair. His painters have shown him to us with a marvelous profusion of beard; but we are told that, for the more easy use of his helmet, he wore it closely shaven. In the rude portrait which accompanies the biography of Symphorien Champier, a scar is placed conspicuously beneath his left eye; but this is, probably, a fancy sketch, as little like him in feature, as it is rude in execution. Bayard, though, *par excellence*, the "Good Knight" "*sans peur et sans reproche*," was yet "no saint," as we remember. He left a natural daughter, named Jeanne Terrail, whose mother was of a noble family in the Milanese. Bayard had promised her marriage, and, doubtless, but for his premature death, would have fulfilled his pledge. He spared no expense in the education of the child, who was said to inherit the virtues of her father. She was received into the family of his brothers as their niece, and afterward married with François de Bocsozel, lord of Chastelhaut. The unhappy poet, Chastelar, who perished in consequence of his insane passion for Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, was a lineal descendant of Bayard.

Our memoir may fitly conclude with the mournful apostrophe of his men-at-arms, as they left their dying chief upon the field of battle, waiting for the enemy. "Ah, treacherous fiend!" they exclaimed, apostrophizing Death —"wherein had he, this good and noble knight, proffered thee offence. Thou hast not been content to avenge thyself on him only, but on us. Thou hast stricken him that thou may'st have us also at thy mercy. Under what shepherd shall we now go forth a-field? Where is the guide whom God will provide for us, who could so well protect us from the foe? With him we had no fear. We felt,

each of us, strong as any fortress. What captain will ransom us from the keep of the enemy—who lift us from the earth when we are cast down—who sustain us, like him, in the day of our tribulation. Cruel destroyer! this has ever been thy wont! The more excellent the worth, the more dost thou delight in its overthrow. Yet, though thou hast deprived him of life, and we of him, as our shepherd, know from us, oh, Death! that thou can'st not play thy part so cunningly as to take from him the glory he hath won. Thy stroke which hath taken him from this life hath but rendered his memory safe through all succeeding ages. He shall still survive to the satisfaction and delight of the valiant and true men that shall come hereafter!"

THE END.